Guida Spirituale

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Chapter #1
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HEAR THEN THE WISDOM OF THE WISE: "GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND THE HASTE, AND REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE.
"AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, WITHOUT SURRENDER, BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS.
SPEAK YOUR TRUTH QUIETLY AND CLEARLY; AND LISTEN TO OTHERS, EVEN TO THE DULL AND THE IGNORANT; THEY TOO HAVE THEIR STORY."

WE ENTER TODAY into one of the most beautiful worlds, that of a small document called the DESIDERATA. It is strange because it has appeared many times and disappeared many times; hence nobody exactly knows who wrote it. Truth has the capacity to appear again and again; because of human stupidity it is lost again and again too.

The Desiderata seems to be one of the most ancient documents available today, but it is copyrighted by a poet, Max Ehrmann. In his book of poems it is also given as a poem authored by him, copyrighted in 1927 in America, although in the first edition he talks about the legend that this small document was discovered on a plaque installed in St. Paul's Church in Baltimore when built in 1692, but it was lost. There is no proof any more whether it was installed as a plaque in St. Paul's Church or not. The legend is there; it has persisted. It seems Max Ehrmann again had the vision of it. It came to him as a vision. He is not really its author but only a receptacle, a medium.

This has happened to many other documents too. It happened in the case of Blavatsky's THE VOICE OF SILENCE: she is known as the authoress of the book, but the book is very ancient. She discovered it in her meditations; it appeared to her.

Many parts of Friedrich Nietzsche's THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA are also very ancient, and the same is the case with Omar Khayyam's RUBAIYAT. Mabel Collins' Light on THE PATH IS of the same category, Kahlil Gibran's THE PROPHET also.

I have looked into all Max Ehrmann's poems but no other poem has the same quality, not even a single poem. If the Desiderata was written by him then many more poems of the same quality would have flowed. It has not happened. In fact, the DESIDERATA seems to be so different from all his poems that it is impossible to believe that it has come from the same person.

The same is true about Mabel Collins' LIGHT ON THE PATH. These are strange documents. The possibility is that

they have always existed -- again and again lost visibly, but truth manifests itself.... Whenever there is a vulnerable soul, a receptive person, truth again starts flowing through him. And of course the person will think, "I am writing it." It is because of this fact that the Upanishads have no names of authors; nobody knows who wrote them, because the people who received them were very alert and aware. There were mystics, not only poets.

This is the difference between the poet and the mystic: when something happens to the mystic he is perfectly aware that it is from the beyond, it is not from him. He is immensely glad; he rejoices that he has been chosen as a vehicle, as a medium, but his ego cannot claim it. In fact, you become a mystic only when you have dropped the ego. But the poet is full of the ego -- not always but ALMOST always. Once in a while, when he forgets his ego, he touches the same world that is the mystic's world. But the mystic lives there; the poet once in a while gets a glimpse of it. And because his ego is not dead he immediately claims it as h& creation. But all the ancient seers were aware of it.

The Vedas, the Bible, the Koran, the three greatest scriptures of the world, are known not to have been written by anyone. The Vedas are known as APAURUSHEYA -- not written by any person. Certainly somebody wrote them, but they are from God, from the beyond, from some unknown source. The mystic becomes possessed by it, he dances to its tune. He is no more himself -- he is it. The poet once in a while gets a glimpse of it, a faraway glimpse. In Sanskrit we have two words for the poet; in no other language is it so, because no other part of the world became

alert, very alert about this fact. In Sanskrit one word IS KAVI; KAVI EXActly means the poet. The other word is rishi, rishi means a mystic poet. The difference is great. The poet has a deep aesthetic sense, he is very sensitive; he can penetrate into the very core of things. He has a way of knowing which is not that of the scientist. He does not analyze, he loves; his love is great, but his ego is alive. So when he looks at a roseflower he comes closer than the scientist, because the scientist immediately starts dissecting the flower, and to dissect something is to kin it. The very effort of knowing is an effort to kill.

Hence whatsoever science knows is about dead things. Now even scientists are becoming aware of the fact. When blood is taken out of your body and is examined, analyzed, it is no more the same blood as it was when it was circulating in your body. Then it was alive; then it was an organic part of your life. Now it is not the same. It is like your hand, or your eye; when it is part of the organic unity of your body it can see, but take the eye out -- it is dead, it cannot see. It is no more alive, it is something else: it is a corpse.

The greatest scientists are becoming aware of the fact that whatsoever we have known up to now is basically, fundamentally wrong. We know about dead things only; the alive things we miss. That's why science cannot say there is something in you which is beyond the body, more than the body. Science cannot say that you are more than the sum total of your parts, and unless you are something more than the sum total of your parts you are not. Then you are only a machine -- maybe very sophisticated but that does not matter. You are a computer, you don't have a soul;

you are just a by-product, an epiphenomenon. You don't have any awareness; you are only behavior.
Science reduces man to a machine -- not only to an animal, remember. Those days are gone when science used to think, like Charles Darwin and others, that man is nothing but another animal. Now Skinner, Delgado, Pavlov, don't say that, that man is another animal -- because there is no anima, no life, no consciousness -- they say man is another machine.
Religion says man is more than the body, more than the mind, but science cannot believe it because of its very methodology. The way it tries to know things prohibits it from going deeper than the material, than the dead.
Hence the poet reached closer than the scientist. The poet does not dissect the flower, he fails in love. He is immensely glad, he rejoices in the flower, ant out of that rejoicing a song is born. But he is still far away from the mystic, the rishi. The mystic becomes one with the flower. The observer becomes the observed; there is no distinction left.
It happened once:

Ramakrishna was crossing the Ganges in a small boat with a few of his disciples. Suddenly in the middle of the river he started shouting, "Why are you beating me?"
The disciples were puzzled. They said, "Paramahansa Deva, what are you saying? We, and beating you?!"
And Ramakrishna said, "Look!" He uncovered his back and there were marks on it as if somebody had beaten him badly with a stick. Blood was oozing out.

The disciples were puzzled what had happened? And then Ramakrishna pointed to the other shore: a few people were beating a person. When they reached the other shore they went to the person, they uncovered his back -- and the marks were exactly the same as on Ramarishna's back! Without any difference, exactly the same! Ramakrishna became one with the person who was being beaten. He was not an observer, he was not separate; he became one with the observed.

This is the meaning of the English word "empathy." Sympathy the poet Knows, empathy the mystic knows. When the mystic sings it is a totally different flavor, a different beauty, because it is not a faraway glimpse of the truth -- he is inside the truth, at the very core of it.
But there are many things to be understood. The mystic may not be able to sing at all, because he becomes so one with the truth that he may forget to sing the song. It has happened to many mystics -- they have never said anything. It is like if you ask sugar: the sugar may not be able to know that it is sweet; a little difference is needed to know the sweetness of the sugar. The mystic becomes the sugar. Once in a while the mystic is also a poet; that is a coincidence. Whenever it happens -- as in the case of Lao Tzu, Zarathustra, Mohammed -- then we have something of the beyond available to us. But a mystic is not necessarily a poet; to be a poet is a different talent. One can be a mystic without being a poet, one can be a poet without being a mystic.
When a mystic is a poet an Upanishad is born, a Srimad Bhagavad Gita is born, a Koran comes to the earth. But it is

not always so. So many times it happens that the truth has to find the way through the poet because the mystic is not available.
That's what happened with this small document, the DESIDERATA. No mystic seems to be available who can sing this song; hence Max Ehrmann is chosen to be a vehicle -- but he is an unconscious person. He thinks he is writing a poem of his own; it is not his own, it has nobody's signature on it. And as you enter into this small document you will understand: it cannot be from a poet. It has the same quality as the Koran, the same quality as the Upanishads.
It is also a strange document because in such a small space it says so much. It is really made of sutras -- just a few hints. Nothing is said very solidly: just a few hints, fingers pointing to the moon. It is so small that after Adlai Stevenson's death in 1965 it was discovered that he had intended to send out the DESIDERATA as a Christmas card to his friends. It can be printed on a small card, a postcard, but it contains infinity -- a dewdrop that contains all the oceans.
It can be of immense help to you on the path; hence I call it ***GUIDA SPIRITUALE***. It begins:

HEAR THEN THE WISDOM OF THE WISE...

Jesus used to say to his disciples again and again: If you have ears, hear. If you have eyes, see. He says it so many times, as if he was not seeing people as having ears and eyes. And that's my experience too: you ALL have eyes, but very few people are capable of seeing; you ALL have

ears, but it is rare, very rare, to come across a person who is capable of hearing -- because just to hear the words is not hearing and just to see figures is not seeing. Unless you see the meaning, the content, unless you hear the silence which is the soul of the words, you have not heard.

One has to listen in deep silence, in deep AGNOSIA. Remember Dionysius' word AGNOSIA: a state of not-knowing. If you know, your very knowledge is a disturbance; you cannot hear. That's why pundits, scholars, are incapable of hearing: they are too full of rubbish. Their minds are continuously chattering inside; Maybe they are reciting SHASTRAS, scriptures, but that makes no difference; what is going on inside is of no-value.

Unless you are absolutely silent, not even a thought stirring inside, not even a small ripple in the lake of consciousness, you will not be able to hear. And if you cannot hear, then whatsoever you think you hear is going to be wrong.

That's how Jesus was misunderstood, Socrates was misunderstood, Buddha was misunderstood. They were speaking very clearly. It is impossible to improve upon the statements on Socrates; his statements are very clear, almost perfect, as near perfect as language can be. Buddha's statements are very simple; there is no complexity in them, but still misunderstanding arises.

From where does all this misunderstanding come? Why have all the great prophets, TEERTHANKARAS, all the great enlightened Masters been misunderstood down the ages? -- for the simple reason that people cannot hear. They have ears, hence they believe they are capable of hearing. They are not deaf, they have the instrument to hear, but behind their ears there is so much noise and their minds are

standing behind their ears to interpret what is being said, to compare, to analyze, to argue, to doubt -- they get lost in all the processes.

Just a small word, and watch your mind, what happens -- not even a word, just a sound. This airplane passing by... and watch your mind. You cannot hear it simply; you start thinking of many things. Maybe you are reminded of your own journeys, some friend who died in a plane crash. somebody you loved very much, and all the memories associated with the person... and you have gone far away into the memories. And one thing leads to another -- you are no more herenow. You have not heard THE plane passing by. This plane simply triggered a process in you -- of thought, of memories, of desires. Maybe suddenly you thought, "It would be nice if I had a plane of my own!" Or maybe you simply thought, "What a distraction! This noise is a disturbance. I was listening so silently, and here comes this stupid airplane!"

It is not the airplane that is disturbing you; it is your own mind which is calling it stupid, a distraction, a disturbance. If you don't call it anything, nothing is disturbed. If you simply hear the noise you will be surprised: it deepens your silence; it is not a distraction at all. When it passes by you fall into a deeper valley of silence than you were in before. Hence the first word of the DESIDERATA:

HEAR THEN THE WISDOM OF THE WISE...

A strange beginning, particularly from a Western poet, from an American poet. This is how all the Eastern sutras begin. Just a little difference is there, and that seems to be

because of the Western medium. He has not been able to relate exactly what was happening in his innermost being. All the great Eastern sutras begin with NOW. "ATHATO brahma jigyasa" -- the Brahma Sutras begin this way: "Now the enquiry into the ultimate" -- not THEN but NOW. The Bhakti Sutras of Narada begin: "ATHATO BHAKTIJIGYASA -- now the enquiry into the universe of devotion." It is never then, it is always now. In fact THEN does not exist, only NOW exists.
THERE does not exist, only only here exists. You will never find THERE and THEN anywhere. Wherever you go you will always .find NOW and HERE. If it had come through a mystic there would have been no THEN, there would have been NOW.

HEAR NOW THE WISDOM OF THE WISE....

And that makes more sense. But the logical mind functions in a different way, and when you use a logical mind as a vehicle it interpolates something of its own: THEN, THEREFORE..... NOW is is never part of the logical mind, now is part of the meditative mind. And Ehrmann is not a meditator, is not a mystic, hence he has missed with that word. He says:

HEAR THEN THE WISDOM OF THE WISE....

Just change THEN to NOW and see how the quality becomes totally different: HEAR now the wisdom OF THE WISE.. . because except now there is no time and except here there is no space. THEN and THERE are part of our

noisy mind. When the noise ceases and the mind is put aside, what is left? -- just herenow.
Swami Ramtirtha used to ten a beautiful story:

There was a very great atheist and he was continuously talking against God. He had written on the wall of his drawing-room in big golden letters: "God is nowhere." And then a child was born to him, and one day he was playing with the child and the child was learning language. He was not capable OF reading such a big word -- "no-where" -- so he divided it in two. The child read the sentence: "God is now-here." "Nowhere" was too big a word; he divided it in two: "now-here."
It must have been a rare moment for the atheist. In fact, when you are playing with a child you forget your seriousness, you forget your ideologies, you forget your religion, you forget your philosophy, you forget your theology. When you are playing with a child, something of meditativeness happens to you, hence playing with children is of great value. Playing with a child, for a moment you become a child. And remember Jesus' saying again and again: Unless you are like small children you will not enter into my kingdom of God.
In that moment something happened. The child said, "God is now-here," and the father was taken unawares. He heard it and he was in a playful mood with the child. And you cannot argue with a small child by saying, "There is no God." And because he was playful, silent, enjoying, the statement from the child became something of tremendous importance, became very pregnant, as if God had spoken through him.

He looked at the wall for the first time. His whole life he had been looking at that sentence. It was never: "God is now-here." It was always: "God is nowhere." He had never conceived that "nowhere" could be divided into "now-here," that "nowhere" consists of "now-here." He was transformed. It became almost a satori. He was no more an atheist.

People were puzzled. They could not believe what had happened because he had been so argumentative and he had had so many proofs against God. "What has happened?" And when they asked him he would shrug his shoulders. He would say, "I can also understand why you look so puzzled. I myself am puzzled. Ask this child -- he has done something. Hearing this sentence from him, something has changed in me. Looking into the eyes of the child, something has been transformed in me. And it is not only that logically I am a different person, I am existentially different too. Since then I have been seeing God now-here: in the wind passing through the trees, in the rain falling on the roof, I hear his footsteps, I hear his song. The birds sing, and I am reminded God is now-here. The sun rises, and I am reminded God is now-here. Now it is no more question of argumentation, it has become something of my experience.

But mind is always going somewhere else. It is never now-here; it is always then-there. Mind exists only in THEN and there. That's why Max Ehrmann has missed. He says: HEAR THEN... THEN looks more logical, but it is not existential. Now is existential, although very illogical -- because you cannot catch hold of NOW with logic. The moment you think you have caught hold OF it, it is already

gone, it is already past. You can be in the now, but you cannot try to understand, to know NOW. By the time you try to continuously.
Heraclitus says: You cannot step in the same river twice. And I say to you: You cannot step in the same river even once because when your foot touches the surface of the river, the water underneath is rushing by. By the moment you touch a little deeper it is different water: the surface is rushing by. By the time you reach to the rock bottom of the river so much water has flowed by, you have not touched the same water even once!
And such is life: except change, nothing is permanent. Only change is eternal. It looks paradoxical, that's why I say it is illogical.

HEAR THEN THE WISDOM OF THE WISE...

A STRANGE STATEMENT. in fact: THE WISDOM OF THE WISE...? Seems to be tautological. Of course, wisdom can be only of the wise. What is the point of repeating it? Why say "wisdom of the wise"? Can wisdom be of the unwise too? But there is a very subtle point to be understood: because there are so many knowledgeable people in the world and the knowledgeable person appears almost as if he is wise, and he is not. He speaks in the same way. The scholar who has studied the Srimad Bhagavad Gita his whole life speaks the same language as Krishna, but when Krishna speaks it, it is the wisdom of the wise, and when the scholar, the pundit speaks, it is not the wisdom of the wise, it is the wisdom of the unwise. It is

mere knowledge; it is not even wisdom. How can it be wisdom?
Remember the distinction between knowledge and wisdom. Knowledge is a pseudo coin. Knowledge is easy; it can be borrowed from anybody. You can go to the university, to the library, you can ask the knowledgeable people, and you can accumulate it. It is very cheap. You need not go through any transformation, you need not be reborn for it. You will remain as you are, and knowledge can be accumulated. It will be added to you, but it will not be of any value because you will remain the same. In fact, it can even be dangerous. It will deceive others; they will think you know. And if many people think you know, you can fall into a self-deception. You can also start thinking, "How can so many people be wrong? If they think I know, I must know."
I have heard a story:

A journalist died and reached heaven. St. Peter opened the door and told the journalist, "Please, our quota for journalists is fun. We have only twelve journalists in heaven, not more than that. Even those twelve are almost always unemployed, because there is no news. Nothing happens!"
What will happen in heaven? No riot, no rape, no politicians, no toppling of governments, no divorces, no murder. Nothing happens there! George Bernard Shaw has defined news as: If a dog bites a man it is not news, but if a man bites the dog then it is news. Now in heaven who is going to bite the dog and for what? In the first place where will you find a dog in heaven? And to find the person who

will bite the dog will be almost impossible. So there is no newspaper there, or maybe just empty sheets distributed early in the morning, and saints sit and look at the empty paper and feel very happy that nothing has happened -- good. Nothing is always better than something.

So St. Peter said, "You please go to hell. There are thousands of journalists and hundreds of newspapers, and there is so much news!"

But the journalist was adamant, as journalists tend to be. He said, "No. You give me at least twenty-four hours' time, please. And if I can convince one journalist to go to hell then one place will be vacant, that you can give to me. Just twenty-four hours' time, otherwise I will go to hell."

St. Peter saw the logic of it and he said, "Okay, you can try."

And the journalist tried. And journalists are experts in lying. Truth is not their business, truth cannot be their business, because truth is so simple and so plain. You cannot make any story out of it; there is nothing much in it. It is simply so. Lies are very complicated and you can make many stories out of them, and you can go on making stones from one story to another. But in the foundation you need a lie, not truth.

The whole art of journalism is the art of Lying in such a way that people think it is true. So he was an expert. He started spreading a rumor. The moment he entered he started saying to people, "Have you heard that a new newspaper, a very big project, is being started in hell? The chief editor is needed with a great salary and all facilities. Assistant editors are needed, news reporters are needed."

And he spread so much rumor around in twenty-four hours'

time that when he came back to the door to ask St. Peter, "Has any journalist left for hell?" St. Peter closed the door and said, "You get in! Now you cannot get out. All the twelve have escaped! Ant we should have at least one journalist in case something some time happens. So now I cannot allow you out."

The journalist was mad. He said, "This is not right! This is not according to our contract; I had asked only for twenty-four hours. I want to go to hell!"
St. Peter said, "Why? For what? -- because you spread the rumor. It was all Lying! You invented it!"
He said, "Yes, I invented it -- but there must be something in it when twelve journalists have believed it. There must be something in it! It may be a coincidence that I invented it and there really is going to be the beginning of a big newspaper. I cannot stay here! When twelve people have believed it... a great doubt has arisen in me. Maybe it was not a lie at all."

This you can experience in your own life. Start telling a lie to a few people and when they start believing it you will be surprised that slowly slowly you are believing it too. Hence I say that many people live in lies knowing perfectly well that they are lies, but just because so many people believe... how can so many people be wrong?
Once George Bernard Shaw said something and then he argued against it. He was a beautiful man; in many ways his insights were great. He used to say that science is all wrong. The earth does not go around the sun -- the sun goes around the earth. And he was telling this to a friend.

The friend said, "What nonsense are you talking? What proof have you got? Now science has proved it completely and I cannot believe a man like you -- so intelligent, so contemporary -- believing in such nonsense, that the sun goes around the earth?"
Bernard Shaw said, "Yes, the sun goes around the earth. It has to, because Bernard Shaw lives on the earth! MY earth cannot go around the sun."
The man said, "But now almost the whole world, so many people, millions of people, believe that the earth goes around the sun."
Bernard Shaw said, "When so many people believe in a thing I always suspect it must be a lie. Otherwise, how can so many people believe in it?"

Truth has always been in the possession of very rare people. Only once in a while is there a person who has truth; otherwise the masses live in lies, all kinds of lies. But if they have been propagated for centuries they become truth.
Adolf Hitler says in his book MEIN KAMPF that the difference between a truth and a lie is only that of time, nothing else. The truth is a lie which has been propagated for a long time; the lie is a new truth which will become a truth finally if somebody goes on propagating it.
You believe in hell -- have you ever thought it is a lie? you believe in heaven -- have you ever thought it is a lie? You believe in a thousand and one things without ever giving it a thought that they may be lies, only lies given by others to you. Authoritative people have given them to you so you believe them -- your parents, your teachers, your priests,

authoritative people, those who have power. Such people cannot lie. In fact, such people ALWAYS lie! Their whole POWER depends on lying. Truth is humble, not powerful. Lies become very powerful; very competitive they are. Lies are an politicians struggling, fighting, trying to prove that "I am the truth."

Knowledge is nothing but lies you have collected from others. Remember, unless something is of your own experience it is a lie. Truth has to be your own authentic experience.

Buddha says, "Don't believe because I say so; believe only when you know. Don't believe because it is written in the scriptures; believe it only when you know."

And I say to you, too, if you are a real seeker of truth you will not believe in knowledge. Knowledge is very superficial. One can talk about God without knowing anything of God, without ever tasting anything of God. One can talk about love without ever knowing through experience what love is. Even a blind man can talk about light and can explain to you the whole physics of light; that does not mean that he is not blind -- he is still blind. And these scholars and pundits, ayatollahs, IMAMS, popes, they are all knowledgeable people. They PRETEND to be wise -- they are not wise.

Unless one is fully awakened, unless one's whole being becomes awareness, unless all darkness, all unconsciousness disappears, you are not wise. Knowledge is information, wisdom is transformation. Hence it is meaningful:

HEAR THEN THE WISDOM OF THE WISE... not of the knowledgeable: "GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND THE HASTE, AND REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE."

A very significant sutra. This is how the seeker of truth begins his journey. The first thing is: Go PLACIDLY... don't make much fuss. Go peacefully... don't create much dust. There is no need.

Sufis say, if you really want to pray, pray in such a way that nobody knows that you are a man of prayer. In the middle of the night when even your wife is snoring, sit silently in the bed and pray, and so silently that nobody comes to know..Don't make a fuss.

The real man of prayer hides and prays, and the pseudo makes much noise about it. In fact, his prayer is nothing but noise; he goes to the temple shouting. In India every temple has a big bell; he rings the bell so the whole neighborhood knows. And if there are many people in the temple, then his prayer becomes very long; if there is nobody he finishes quickly. What is the point? -- there is nobody to see. If there is a photographer, then see how prayerful he is, how his face becomes divine! If the news reporters are there then he will do REAL prayer. You will see his humbleness, his simplicity. He will fall down on the ground, he will roll on the ground, he will cry and weep -- and all are crocodile tears, because when nobody is there he does not care a bit.

I have heard about a man who used to say a prayer every night to God, just one word. He would look at the sky and say, "Ditto!" and cover himself under his blanket and go to sleep. What is the point of repeating the same thing again

and again? Isn't God intelligent enough to understand "ditto"? Once some time he had prayed; now what is the point of repeating it again and again, the same prayer? And God knows it anyway. Just to remind him that "I am praying" he says "Ditto."
Sufis say, pray in such a way that nobody knows. Why? For the simple reason that ego is very cunning. It wants to brag; it wants to brag even about religion, about spirituality, about prayer, about meditation. It wants to brag; it does not matter what it brags about. It will brag about money, it will brag about meditation, it will brag about power, it will brag about prayer. The ego wants to brag: "I am doing something special, something great, something extraordinary. Don't think that I am nobody -- I am somebody!"

"GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND THE HASTE..."

The world is fun of noise and haste. Why is the world so full of noise? -- because each mind is noisy, and the world consists of minds; hence there is so much noise. The whole world has become almost a madhouse. Everybody is shouting and nobody is hearing. Everybody is talking almost to himself; the other is only an excuse.

One psychologist was observing two of his patients; both were professors of philosophy. And because they were both friends and hat gone mad they were put in a single cell in the madhouse, and the psychologist was watching them. He was very much puzzled. The most puzzling thing was that

although they were absolutely insane, about one thing they were very sane: when one was talking the other would remain silent; when the other would start speaking the first would be silent. This is strange -- two madmen! Why should they bother whether the other is silent or not, whether he is talking or not? So he enquired.
He said, "I am very much puzzled. Why when one talks does the other become silent?"
They said, "We know how to converse. That's how we used to do it when we were thought to be sane -- just old habit."
"It is not really that I am silent," one man said. "Just on the surface I have to be silent because I know the rules and regulations of conversation. Inside I am chattering, talking, waiting for the right opportunity when this fool stops, waiting for the right moment when he says something which I can use as an excuse and start on what I want to say to him."

In fact, that's what you all are doing. Just look at your conversations: when the other is talking you are simply pretending to listen, just pretending to listen. Inside you are working on your own. And then you will find a word, a sentence, a statement that you can use as a jumping-board, and then you start talking. Your talking is nothing to do with what he has said; it has a connection with what was going on inside you, it is a continuum inside you; he is just an excuse.
That's why people never agree, because they never HEAR. Husbands never hear what the wife is saying, wives never hear what the husband is saying, children never hear what the parents are saying. Nobody hears! Everybody at the

most pretends. The world is full of noise because the world is full of insane minds.
The world can be really silent only when there are many many meditators. Only when the world consists of a great majority of meditators will there be a profound silence, an almost tangible silence. You can touch it, you can taste it, you can smell its perfume.
We are living out of noise and everybody is in a hurry. There is great haste, everybody is rushing. Nobody knows where, nobody knows why -- just a deep restlessness. You can't sit; if you sit, others won't allow you. They will say, "Don't just sit there, do something!" And I say to you, "Don't just do something, sit there!" Nothing is better than something. But people say just the opposite; they say, "Something is better than nothing. Do something!"

One woman was saying to another woman, "I have heard that your son has become a Rajneeshee. He meditates?" The other woman said, "It's better than doing nothing."

Now the poor woman does not know what meditation is. Meditation means doing nothing! That's what I teach here: doing nothing, just sitting there, just being.
Why is there this hurry? Are you really trying to reach somewhere? Are you conscious about the goal, the target? One pilot said to the passengers, "All our engines are okay, the plane is functioning perfectly well. There is only one bad piece of news, otherwise everything is good. The bad news is that we have lost contact with the earth so we don't know where we are and we don't know where we are going. The good news is that we are going with full speed!"

Everybody is going with full speed; that is the good news. Who cares? Who has time to think about where he is going? When you see the whole world rushing, you start rushing. We force children to run. That's what our whole educational system is meant for, from the primary school to the university. Twenty-five years we waste on every person -- almost one-third of the life to teach him to rush. Then twenty-four hours in his day it is rush hour! He is never anywhere for a single moment. He cannot see the beauty of the trees because he cannot sit underneath the trees -- Buddha must have known the beauty of the trees -- he cannot see the beauty of the stars, he cannot see the beauty of people. In fact, when he is in Kabul he is rushing to Katmandu, when he is in Katmandu he is rushing to Poona, when he is in Poona he is rushing to Goa! He is never where he is; his mind is always ahead of him, planning how to reach there. And if you ask him, "For what?" he will say, "We will enjoy!" And he is not enjoying this moment -- how can he enjoy any other moment? He has lost all capacity to enjoy herenow; his only enjoyment is planning, always planning, planning to enjoy.

There are people who are working their whole lives just waiting for their retirement; then they will relax and enjoy. And they know perfectly well: six days they work in the office and wait for the seventh day, the holiday, and hop, "Soon Sunday will come and we will relax and enjoy." And they cannot relax and they cannot enjoy. In fact, the holiday seems to be so long and so boring; they have to fill it with something.

They go for a picnic. The same things that they would have eaten at home, relaxedly, now they rush towards a picnic spot miles away to eat. And they are sitting in the grass, and ants are very clever; they know perfectly well where the picnic spots are. Their astrologers tell them, "Go ahead, that is the place!" And the mosquitoes, they are always there waiting for you. They say, "Hello, so you have come!" And then quickly people finish because they have to reach home, and they rush. And cars are going there bumper to bumper. And many more accidents happen on Sunday than on any other day, many more deaths on the road than on any other day. Strange! Some holiday!

And the whole city is going towards the same picnic spot, the same beach! I have seen pictures of beaches and I cannot believe what is happening. There is not even space to walk! They are packed -- no marketplace is so packed! And all kinds of fools are there. Six hours it takes them to reach the beach, then for one hour they lie down amidst this whole mass of fools under the sun, and then back home... And the whole way they were quarrelling with the wife and the wife is quarrelling with... This you can do at home more at ease, relaxed in an armchair -- nag each other, do whatsoever you want! What is the point of going to the beach? Nobody is seeing the sea, nobody is seeing the sun. Nobody has time.

And these same people think that when they are retired they will rest -- they cannot. Sixty years of habits, how can you drop them? Impossible. They have become so deep-rooted that people suffer more when they are retired than they have ever suffered, because nobody knows how to rest, how to relax. This is sheer madness!

And these people go on saying beautiful things. They say, "Time is money." They have beautiful proverbs to drive you crazy: "Time is money, so save time." And everybody is always looking at his watch -- as if they are missing something. They have to reach somewhere, and there too they will do the same thing. If the train is five minutes late everybody is complaining, all are angry.

I had been traveling for twenty years all over this country and I was puzzled. Just if the train is one hour late, everybody is so angry and condemning the government and the society and everything. Why can't you rest? If the train is one hour late it is a great opportunity. One hour is yours! -- you can rat. You have at least one excuse: "The train is late, what to do? So I rested, relaxed." But no, they cannot; they become more and more boiled up. They start spitting fire.

And these same people when they reach home will sit before the idiot body -- TV -- for five hours. The average American is doing that for five hours per day. There is a great danger for America through this idiot box. If you look at an idiot box for five hours it has a hypnotic effect -- you are bound to become idiotic! And only an idiot can look at a box for five hours. And they are glued to their chairs; they cannot Ret up. I have heard they will take their food just sitting before the TV. Not only that -- they will even ma}e love just before the TV so they can do both the things, making love and watching the TV, because something may be missed!

Now these idiots are in the majority. And they will play cards and if you ask why they will say, "Killing time." One minute the train is late and they are angry, and then what do

they do with the saved time? They kill it! Going to the movie, killing time... sometimes going to see the same picture again! Stupidity seems to be infinite. Now what are you going for? The same picture again? But the time has to be killed.
They will go to the Rotary Club, to the I,ions Club. And all these clubs exist for people to kill time, to meet the same fools, to say the same foolish things, to gossip about the same old nonsense -- to kill time. They will go to the restaurants, to the hotels, to the parties -- to kill time.
And look at their faces -- they are bored everywhere. Whatsoever they are doing they are bored, obviously, because they are not into it. They are trying somehow to finish it to save time, And then they have to kill time. Killing time, saving time, killing time, saving time.... The whole li& is gone! And you come empty-handed into the world and you go empty-handed.

"GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE AND THE HASTE, AND REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE."

The only thing worth remembering again and again is: WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. Give a little time, energy, to silent moments, because only in silent moments will you know what peace is. And the person who has tasted something of peace is rich, is immensely rich -- all others are beggars -- because he starts knowing the inner kingdom of God. Peace is the door to the inner kingdom of God. Silence helps you to know peace and peace leads you into God.

"AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, WITHOUT SURRENDER, BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS."

Just to avoid unnecessary troubles.

"AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, WITHOUT SURRENDER..."

DON'T COMPROMISE. don t surrender to people. That s why the DESIDERATA says AS FAR AS POSSIBLE -- without any compromise -- because if you compromise with the mass mind you will never be able to become that which you ARE HERE to become. You will remain un-grownup, you will remain retarded. You will never come to a flowering, you will never know fruitfulness. Your life will be barren, uncreative.

"AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, WITHOUT SURRENDER..."

So two things have to be remembered. Don't surrender to the mass mind; but that does not mean continuously fight with people, that everything has to be argued about because if you do that then you will be wasting your time in that. Be exactly in the middle. Without compromising, avoid unnecessary quarrels. BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE without selling your soul, without compromising on any ground, without surrendering at all. But there are many things which can be avoided. In fact, ninety-nine percent of the problems which create fighting, argument, can be avoided.

The child asks you, "Daddy, can I go out and play?" and the immediate response of almost all daddies is "No!" Now the quarrel starts. And all children know how great your patience is. They will tramp their feet in front of you, they will go into a tantrum, they will cry, they will start throwing their toys, tearing their books. And then finally you will say, "Go OUT and play!" This you could have done before, you could have said yes, because there was nothing wrong. But somehow our whole upbringing is quarrelsome, argumentative.

The wife says, "We should go to this movie," and the husband immediately says, "No, that is not worth going to. We should go to another." And the husband knows perfectly well, the wife knows perfectly well, that when the wife has spoken she HAS spoken -- it has to be done. But now before it is to be done there will be a few hours' argumentation, nagging, and a thousand other things will come up which could have been avoided. And finally you will see the husband following the wife to the same movie, just hiding his tail between his legs, following the wife. Now you are going to the same movie, so what was the whole fuss about?

It seems we never learn anything. Just watch and you will be able to cut out many unessential things in your life. The word "desiderata" is beautiful: it means the essentials. Mahavira has said that the most fundamental quality needed by the seeker is to know what is essential and what is non-essential. He calls it VIVEK -- discrimination -- because if you don't know what is essential and what is non-essential you may be lost into the non-essential, because the non-essential is ninety-nine percent and the

essential is only one percent. The non-essential is a vast, thick jungle; once you get lost into it you may never find the essential. And people get in every way entangled with the non-essential.

Just watch how many things can be avoided without compromising, then avoid them; how many words can be avoided without any trouble, then avoid them, because each single word uttered may bring some trouble for you. In fact, except words, what brings trouble to you?

You say something and the wife jumps up, and she says, "Why did you say this?" And you go on explaining, "I didn't mean that," and now it is impossible to come to a conclusion. Soon there will be a banging of the doors and throwing of the pots and pillows. And you simply uttered a word which could have been kept inside; there was no need to utter it. Just a single word can cause so much trouble which was not essential at all. If it is essential utter it, say it; otherwise, avoid it.

"SPEAK YOUR TRUTH QUIETLY AND CLEARLY; AND LISTEN TO OTHERS, EVEN TO THE DULL AND THE IGNORANT; THEY TOO HAVE THEIR STORY."

The man who is in search of truth learns listening not only to the wise; he learns listening even to the unwise -- or the otherwise -- because everybody has a story to tell and everybody has passed through a life, and something of his life may be of tremendous help to you, may give you an insight.

It is easier to have an insight into your own life watching others because others are like mirrors. Every other person is

a walking mirror around you. If you are capable of listening you will see some of your own qualities reflected in them which you were not aware of directly, but via the other you become immediately aware. You can see the stupidity of the other person more easily than your own stupidity. But seeing his stupidity you will become aware that "These are the things I have been doing myself. This is the foolishness that I go on and on doing myself."

When somebody else is angry you say he is insane. It is easy to see that he is insane; it is a momentary insanity. But how many times do you get angry? But then you are so much involved in the anger you cannot watch it. Watching others is a way OF watching yourself, and it is easier because you are not involved.

That's why a very strange thing becomes possible: the psychotherapist can help his patient but he cannot help himself, because he can see the faults of the patient very easily but he cannot see his own faults. He can give good advice to the patient; he may not be able to follow that advice himself.

You can watch it. Everybody is a good adviser to others; when it comes to his own life he is as much a fool as anybody else. Much can be learned by observing, by listening, by seeing, even from those who are ignorant -- because you are also ignorant -- even from those who are dull -- because you are also not very intelligent. And this will be the beginning of intelligence, the beginning of wisdom.

The intelligent person is one who learns from every opportunity, who never misses a single opportunity to learn

something, who makes his whole life a school, a learning, a discipline, a search, an enquiry.

But remember not to compromise, not to surrender. As far as the essential is concerned, beware. Even if you have to risk your life, risk it, but don't surrender as far as the essential is concerned. And as far as the non-essential is concerned, don't even waste a single moment on it -- agree. This was one of the agreements between me and my father. When I was a very small child I told him, "Listen, I will agree to every non-essential thing. You can tell me what clothes to wear, what shoes to wear; what to eat, what not to eat, you can tell me. But as far as any essential is concerned, beware -- I am not going to agree to it."

And slowly he watched and he was convinced, because whenever it was a non-essential thing I was always ready to agree with him. He would say, "Go to this college, not to that," so, "Okay, because to me each college is like any other college -- they are all stupid so it doesn't matter. I will go to this college." "Study this subject." "Okay, because what does it matter? -- economics or politics or history or geography or philosophy or psychology, anything will do. But as far as any essential is concerned I told him, "This is an essential point, I will not agree with you, so you better not say anything about it because that will be an unnecessary misery for you."

When, I came back from the university it was a natural thing to ask whether I wanted to get married or not. I to1d him, "This is an essential," and that was the last time he enquired about it; then he never enquired again. "If it is an essential then you have to leave it to me -- I will not compromise. I will not compromise at any cost." He never

asked again; he kept his contract. "For non-essentials," I told him, "you can ten me anything -- I will do it."
Any fool would come into the house and he would say, "Touch his feet," and I would, because he was an old fool, an old relation: "Okay, it doesn't matter, it is just an exercise."
Once you become very clear about what is essential and what is non-essential, things are never so confusing as they seem. You go on fighting for non-essentials, wasting your energy and others' energy, and then when the question of the essential arises you don't have any energy to fight. And then sometimes you have to compromise on the essential. This has been my approach:

"AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, WITHOUT SURRENDER, BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS."

But AS FAR AS POSSIBLE... That does not mean that I have to be absolutely on good terms. I am on good terms with everybody, but AS FAR AS POSSIBLE. Whenever the question of the essential arises, then it is not a question of being good or bad, it is a question of life and death. Then I can rebel, then I can fight back, then I can sacrifice everything.
And the advice of the DESIDERATA IS of great significance to all those who want to find truth, because the very finding needs great energy. If you become I reservoir of energy, only then is it possible to know, to be, to come to the ultimate realization of life's mystery.

Chapter #2
Chapter title: Going Essential
27 August 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Osho,

Question 1
CAN YOU TELL US MORE ABOUT THE ESSENTIAL?

Prem Samadhi,

Man is also a seed, a possibility, a potential, a hop, a promise. But the seed is not yet the flower. In essence it has the capacity of millions of flowers, but not in reality. Those flowers have to be actualized. The essential is that which you are born with, which is your very being.
That's exactly the purpose, or should be the purpose, of education: to help you to seek and search your essential, to help you to grow it. The word "education" means to draw out; that which is in has to be brought out, just as you draw water from a well. But something has gone basically wrong: the whole educational system is doing just the opposite of it. Rather than drawing anything out of you it forces, imposes things upon you.
That which is imposed upon you is non-essential; it creates your personality. The essential is your individuality; the non-essential is your personality. In other words, the

essential is your very soul, your being; the non-essential is your ego. All that helps the ego is non-essential; all that helps you to become egoless is essential. Ambition is non-essential, greed is non-essential; desire, any kind of desire, is non-essential.

Meditativeness is essential. To be silent, to be still, just to be alert, aware: that is the first step, the door into the essential. And once you have found in deep, profound since what you are meant to be, you have found your destiny. And then life has a sense of direction not imposed by others but discovered by yourself.

The function of the Master is educative -- not informative but educative, educative in the original sense of the word. He is not to give you a certain character because that will be imposed upon you. He is not to make you a Christian or Hindu or a Buddhist. Hc has to help you to know what you can be, because that which you can be you already are essence, in the potential.

You can be a Christ, you can be a Buddha, you can be a Krishna, but you cannot be a Christian. Christianity is something imposed from the outside. You cannot be a Hindu. Nobody is born a Hindu; it is nobody's destiny to be a Hindu. It is the effort of others to lead you astray from your destiny. Nobody is born to be a communist or a fascist, but everybody is born with a certain direction in which hc will find fulfillment.

Maybe you are a painter, but you are functioning in the society as a doctor. You will remain unfulfilled your whole life, because you listened to the parents and the society and the greed and the ambition. Everybody was saying, "be a doctor. It is a good profession, respectable, and you will be

able to earn more money than if you become a painter. Who knows? A painter may not be able to earn money at all, because painting is not something which has any utilitarian purpose. And by being a painter you may remain a beggar. You may never become famous, because painters never become famous -- only once in a while."

If you are a musician, a poet, you cannot fulfill the ambitions of your parents, of your society, of all the well-wishers. But one thing is certain: you will be tremendously happy whether you are known or unknown, whether you are poor or rich. YOU will have a tremendous contentment because you are fulfilling something very fundamental at the deepest core of your being. Unless you start moving in the direction of your essential you remain miserable.

Bliss is a consequence, a by-product. Whenever the river starts moving towards the ocean there is bliss. And one never knows what is hidden in you. No astrologer can help you, no palmist can help you. Except with deep meditation you will never be able to feel what is possible for you.

As I see it, almost everybody is in the wrong place. The person who would have been a tremendously happy doctor is a painter and the person who would have been a tremendously happy painter is a doctor. Nobody seems to be in his right place; that's why this whole society is in such a mess. The person is directed by others; he is not directed by his own intuition.

Meditation helps you to grow your own intuitive faculty. It becomes very clear what is going to fulfill you, what is going to help you flower. And whatsoever it is -- and it is going to be different for each individual... That is the meaning of the word "individual": everybody is unique.

And to seek and search your uniqueness is a great thrill, a great adventure.
Samadhi, your question is significant in many more ways too, because it is not only a question of finding the essential in the individual. In life also we are burdened with the unessential, in religion too, in every dimension.
The religious person goes on doing certain rituals which are taught by others to him. He never finds his own religiousness, a quality which can not be imposed on you, a quality which can only be helped to grow in you. It is not like a plastic flower that can be given to you from the outside, by the priest. It is a real roseflower, and for that you have to be very alert, very aware.
The Christian goes to the church every Sunday. It is a formality; it does not make him religious, but it gives him a false sense of religiousness. The Hindu goes on chanting the Gita. It does not make him religious at all; on the contrary it prevents, because by reciting the Gita he becomes very knowledgeable. He becomes a parrot or a computer. He can recite the whole Gita, but he understands nothing because he has not experienced anything. He knows words; he has not encountered the meaning of those words. People go on being imitative.
For example, Mahavira lived naked; that was his individuality. Nobody else is supposed or expected to live naked, unless one finds it an inner, intuitive vision, unless one finds that that is the only way he can be true to his self. Then it is another matter. But the Jaina muni, the Jaina monk, practices nudity -- just an imitation, a carbon copy. And remember. imitation is always ugly because it creates a false person; it never gives you authenticity.

Mahavira was naked not because anybody had told him to be naked. He felt the immense urge to be just like a child and he followed his urge, and he suffered for his urge. He was chased from one village to another, mad dogs were put after him, he was stoned, because people thought he was destroying their morality, that he was a dangerous man.

In an orthodox country like the India of twenty-five centuries ago, a man walking naked would have been certainly a nuisance to people, to their conventional way of living, to their traditional style of thinking. Krishna has not lived naked, Rama has not lived naked, no Hindu avatara has lived naked. This man is destroying the whole tradition, culture, religion. Of course he has to be punished.

But Mahavira was immensely blissful. The Jaina muni does not seem to be blissful at all because he is simply an imitation. He is really torturing himself, forcing himself to be naked, because in his mind now the greed has arisen: unless he looks like Mahavira he is not going to attain the ultimate liberation.

Now nakedness has become an essential thing, which it is not. Nakedness is not an essential thing. Buddha attained without being naked, Jesus attained without being naked, you can attain. And I am not saying that Mahavira did not attain by being naked. He attained, but these are individual things.

Buddhist monks go on following the Buddha. They sit the same way, they talk the same way, they behave the same way. That is not going to help at all. That is not going to make you religious. That is not going to make you another Buddha. You are being simply stupid. And the more stupid you are the better you can imitate, because imitation needs

no intelligence. In fact, only a mediocre mind can be imitative. The more intelligent you are, the more you want to be simply yourself, whatsoever it is. Now the whole thing goes non-essential. For Buddha it was essential to sit that way; that was his intuitive feeling.

When Buddha dropped the ideas imposed on him by others, his followers left him. He had five followers -- before he became very famous he had only five followers; that is before he became enlightened. Those five followers were very devoted to him for the simple reason that he was going just like any other Hindu ascetic, only with great stubbornness, doing all kinds of austerities, following all kinds of rules and regulations given in the scriptures. He was so particular about everything that these five followers thought that he was the greatest Master.

Then one day he understood the whole stupidity of it: he is not following his own intelligence, he is simply following others who may be right, may not be right. One thing is certain: that they were a different kind of people and he is not of that kind. He was suffering, but he was thinking that it is necessary to suffer this; this pain is necessary to grow. The day he realized it he dropped all ascetic practices; he relaxed. That was the first time he ate in the night and he ate food offered by an untouchable woman. All five followers immediately left him, thinking that he had gone astray. First, eating in the night is not right; secondly, the food offered by an untouchable, a poor woman, is not acceptable to a holy man. He is no more holy.

And that very night Buddha became enlightened. Those five fools missed his enlightenment. That very night he became enlightened. And he became enlightened for the

simple reason that for the first time he relaxed into his being and simply followed his essential core.
All religions are destroyed by the non-essential. Your whole life is destroyed by the non-essential. But nobody else can decide for you what is essential and what is non-essential.
Remember that, Samadhi. I cannot say exactly, "This is essential and this is non-essential." Each individual has to discover it. Each individual has to be a light unto himself or herself.
All that I can suggest is: be silent so that you can hear the still small voice of your heart. And it is always speaking, but you are so noisy you go on missing its message.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
THE SHANKARACHARYA OF SHARDAPEETH, DWARKA, IS REPORTED TO HAVE SAID THAT YOUR IDEAS ABOUT SPIRITUALITY DO NOT CONFORM WITH THE SANATAN DHARMA WHICH GIVES GREAT IMPORTANCE TO SELF-CONTROL AND PRESCRIBES RULES OF CONDUCT GIVEN IN THE ANCIENT SCRIPTURES. THE SHANKARACHARYA ALSO REMARKED THAT WHEREVER YOU AND YOUR ASHRAM WILL MOVE, IT WOULD SPOIL THE SPIRITUAL ENVIRONMENT OF THAT PLACE.
OSHO, THIS IS PERHAPS THE FIRST TIME THAT THE SHANKARACHARYA HAS OPENLY

CRITICISED YOU AND THE ASHRAM. WOULD YOU KINDLY SAY SOMETHING?

Satya Vedant,

THE SHANKARACHARYA is right in a way: I do not conform with his ideas about spirituality. Why should I conform to anybody else's ideas of spirituality at all? Spirituality is not an ideology, in fact. It has nothing to do with ideas. It is a state of no-mind. How it can be an ideology? The Shankaracharya has no experience of meditation at all, otherwise he would not have spoken this way.

Spirituality simply means that you have gone beyond the mind, and in that transcendence all ideas are transcended -- Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, communist -- all ideas. Ideas as such are transcended. There is only silence, and two silences can never be different. They are like two zeros. What difference can there be?

Buddha in his deep meditation is not different from Mahavira. Mahavira in his deep meditation is not different from Zarathustra. Zarathustra in his deep silence is not different from Lao Tzu. And I call THIS the Sanatan Dharma.

The word SANATAN means eternal, and DHARMA means Tao -- the law, the ultimate law. Ais DHAMMO SANANTANO, Buddha repeats again and again: This is the eternal law of life. But by Sanatan Dharma the Shankaracharya means Hindu religion. Hindus think that their religion is the eternal religion; that is sheer nonsense.

Religiousness is eternal, but no religion is eternal. Every religion is born and dies in its own time. No religion is beginningless and no religion is endless. Everything that is born in time is bound to die sooner or later, and it is good that it dies because it creates space for something new to arise. Sanatan Dharma -- eternal religion -- cannot be identified with any religion in particular.

Jainas believe that their religion is far older than the religion of the Hindus, and it may be far older because their first TEERTHANKARA, Adinath, is remembered in the Rig Veda, the first Hindu scripture, with great respect. That shows two things: that Adinath must have been already an established, accepted spiritual leader; he must have preceded the Rig Veda, and the Rig Veda is the ancientmost scripture of the Hindus. Jainas say their religion is far older, but older does not mean eternal. Thousands of religions have existed on the earth and have died, and when they were alive they had millions of followers, but now they have completely disappeared. The followers have disappeared, the priests have disappeared, their gods have disappeared. When they were alive they also used to think they were eternal. But whatsoever happens in time always dies; nothing can be eternal in time. My meaning of Sanatan Dharma, eternal religion, is: religiousness is eternal. For example, LIFE IS eternal... people come and go. We were not here a few years before and after a few years we will not be here, but PEOPLE were here and people will be here. Life will continue. The forms will go on disappearing and appearing, but that which appears and disappears, that which becomes

sometimes manifest and sometimes unmanifest, is eternal. It is religiousness.

Jesus becomes Christ through that religiousness. Buddha becomes Buddha -- enlightened -- through that religiousness. It cannot be identified with Hinduism.

The Shankaracharya is right: if Sanatan Dharma means Hinduism, then I cannot conform with its ideas. But if Sanatan Dharma means eternal religiousness then there is no question of conforming -- I am living it, I AM it. And my whole effort here is to help you to BE religious -- neither Hindus nor Christians nor Mohammedans nor Jainas.

Now this may be the only place in the whole world where all religions are meeting and merging into a new kind of religiousness, a totally different quality. Nobody bothers here whether you are a Christian or a Parsi, whether you are a Taoist or a Buddhist, because we have found the source. And once you know the source it does not matter from what shore you drink, in what kind of bucket you draw the water from the source. The bucket is non-essential; the water is essential. We have found the eternal religion: it can only be a religiousness, a quality, a fragrance.

My meaning of Sanatan Dharma is totally different from the Shankaracharya's meaning. The Shankaracharya of Shardapeeth, Dwarka, simply represents a tradition, a convention which is already dead. All traditions are dead! What I represent is a living experience.

The Shankaracharya is only an imitator of the Adi Shankaracharya, the original Shankaracharya. One thousand years have passed. The original Shankaracharya had experienced; now this Shankaracharya is only a priest.

These people are the people who destroy spirituality, but they will condemn me, they will criticize me, because I don't conform to their stupid ideas about spirituality. As far as I see, their spirituality is nothing but hypocrisy. They go on saying one thing and they go on doing just the opposite.
The original Shankaracharya has said: The world is illusory, it is maya. If the world is illusory, if it is maya, if it does not exist at all, then why do these priests go on preaching to people to renounce it? That is their whole life work: to tell people to renounce the world -- the world which does not exist in the first place! It is like telling people to renounce their shadows. If you are right, there is no world to renounce; if there is a world to renounce, then you are not right.
Because of such stupid ideas people become hypocrites. They go on condemning the world on the one hand, and on the other hand they go on grabbing the same world.
You will not find more greedy people anywhere in the world than you will find in India, and the Indian goes on condemning the whole world as materialist.
One of our sannyasins, Kamal Bharti, had gone to America and traveled all over the world. He wrote a letter to me saying, "It is strange, Osho, that I traveled all over the world without any money, just sannyasins and friends were supporting me, and I never ran out of money. I never was in any difficulty anywhere in the whole world. But the moment I landed at the Bombay airport my money and my things were all stolen!" This is a religious land! People are spiritual!
Kamal Bharti, that shows that somebody who thinks the world is maya has taken your things. What does it matter?

Why allow you to carry such illusory things? He has helped you to unburden!
These people have created such a hypocrisy by telling people to do something anti-life. The Shankaracharyas, the priests of the Hindus, go on condemning life and go on also praising God for creating the world. And they don't see the illogicality of it, the ridiculousness of it. They are blind people! They cannot understand me because what they think is spirituality is nothing but hypocrisy.

The Pope lay dying. His doctor called the cardinals together and announced: "We can only save his life with a heart transplant."
"We must tell the people," said one of the cardinals. "Perhaps a donor will volunteer to give his heart for the Pontiff.
The announcement was made and thousands gathered beneath the Pop's balcony, shouting, "Take-a my heart! Take-a my heart!"
The cardinals now had to decide on the person who would donate his heart to the Holy Father. "We will drop a feather from His Holiness' hat," said the head cardinal. "Whoever it lands upon will be the lucky person."
The feather floated down from the balcony. From the multitude below came: "Take-a my heart! Phoo, phoo! Take-a my heart! Phoo, phoo!"

They were doing both things: "Take-a my heart!" and blowing the feather as far away as possible! That's what these people call spirituality.

"The world is illusory." And these temples of Shankaracharya accumulate as much money as possible. And "Money is dirt"... and they collect gold. And gold is nothing, it is dust. These people are against everything, and yet from the back door they go on doing the same as anybody else.
My spirituality is not hypocrisy; it is authentic living. I don't tell you to be life-negative. I tell you to be life-loving, life-affirmative, because God is nothing but life. The aliveness of existence is what God is all about.
These people are afraid that I may destroy the spiritual atmosphere -- as if the spiritual atmosphere exists! I have traveled all over India -- there exists no spiritual atmosphere. Spiritual atmosphere exists only around a Buddha. It is like light: if there is a flame, there is light around it. Once the flame is gone, the light disappears. When Gautam the Buddha was alive there was a spiritual atmosphere that surrounded him. Wherever he went that spiritual atmosphere went with him; it was his light. There was light when Krishna was alive, when Christ was alive, but now Christianity is only talking about light.
Maybe they have paintings about light, of light, but those paintings will not give light in darkness.

The Mother Superior of the convent awoke in a happy mood, dressed and set off to visit her flock. "Good morning, Sister Augusta, God bless you! Are you happy at your work?
"Yes, Reverend Mother, but I am sorry to see you got out of bed on the wrong side this morning.

The Mother Superior ignored the remark and passed on to another nun. "Good morning, Sister Georgina, you look pleased with yourself!"
"I am, Reverend Mother, but it is a pity you got out of bed on the wrong side today."
The Mother Superior, greatly puzzled, moved on to a young novice. "Tell me, little Sister, do you also feel I got out of bed on the wrong side?"
"I am afraid so," said the nun.
"But why? Am I not as happy as a song-bird and pleasant to you all?"
"Yes, Mother, but you are wearing Father Vincenzo's house slippers!"

These are the people who go on talking about spirituality, celibacy, renunciation! And if you look deep down into the world that surrounds you and these spiritual -- so-called spiritual -- people, you will be very much puzzled they live a double kind of life.
Yes, I will destroy this double kind of life wherever I go! He is right in that way. Whatsoever he calls "spiritual environment" exists nowhere. Whatsoever exists is hypocrisy, and I am going to destroy it, certainly, because that is the only way to create a spiritual atmosphere. Something that is destroying people's very life has to be ruthlessly uprooted. All the weeds have to be uprooted so we can grow roses.
He says that Sanatan Dharma -- by which he means Hindu Dharma, Hindu religion -- gives Great importance to self-control. I don't give any importance to self-control, because all control is ugly, because all control is repressive. Life

should be spontaneous, not controlled. Yes, your inner world should be so clear and transparent that you can see what is right and what is wrong, and you should live according to it, not by any dictates in any scriptures.
He says: Hindu Dharma lives according to prescribed rules. All prescribed rules create slavery.
I don't prescribe any rules for my sannyasins. I don't give you a character from the outside, but I give you something far more valuable: I give you meditativeness, out of which a character arises which is your own, out of which you start living a life full of insight. Then you know what is right and what is wrong and you live accordingly, but not according to Krishna or Manu or Rama. They may have been right -- that was THEIR intuition -- but to live according to any prescribed rule is to live the life of a slave. And I am against slavery.
I teach people rebellion. In that way the Shankaracharya of Shardapeeth is right: that wherever I go I will destroy their so-called spiritual atmosphere. He has not really criticized me, he has praised me -- unknowingly of course, unconsciously of course, because these people have no consciousness.
A man of consciousness cannot be a priest. He cannot be part of any tradition or convention. He is bound to be free from all conventions and all traditions. He lives a life of freedom, spontaneity, love, joy.

The third question

Question 3

IT SEEMS, WHEN THE HITS COME THROUGH OUR WORK, IT IS NOT A HAMMERING ON THE ROCK BUT A SIMPLE KNOCKING ON THE DOOR. WOULD YOU COMMENT?

Yoga Amrita,

IT'S TRUE. The Master only knocks on your door, but if you are too much identified with your sleep the knock on the door hurts you. It feels as if you are knocked by a hammer on the head. When you want to sleep and somebody tries to wake you up, he looks like an enemy. Otherwise, the function of the Master is to wake you up. It depends on your sleep how many and how loud the knocks you will need. Sometimes he even has to knock exactly on your head because you don't listen to the knocks on the door. He has to throw a bucket of cold water on you!

Mulla Nasruddin was saying to his wife, "What makes you think, dear, that I am a loafer?"
The wife said, "Because when opportunity knocks you complain about the noise!"

The Master knocks because there is an opportunity. He knocks only when there is an opportunity. When he sees that the opportunity is waiting at the door and you are fast asleep he knocks.
Unless you love the Master deeply you will not be able to understand his knocks; they will look inimical. They are out of his compassion, out of his love.

Amrita, you have understood well: it is a knock on the door. Wake up and open the door! because the sun has risen, the birds are singing. It is not time to sleep any more. Come out of your slumber of many many lives! And then you will be grateful to the Master who knocked on the door, because the sun will not knock on the door, the flowers will not knock on the door. They will go on flowering, the sun will go on shining, the moon will come, the stars will come, but nobody will knock on your door. God goes on without knocking on your door.
Kabir has a beautiful poem in which he says:

GURU GOVIND DOI KHARE, KAKE LAAGUN PAE
BALIHARI GURU AAPAKI, GOVIND DIYO BATAE

Kabir says: The Master and God both are standing in front of me, and I am in a confusion: whose feet to touch first? The Master's feet or God's feet? -- because it is the Master who has shown me God; he should be respected first. But when God is standing there, how can you respect the Master first? You have to bow down to God.
And Kabir says: But my Master was so great that he immediately looked at me and showed me the feet of God. "Touch the feet of God, forget all about me."

Buddha says: If you meet me on the way, kill me immediately. Don't let me stand between you and the ultimate. The Master knocks on the door and goes on knocking. The moment you will open the door, the Master will disappear; he will not stand in the way. That is the differ-ence between the true Master and the pseudo Master. The pseudo Master

will stand between you and God. The true Master will disappear. The moment you are awake you will find God, and the Master is not standing there any-where. But because the Master disappears he creates more respect and more love in you.
I have always wondered about this small statement of Kabir: Whose feet to touch first? And great is my Master who has shown immediately the feet of God to me.
But I have wondered whose feet Kabir really DID touch first. As far as I can see, he must have touched the feet of the Master, because he says: Great is the Master who has shown me the feet of God. Now how can you help not touching the feet of the Master first?
Buddha says: Kill me if I come in the way. And the disciples who became enlightened continued to touch Buddha's feet. Buddha said, "Now there is no need. You are as much enlightened as I am, because in enlightenment there are no degrees. You have come home, you are a Buddha yourself -- no need to touch my feet." But they continued, out of deep gratitude.

The fourth question

Question 4
OSHO,
I AM GOING TO ITALY AND THE SITUATION THERE IS VERY BAD.
PEOPLE ARE KILLING EACH OTHER IN THE STREETS AND A BOMB DESTROYED NINETY PEOPLE IN A STATION ONE WEEK AGO.

NOW, MASTER, U LOVE ITALIANS. WILL YOU PLEASE SAY A FEW WORDS SO THAT THEY BECOME A LITTLE AWARE OF THEIR INSANITY?

Prem Francesco,

THE WHOLE OF HUMANITY is in the same situation. We have worked for thousands of years to make the earth a big madhouse, and we have succeeded, unfortunately. It is not only in Italy, it is everywhere the same: people are killing each other. There is violence everywhere for the simple reason that we have, in subtle ways, not allowed people's energies to be creative, and whenever creative energies are prevented they become destructive.

Violence is not the real problem. The real problem is how to help people to be creative. A creative person cannot be violent because his energies are moving in the direction of God. We call God the creator. Whenever you are creating something you participate in God's being. You cannot be violent, you cannot be destructive; it is impossible.

But for thousands of years we have destroyed every possible door to creativity. Instead of helping people to be creative we train them to be destructive. The warrior, the soldier, we have respected too much. In fact, the warrior is someone who should be condemned not respected -- he is destructive. The soldier should not be respected.

We need sannyasins, not soldiers. We need lovers, not fighters. But love is condemned and violence is praised. What is great in Alexander the Great? -- nothing but violence. He is great because he was the greatest violent person in those days. He killed over almost all the known

world of his day -- he killed millions -- and still we go on calling him Alexander the Great. What is great in your kings and emperors and their history? Why do you go on praising them? They should be completely forgotten. Nadir Shah, Genghis Khan, Tamurlaine, why should they be remembered? Why should small children be told all the stupidities that man has done to man? -- because we still want people to fight.

The politician LIVES on violence, the nations LIVE on violence. If the violence disappears there will be no Italy, no India, no Japan. There will be only one humanity. Why these boundaries? But without these boundaries the politician disappears, and he does not want to disappear, obviously. He has a great vested interest in the boundaries and the boundaries have to be defended. And the only way to defend is to kill, and whosoever is the bigger killer is the winner.

And the same is true on a smaller scale in people's lives. People are taught to be violent because unless you are violent you are not going to succeed in life. YOU have to be very violent, only then you can fulfill your ambitions. A gentle person cannot succeed, he is bound to fail, because he cannot be competitive. He cannot push and pull people; he cannot step over people's heads.

All the politicians are criminals for the simple reason that crime pays. YOU only have to be cunning enough not to be caught. The most fundamental rule of this violent life is: all means are good if they fulfill the end. And of course, rather than arguing -- because argumentation is a long thing and it may never come to any conclusion -- it is better to pull the sword; it decides things immediately. It is easier to fight

with a person and decide who is right. "Might is right." That rule still remains -- the rule of the jungle.

We call man civilized? He has yet to be civilized. Civilization is only an idea which has not yet been realized. Man is just superficially civilized, not even skin-deep. Just scratch a little and you will find the animal coming out -- a ferocious animal, far more ferocious than any wild animals because wild animals, howsoever wild they are, don't carry bombs -- atom bombs, hydrogen bombs. Compared to man and his violence all animals are left far behind.

And in the past this has been the rule. The Buddhas are exceptions. Of course, they are the only civilized human beings The remaining crowd of people, the mob, is very uncivilized.

It is not, Francesco, only in Italy; it is the same here in this country -- a great spiritual country, a long long heritage of religion, and still people are killing. It makes no difference to people.

Just now all over the country there are riots. And strange: in Moradabad where the riots started, the Mohammedans had gathered to pray. It was their religious festival, Id, and they had gathered to pray. And after the prayer meeting the violence erupted. It means the people who had come to pray had brought weapons with them. Immediately one hundred thirty people were killed. What kind of hypocrisy? What kind of insanity? People who have come to pray are hiding knives, swords, bottles full of acid. They have come ready, prepared. Everything seems to be pre-planned. And they have been there to pray. What kind of prayer can be possible in such a situation?

The word "Islam" means peace -- and Islam has created more violence in the world than any other religion -- and the word means peace.
Christianity says "God is love" and Christianity has killed millions of people, burned people alive. And God is love! It is a very unconscious state of affairs. People are living unconsciously, not knowing what they are doing, why they are doing, not even pondering over it.

Manetti, the mechanic, woke up one morning with a black eye. "What happened?" he asked his wife.
"While you were sleeping," she explained, "you reached over and felt my arms and said, 'What a smooth finish!' Then you reached over further and said, 'What perfect headlights!' Then you reached down further and said, 'Who left the garage door open?' And that is when I let you have it!"

People are almost asleep. Even when you think they are awake they are not awake.

Rigamonte was visiting a small town in the Italian Alps. After a few lonely nights he began feeling the need for a woman. He asked the local barkeep how to find the ladies of the town.
"We ain't gotta no prostitutes. The church would never allow it. But the thing-a you want-a is kept-a out of sight-a."
"What I gotta do?" asked Rigamonte.
The bartender explained that up in the mountains were caves. "Go up there at dusk-a and shout-a Yoo-hoo!' And if

the lady yoo-hoos back-a you work out-a the price. If she's-a busy you no get-a an answer."
That evening Rigamonte yoo-hoos his way from cave to cave, but without luck. He finally decided to go back and get drunk, but at the foot of the mountain he found a fresh cave. "Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!" he shouted.
"Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo!" came back so clearly... he rushed into the cave and was killed by a train.

Francesco, people have to be helped to be a little more aware, a little more alert. They need a little more clarity to see what they are doing. But there is no clarity, and the vested interests don't want any clarity. They want more confusion. The more confusion there is, the politicians have more power. The more confusion there is, the priests have more power. They don't want man to become aware; they want him to live as unconsciously as possible.

Rinaldo returned to Italy to see his relatives. One day he tried to ride his uncle's horse. "Giddy up! Giddy up!" he said to the animal, but it did not move. "Hey," he said to his relatives, "why this thing-a no move-a?"
"You no say giddy-up," said his uncle. "You gotta say 'Mamma mia' to make-a him go and 'Mangiare' to make him-a stop."
"Mamma mia!" he yelled and the horse galloped off into a clearing. Ahead was a steep cliff and Rinaldo noticed it almost too late. He pulled back on the reins and screamed "Mangiare!" The horse came to a screeching halt at the edge of the cliff. Looking down and then up at the sky, Rinaldo whispered, "Mamma mia!"

And this is not so only with the people, this is so with everybody else -- the so-called intellectuals, the intelligentsia, the politicians, the religious. It is applicable to all except a very few people, and those few people cannot be of much help.
That's why my effort is to create a great Buddhafield, to release as much energy as is released in an atomic explosion. Sannyas is an effort to collect all those people who are ready to be aware, to be intelligent. And we have to spread the color all over the world. This is the color of spring.
Man needs a new life, a new birth. And all that has been told and taught up to now has failed. It was bound to fail because it was not meant to create a better humanity; it was meant to keep man as much enslaved as he is.

A Polack was badly injured in an automobile crash and had to have a brain transplant. A team of surgeons put him under anaesthesia, removed his brain, and went into the next room to get the new one. When they returned to the operating room the Polack was gone. The police searched everywhere for him but to no avail -- he had vanished. The doctors contacted Interpol and they checked throughout the world trying to find this poor Pole who had left the hospital without his brain.
Finally, five years later, he was found. The Polack was now the Pope!

Guida Spirituale
Chapter #3

Chapter title: The Feel of It
28 August 1980 am in Buddha Hall

Question 1
OSHO, MY PROBLEM IS THAT I THINK THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME. IF I THINK THAT I HAVE A PROBLEM THEN I REALLY DO HAVE ONE. IN FACT, THINKING SEEMS TO BE JUST THE MAKING UP OF PROBLEMS. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Deva Saguna,

I don't think at all! That's why I have no problems, only answers and answers -- no questions at all. It is exactly so. Mind is the root cause of all problems. Problems grow on mind like leaves on trees. You can go on pruning the leaves; that is not going to destroy the tree. On the contrary, it will help the foliage to become thicker; more and more leaves will be coming. Every gardener knows it: cut one leaf and the tree will accept the challenge. To protect itself it will give birth to three leaves.
Mind can go on trying to solve problems, but it cannot solve them. Each solution will bring many more problems in its wake. That's why philosophy has utterly failed. Philosophy is the greatest failure in the world, and it has been such a great wastage of human intelligence that it is almost incalculable, because the greatest intelligent people have remained involved with philosophical problems. From

Aristotle to Wittgenstein, thousands of brilliant people have wasted their whole brilliance for the simple reason that they were trying to solve single problems rather than going to the very root of all.

The mind is the only problem. Hence philosophy comes up with many solutions, many conclusions, but no conclusion is conclusive. Immediately many more problems pop up. Not one single question has been solved by philosophical endeavor, but still philosophy goes on and on moving farther and farther into the desert. It cannot reach the ocean; it is going astray basically. That's where religion differs. Religion means not trying to solve particular problems but looking at the root of all the problems and cutting the root. That's what we call meditation: meditation is cutting the root. Meditation is not a solution of any problem in particular; it solves nothing. It simply helps you to get rid of the mind, the problem-creator. It simply helps you to slip out of the mind as a snake slips out of the old skin.

Once you know you are not the mind the great transcendence has happened. Suddenly all problems become insignificant; slowly slowly they evaporate. You are left with a profound peace; a great silence prevails. This silence is the solution. This peace is the answer, the answer of all answers.

This is the miracle of religion, or the miracle of meditation, to be more particular: that without solving a single problem it solves all the problems, in a single blow. It is a sudden leap, a quantum leap.

And, Saguna, you have the feeling already arising in you.

You say: IF I THINK THAT I HAVE A PROBLEM THEN I REALLY DO HAVE ONE.

The moment you think, you create it; and once you have it you start looking for solutions. And who will look for solutions, and where? The mind will look for the solutions AND IN the mind. Do you see the absurdness of it all? It is like pulling yourself up by your shoestrings. It is not possible. Yes, mind will fabricate many solutions, but they will be only superficial. The basic question will remain untouched and many more will arise, and it is a process ad infinitum.

But it is good that you have the feeling -- a vague feeling, of course. Mind you, I am saying FEELING, I am not saying that you have come to the right thought. No thought is ever right. I am telling you that you have come to a right feeling. It is still vague, clouded... just like early morning: the sun has not yet risen, but it is no more night either. And you will have a little difficulty because this is the moment of transition. You will feel very vulnerable. You will feel almost split because you will not be in the night, you will not be in the day. You will be somewhere in between, on the way. Naturally a part of you will go on talking in the language of the night, and that is the older part ant the major part. Just a small fragment of you will start spring the language of the future, the language of the day. And you will find it is as if you have become two persons.

This period of transition is the most difficult period for every meditator -- he starts falling apart. If you go to a psychologist he will say, "This is a breakdown." And if

your mind gets the idea that this is a breakdown, then of course it is. It is not a breakdown, it is a breakthrough. But psychology still has no idea of the breakthrough. It will try to push you back into the old skin which you have left behind or are in the process of leaving behind. But that cannot be done; that is impossible.

Hence psychology with all its different schools of psychoanalysis, psychosynthesis, gestalt, and so on, so forth, are ALL groping in the dark because they are still unaware of the fact that a man can go beyond mind. There are psychologists like B. F. Skinner or Delgado who think man is just a behavior. It is another way of saying that man is nothing but physics, chemistry, physiology. Science is capable of explaining everything; nothing else is needed. Man is a body and nothing more. And that is the major part of modern psychology, and that is the only psychology in the communist countries.

But there are a few people who are striving to get a little beyond that, but they get caught into the subtle traps of the mind. Then they start thinking psychology is nothing but mind. Freud, Adler, Jung, they are all of the opinion that psychology is nothing but a concern with the mind, an enquiry into the mind.

The word "psychology" is beautiful: it comes from PSYCHE, and psyche mans the soul. But HO pychologist agrees with the idea of the soul. In fact, they have no right to call that thinking "psychology"; they are using a wrong word, a far bigger word. They are all either believers in the body or believers in the mind, which are not really really separate things. Mindbody is one phenomenon. In fact, we should not use the word "and" between the two.

"Mindbody'? should be a single word, because there is not that much difference that you can use the word "and." Not even a hyphen is needed, not even that much space is available. Body is mind looked at from the outside; mind is body looked at from the inside. Or in other words, the body is the outer expression of the mindbody and the mind is the inner expression of the same phenomenon. Just in two different dimensions.

Unless one goes beyond both one never knows anything about the breakthrough. And man is really falling apart all over the world because of this stupid idea that man is nothing but body or nothing but mind, or at the most both. Breakthrough is possible if there is more space available inside you so that you can put the mind aside and still be. But when the skin of all the past, of all the memories is dropped, there ARE moments, very delicate moments, when you are nowhere. You are neither the old nor the new. You are just passing through the birth canal. It is painful too because the old identity is disappearing and the new has not yet arrived. You can become very much frightened; hence the Master is needed.

The function of the Master is to help you in such critical moments. Socrates used to say that the function of the Master is that of a midwife, and I absolutely agree with him. It is just to help the child leave the womb in which the child has lived for nine months... and the child has lived in immense comfort. In fact, he will search and seek for the same comforts his whole life. There was no responsibility, no worry, no problem. Everything is supplied; existence took every care. Some unknown energies went on flowing from the mother to the child. Everything was done by the

mother, and the child was simply floating inside the womb. Those nine months are nine months for the people who are outside the womb. For the child it was almost infinity because he was not aware of time. He cannot be aware of time. You become aware of time only when there are events happening.

Have you watched this? If one day many things happen you have a different sense of time; if some day nothing happens You have a totally different sense of the time. The sense of time depends on what happens. Time is measured through events. But nothing is happening in the womb all is quiet, The child cannot feel that there are nine months only; it is infinity. It is a timeless state. And floating in the mother's womb in a warm liquid is immensely pleasant.

That's how the desire for bliss arises in us, because we have experienced it. Otherwise, you cannot seek for anything that you have never experienced. Something must be there lingering deep down in your unconscious -- some experience, some nostalgia that keeps you searching for bliss.

The whole search for God is basically the search for the mother's womb. And the meditator really enters into the womb of God.

In the Hindu temples the innermost shrine is called garbha -- the womb. When you go into a Hindu temple, the innermost shrine where the statue of the god is is called garbha -- the womb. Very significant it is, very meaningful. To enter again into the universe if a deep let-go is to find peace! bliss, a non-problematic existence. That is breakthrough.

If you go, Saguna, to a psychoanalyst, he will try to bring you back to your old identity. That's the whole function of psychology in the West: helping people to be adjusted again because they have become a little maladjusted with their past. And of course, the moment you are not adjusted with your own mind you are not adjusted with the society, because your mind is part of the collective mind of the society. You are no more adjusted with your religion, you are no more adjusted with your political ideology. Simply you find everywhere that you are, in a way, uprooted. And great fear grips you: you are no more part of the collective mind, you are alone, and you hanker to be part of some crowd so that you can feel a little warmth, a little coziness, and you can be on familiar ground again.

That's what psychology is doing in the West. Its whole work is against religion.

Religion tries to give you a new identity, a new birth; and psychology gives you back again your old identity. It forces you somehow into the skin that the snake has left behind. The work can never really be done because the skin can never be your skin again. You can live with it, but it will be just hanging around you. It will be a burden. It is no more part of you.

A father was telling his child, a small son, "There is nothing impossible in the world. Napoleon has said so: there is nothing impossible in the world."

The child said, "Wait, and I will show you. One thing is impossible, I have tried." He ran into the bathroom, brought a tube of toothpaste, forced the tube. The toothpaste came

out, and he told the father, "Now put it back! If you can do this I will believe that Napoleon is right."

Now it is almost impossible to put the toothpaste back into the tube, but that may be possible. Just a little scientific device will be needed to suck it back. But man cannot be put back into the old skin again. At the most he can go on carrying the skin like clothes, but clothes are not skin.
The function of the Master is to help you to become acquainted with the new territory that you have already jumped into and forget all about the old.
Saguna, that's where your problem is. You can create many problems, they are all excuses, but the real problem is that you are passing through a beautiful process of immense value. This is the process of rebirth. So you vaguely sense that "It is me, my own mind which goes on creating problems." You have started feeling, in fact you say:

THINKING SEEMS TO BE JUST THE MAKING OF PROBLEMS.

Then why go on thinking? That's the whole purpose of being here!

Young Mazzilli was not getting dong too well with his wife. One night he threw a big party and invited all his friends. At the beginning everyone sat around just making small talk. But as the evening progressed, people started to couple off and find cozy corners. Soon the lights were dimmed and moans of love and passion could be heard. Mazzilli began looking for his wife, but could not find her.

After searching everywhere in the apartment he stepped into the kitchen and there she was, sitting on the sink, her legs in passionate embrace around Vince, one of his friends.
"Your wife and I love each other," stammered Vince, "and we want to get married. Can you forgive me for taking her away?"
"Hey," smiled the husband, "that's what this party was for!"

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
CAN MAN REALLY LEARN FROM EVERYTHING AND EVERY SITUATION IN LIFE, AS THE DESIDERATA SAYS?

Gandharvo,

CERTAINLY. Sometimes it may appear like "What is there to be learned in this situation?" That only shows that your awareness is not deep enough; otherwise no situation is without a lesson, NO situation at all. All situations are pregnant, but you have to discover; it may not be available on the surface. You have to be more watchful. You have to look at all the aspects of the situation.
The Desiderata is absolutely right -- this is my own experience. I have learned from every situation possible.

One of the great Sufi Masters, Junaid, was asked when he was dying... his chief disciple came close to him and asked,

"Master, beloved Master, you are leaving us. One question has always been in our minds, but we could never gather courage enough to ask you. And now that you are leaving there will be no more opportunity to ask, so all the disciples have forced me to come to you and ask. Who was your Master? This has been always a great curiosity amongst your disciples because we have never heard you talk about your Master."
Junaid opened his eyes and said, "It will be very difficult for me to answer because I have learned from almost everybody. The whole existence has been my Master. I have learned from every event that has happened in my life and I am grateful to all that has happened, because out of all that learning I have arrived. But I had not any single Master. I was not so fortunate as you are," Junaid said to them. "You have a Master."

I can understand Junaid because this has been the case with me too. I never had any Master; you are far more fortunate. I had to learn the hard way: from every experience, from every event, from every person I came across. But it has been an immensely rich journey.

Junaid said, "Just to satisfy your curiosity I will give you three instances. One: I was very thirsty and I was going towards the river carrying my begging bowl, the only possession I had. When I reached the river a dog rushed, jumped into the river, started drinking.
"I watched for a moment and threw away my begging bowl, because it is useless -- a dog can do without it. I also jumped into the river, drank as much water as I wanted. My

whole body was cool because I had jumped into the river, sat in the river for a few moments, thanked the dog, touched his feet with deep reverence, because he has taught me a lesson. I had dropped everything, all possessions, but there was a certain clinging to my begging bowl. It was a beautiful bowl, very beautifully carved, inlaid with gold. It was presented to me by a king and I was always aware that somebody may steal it. Even in the night I used to put it under my head as a pillow so nobody can snatch it away. That was my last clinging -- the dog helped. It was so clear: if a dog can manage without a begging bowl, am a man, why can't I manage? That dog was one of my Masters.

"Secondly," he said, "I lost my way in a forest and by the time I reached the village, the nearest village that I could find, it was midnight. Everybody was fast asleep. I wandered all over the town to see if I could find somebody awake to give me shelter for the night. I could only find a thief who was searching to find some house to enter.

"I asked the thief, 'It seems only two persons are awake in the town, you and I. Can you give me shelter for the night?'

"The thief said, 'I can see from your gown that you are a Sufi monk....' "

The word "Sufi" comes from suf; suf means wool, a woolen garment. The Sufis have used the woolen garment for centuries; hence they are called Sufis because of their garment. Just as you are called in the world "the orange people," they are called the Sufis.

The thief said, "I can see you are a Sufi and I feel a little embarrassed to take you to my home. I am perfectly willing, but I must tell you who I am. I am a thief. Would you like to be a guest of a thief?"

For a moment Junaid hesitated. The thief said, "Look, it is better I told you. You seem hesitant. The thief is willing, but the mystic seems to be hesitant to enter into the house of a thief, as if the mystic is weaker than the thief. I am not afraid of you. In fact, I should be afraid of you -- you may change me, you may transform my whole life! Inviting you means danger, but I am not afraid. You are welcome. Come to my home. Eat, drink, go to sleep, and stay as long as you want, because I live alone and my earning is enough. I can manage for two persons. And it will be really beautiful to chit-chat with you of great things. But you seem to be hesitant."

And Junaid became aware that that was true. He asked to be excused. He touched the feet of the thief and he said, "Yes, my rootedness in my own being is yet very weak. You are really a strong man and I would like to come to your home. And I would like to stay a little longer, not only for this night. I want to be stronger myself!"

The thief said, "Come on!" He fed the Sufi, gave him something to drink, helped him to go to sleep, and he said, "Now I will go. I have to do my own thing. I will come early in the morning." Early in the morning the thief came back.

Junaid asked, "Have you been successful?"

The thief said, "No, not today, but I will see tomorrow."

And this happened continuously for thirty days; every night the thief went and every morning he came back, but he was never sad, never frustrated, no sign of failure on his face, always happy, and he would say, "It doesn't matter.

I tried my best. I could not find anything today again, but tomorrow I will try. And, God willing, it can happen tomorrow if it has not happened today."

After one month Junaid left, and for years he tried to realize the ultimate, but it was always failure. But each time he decided to drop the whole project he was reminded of the thief, his smiling face and his saying "God willing, what has not happened today may happen tomorrow."

And finally when he achieved the ultimate, Junaid said, "I remembered the thief as one of my greatest Masters. Without him I would not be what I am.

"And third," he said, "I entered into a small village. A little boy was carrying a candle, a lit candle, obviously going to the small temple of the town to put the candle there for the night.

And Junaid asked, "Can you tell me from where the light comes? You have lighted the candle yourself so you must have seen. From where does the light come? What is the source of light?"

The boy laughed and he said, "Wait!" And he blew out the candle in front of Junaid. And he said, "You have seen light gone. Can you ten me where it has gone? If you can ten me where it has gone I will tell you from where it has come, because it has gone to the same place. It has returned to the source."

And Junaid said, "I had met great philosophers, but nobody had made such a beautiful statement: 'It has gone to its very source.' Everything returns to its source finally.

"And secondly, the child made me aware of my own ignorance. I was trying to joke with the child, but the joke was on me. He showed to me that asking foolish questions:

'From where has the light come?' is not intelligent. It comes from nowhere, from nothingness, and goes back to nowhere, to nothingness."
Junaid said, "I touched the feet of the child. The child was puzzled. He said, 'Why you are touching my feet?' And I told him, 'You are my Master -- you have shown me something. You have given me a great lesson, a great insight.
"Since that time," Junaid said, "I have been meditating on nothingness, and slowly slowly I have entered into nothingness. And now the final moment has come when the candle will go out, the light will go out. And I know where I am going -- to the same source.
"I remember that child with gratefulness. I can still see him standing before me blowing out the candle."

Buddha has used the word nirvana for the ultimate experience. Nirvana simply means blowing out the candle. Suddenly the flame that was manifest goes into unmanifestation; it disappears.

You ask me, Gandharvo: CAN MAN REALLY LEARN FROM EVERYTHING AND EVERY SITUATION IN LIFE, AS THE DESIDERATA SAYS?

Yes.

Poor Pete was known as "Broomstick" among his friends. He was awfully skinny and looked so emaciated it did not help his social life. One night, to drown his sorrow, Pete wandered into a bar in New York's Little Italy and by some

miracle became friendly with Rosalie, a buxom divorcee. He nearly fainted when she invited him home.
At her apartment she led Mr. Skin-and-Bones directly to her bedroom and said, "Why don't you get undressed and wait for me in bed?"
Pete ripped off his clothes and, panting with excitement, waited for her return.
Five minutes later the Italian girl walked in with a six-year-old boy. She threw back the bedsheets, pointed to Pete and exclaimed, "Now, you see, Roberto, that is what you are gonna look like if you don't start eating your spaghetti! "

Sheela has written a letter to me. It will help you understand, Gandharvo, what the DESIDERATA means. She says:

Beloved Osho,
The other day two really weird-looking Hare Krishna people came to check out the ashram and the way we run it. One of the men, Haridas, is the head of the Hare Krishna movement in Bombay. And the first question the guy asked me was, "Why are you here?" So I casually replied, "Because I am in love with Osho and I enjoy what I do here." And then he asked me, "You have no interest in scriptures?" So I again casually replied, "No, they don't make any sense to me." So the guy looked at me weirdly and asked me, "What do you do for spirituality?" So I said, "Who needs it?" So he turned towards me and said with a very serious voice, "I feel sorry for you." Then I just smiled at him and the guy said to me, "If you don't have any interest in scripture, how do you learn?" So I said to him,

"By living." And he jumped, and said, "Do you know what happens after death?" I said, "No, I am still alive!" He said, "But scriptures can tell you what happens after death." So I said to him, "Did the scriptures tell you what happens after death?" He said, "No." So I said, "Ah."
Then the guy jumped up from there, picking on the word "Bhagwan," reciting a ten-page sutra in Sanskrit and explaining "Do you know what the word 'Bhagwan' contains?" And I said, "No." And he said, "The word 'Bhagwan' is made of sex."
And I am looking at the guy in amazement, and the rest of the questions were more absurd than the previous ones. And then I just had fun with them, and the guys left disgusted.
Osho, what is with them?

The Hare Krishna movement attracts the most stupid people. It is a miracle! Only the stupid ones are attracted towards it. It is in a way strange, because almost every movement attracts all kinds of people; but the Hare Krishna movement is special: it is only for the stupid. The more stupid you are, the better.
Now all his questions are foolish. I have come across many Hare Krishna people; while I was wandering around the country I met them. And I can understand Sheela's amazement because I know all their questions are foolish. Now what kind of a question is this? -- "Why am I here?"

Once Mulla Nasruddin was caught making love with a woman by the woman's husband who suddenly entered the

room. Naked, Nasruddin rushed, tried to find some place to hide. Finding nowhere else, he stood inside the cupboard. The man looked all around, he opened the cupboard. Nasruddin was standing there completely naked. And the man asked, "What are you doing here?"
Nasruddin said, "Everybody has to be somewhere! I am in such a difficulty, ant you are asking metaphysical questions! Obviously, everybody has to be somewhere!"

Now this foolish guy, if he even meets God, will ask, "What are you doing here? Why you are here?" And do you think God can answer that?'; Impossible! But there is one thing, fortunately: these Hare Krishna people will never meet God. They are so stupid that even if they meet Him they will miss.
He asked, "What do you do for spirituality?" As if spirituality is something that can be done. That's what their idea of spirituality is: you have to do something. Spirituality is disappearance of the doer, and when there is no doer how there can be doing? It is a state of being, not of doing. Doing keeps you in the world; being takes you into the beyond.
I have heard:

A Western businessman and his sannyasin son were discussing his coming trip to Poona. "You know, son," said the father "you can get very sick in India!"
"Yeah!" replied the son. "I can get killed walking across Fifth Avenue!"
"Well, at least think of your mother -- she is worried sick!" the father urged.

"She certainly does not need me around to be worried sick," replied the sannyasin.
"Well," said the father, "this guy you are going to see, is he a Christian?"
"Hell, no!" replied the son. "He even works on Sundays!"
Disgusted, the father snapped back, "You know, son, you are going to amount to nothing!"
"Gee, Dad," said the sannyasin with a grin, "you really do understand!"

"What do you do for spirituality?" Spirituality is not something that can be attained by doing. It is your innermost core; you feel it when all doing ceases. Once you have felt it, then it always remains like an undercurrent even when you are doing a thousand and one things. Then wherever you are, whatsoever you are doing, it is there: a presence surrounding you, a light arising from your deepest core, radiating all around you, a peace, a love, a joy, a fragrance.
But these Hare Krishna people think that you have to go on chanting, counting beads, repeating the name of God. As if God has a name! As if by counting beads you can become spiritual or by repeating the name of God! Your repetition will make you even more dull than you are. Repetitiveness always makes a person duller than he was before because repetition creates boredom.
And every mother knows it. When the child is not going to sleep she starts singing a lullaby. And what is a lullaby? A mantra, a transcendental meditation, forced on the child. Now the child cannot escape; he is tucked under the blanket. He fidgets and he has to listen to some nonsense

words. Continuous repetition in a monotonous voice -- bores him to death. Finally he escapes into sleep -- seeing no other way out he goes in! and falls asleep and starts snoring. That is the only way to get rid of the mother and her lullaby.

Once Mulla Nasruddin was very ill. He was treated by all kinds of doctors -- allopathic, ayurvedic, homeopathic, etcetera, etcetera, but nothing was helping; he was deteriorating every day. Finally his son went to a hypnotist and asked him to come and help him. That was the last resort.

The hypnotist said, "Don't be worried." He came, he started repeating again and again, "You are falling asleep, falling asleep, falling asleep... deep deep sleep... falling, falling..." for half an hour continuously, "falling into deep sleep..." Suddenly Mulla started snoring. That was one of the problems, that he had not slept for months. And the doctors were saying that their medicines are not working because he cannot fall asleep. In sleep the body recovers, recuperates. If somehow it can be managed that he falls asleep, then the medicines will start working. So this was a miracle!

The hypnotist tiptoed out of the room very silently, and the son was very much impressed. He gave him double his fee, thanked him very much. The hypnotist left, the son went in. Mulla opened one eye and asked, "Has that nut gone? He was killing me! I have never been so bored in my life, I have never thought of committing suicide. For the first time when he continued, continued, I thought, 'There is no way to pt rid of this guy,' so I acted snoring. Either he would

have killed me or if I was a little better, a little healthier, I would have killed him. But never bring such people here again, otherwise There is going to be bloodshed. Either I will kill myself or I will kill the person! What nonsense is this?"

But these people believe that by repeating a certain mantra you can attain to spirituality. All that you can attain to is a bored state of mind. You will lose your intelligence, that's an. You will lose your sharpness.
And he says, "Bhagwan contains sex." Now he has understood only language and nothing else. In Sanskrit each word means many things. Sanskrit is one of the most poetic languages of the world. In fact, all ancient languages are poetic; modern languages are scientific. A poetic language has many meanings for one word so you can play upon those many meanings. It gives you freedom, poetic freedom. The scientific language has a precise meaning for every word.
"Bhagwan" has many meanings. Yes, one of the meanings contains "sex" because in ancient India sex was considered and respected as the very origin of life, and God is the origin of life. BHAG really means vagina. But those were the beautiful people who thought of sex as divine, as if God is the womb, the vagina. Out of that vagina, out from that womb, the whole of existence has come. Hence the word "Bhagwan" certainly contains "sex" in it, and the whole of creation is a proof that sex is the origin of life.

But he must have got caught by this one meaning. And why did he get caught with this one meaning? -- because

Bhagwan also means "the Blessed One," another meaning. That's why we call Buddha "Bhagwan" and we call Krishna "Bhagwan." And these Hare Krishna people, they go on repeating the name of Krishna as Bhagwan. Are they repeating some sexual symbol? They are repeating the other meaning, "the Blessed One."

Bhagwan can also come from another root, BHAGYA. Bhagya means fortune. One who achieves the ultimate is the most fortunate one, hence he is called Bhagwan. Bhagwan means the Blessed One, the most fortunate one. There is nothing more to realize for him he has arrived home.

But to his stupid mind the sexual meaning has become the predominant meaning. And the reason is not in the word, the reason is in his own mentality -- because Hare Krishna people are sex-repressive people.

He had also asked Sheela, "So many men and women here, they all live together?" He was shocked. An ashram, and men and women are living together? Hare Krishna people make a demarcation: the women have to live separately, the men have to live separately. No love relationship is allowed, hence naturally their mind becomes full of sexuality, perversion.

The meaning of Bhagwan comes from his perverted mind. And whatsoever Sanskrit he knows has nothing to do with it. Just that meaning, one meaning of the word, has become his obsession.

Mario missed a day at work and O'Riley, the foreman, wanted an explanation. "Where have you been?" he asked. "It was-a my wife -- she gave birth-a to a wheel-barrow! "

"If you can't do any better than that," said the fore-man, "I am gonna have to let you go!"
"I think-a I gotta it wrong," said Mario. "My wife she is-a in bed-a having a pushchair!"
"That's it, wise guy!" shouted O'Riley, "You are fired"
Mario went home and said, "Hey, missus, whats-a was wrong with you yesterday?"
"I told-a you, I had a miscarriage!"
"Ah, I knew it was-a something with-a wheels on!"

Now, you can learn many things from this leader of the Hare Krishna movement, Haridas. You can learn much about stupidity, and you can learn much about yourself -- when and where you are also behaving stupidly. A thousand ant one things you can learn. And that's what Sheela had told him, "I learn from living." But they think one can learn only from scriptures.
Nothing can be learned from scriptures. One becomes knowledgeable but never wise. And the knowledgeable person is in a far worse state than the ignorant one, because the ignorant one is at least innocent, ready to learn, at least receptive. These people cannot listen, they cannot see. They are so full of bullshit! But to them bullshit is holy cowdung!
Just watch. Whenever you are fortunately with a stupid person, just watch him; it will immensely help you to become intelligent.

In London, Lady Ashcroft decided to give a snooty party and hired a maid, Miss Scapeccia, who had recently immigrated to England.

"Now don't forget the sugar tongs," ordered the English matron. "It is not very nice when the men go in the loo, and they take themselves out and they put themselves back, and then they have to pick up the sugar lumps with their fingers."
"Yes-a, ma'am," answered the Italian girl.
Later that night after the guests had gone, Lady Ashcroft said, "Miss Scapecaa, I thought I told you about the sugar tongs!"
"I put-a them out, Lady. I swear!"
"Well, I did not see them on the table!"
"On-a da table? I put-a them in da toilet!"

The third question

Question 3
OSHO,
HOW DO I OPEN MY SENSE OF HUMOR?

Gopal Venu,

Everybody is born with it. It is not a talent, it is intrinsic to human nature. But the society tries to destroy it; it is afraid even of the sense of humor. We teach children to be serious. Seriousness is praised, highly praised. In fact, seriousness is a kind of disease; it should be condemned. Every child brings a sense of humor in the world, but we destroy it, at least we repress it. We don't allow him to enjoy it; we don't allow him to share it with us. We don't encourage him to help it grow because we are afraid; if he becomes too non-serious then he will become dangerous to

the serious society. Then he will start rebelling against many things, because a sense of humor is an essential part of intelligence.

You don't see donkeys laughing, you don't see buffaloes enjoying a joke. It is only man who can enjoy a joke, who can laugh. Your saints are like buffaloes and donkeys! They have fallen below humanity; they have lost something of immense value. Without laughter a man is like a tree without flowers.

But the society needs serious people: presidents, prime ministers, vice-chancellors, professors, popes, shankaracharyas, ayatollahs, imams, all kinds of priests, teachers, commissioners, Collectors, governors.... Everybody has to be serious. If they have a sense of humor the society is afraid efficiency will be lost. If they have a sense of humor they Will become human. They are expected to be just like machines.

The way Adolf Hitler walks is mechanical. Just see his pictures -- the way he stands, the way he walks, the way he takes the salute, the way HE salutes. It seems almost mechanical, as if he is not a man but a robot. His face, his gestures, all are robotlike, and he made the whole of Germany robotlike. He destroyed Germany more than he destroyed anybody else. But he created a very efficient army. The efficient army is possible only if people lose all intelligence and all that intelligence contains.

Gopal Venu, a sense of humor is one.of the very essentials of intelligence. The moment you lose it you lose intelligence also; the more you have it, the more intelligent you are. There is no question of how to open the sense of humor; you simply remove the barriers. It is already there,

it is already the case. You simply remove a few rocks which your parents, your society have put to prevent it. The society teaches you self-control, and sense of humor means relaxation.

Just the other day somebody from London, a sannyasin, sent me a cutting of a newspaper; he had heard my jokes about Zimbabwe's president, Reverend Canon Banana, so he sent me a small cutting: that one of Banana's cabinet ministers was traveling with Banana in an airplane and that he pissed all over the passageway. He was asked, "What is the matter?"

He said, "I was trying to use self-control, and it became impossible! "

Of course, in the presence of President Banana you have to be a banana! He was trying to use self-control so he tried his best. If he had undergone the EST training he would have succeeded!

You cannot laugh before your elders, you cannot laugh before your teachers, you cannot laugh before your priests, you cannot laugh in the churches.

And the Christians say Jesus never laughed. I cannot believe that -- he was not a buffalo! He was one of the greatest, most intelligent men who ever walked on the earth. He must have laughed, he must have enjoyed it. He was a man far more of the earth than Buddha. He lived more passionately and more intensely than anybody else who has ever become enlightened. He loved the company of women; he had beautiful women disciples, even one of the most famous prostitutes of those days, Mary Magdalene. He loved eating, he loved drinking. He is the only enlightened person who loved wine. A real man! And

he loved feasting very much. Every night there was a feast, and the feast continued for hours.
Just a few days ago some sannyasins, samurais, had a small party, and my medium, Radha, did a belly dance. Good! I enjoyed the news, and I told Radha, "Then one day you have to do it before me! Just seeing your belly dance, I will really enjoy it!"
Jesus would have enjoyed Radha's belly dancing too. Buddha may have closed his eyes, but not Jesus! not Lao Tzu!

The rumor is that one day Lao Tzu, Buddha and Confucius, all three were sitting in a restaurant in heaven, and a beautiful woman came with a big beautiful jar and told them, "This is the juice of life! Would you like it?"
Confucius said, "I will only taste a little bit of it, because without tasting it I cannot say anything." That was his way, always to be scientific, pragmatic. So he just tasted it and he said, "No, it is bitter!"
Buddha closed his eyes. He said, "There is no need for me to taste it. Many people have tasted it -- just now Confucius has tasted it. I declare it is bitter!"
She went to Lao Tzu. Lao Tzu drank the whole jar. He said, "Unless you drink it totally you have no right to make any comment, any judgment on it." And when he had drunk the whole jar he started dancing, he started laughing.
Buddha and Confucius left: "This man Lao Tzu is giving a bad name to all of us enlightened people!" And of course he was not dancing alone, he started dancing with the woman! When you are full of life...

Jesus was a man of the earth. He repeats many times, many more times than he said "I am the son of God," he says many more times, "I am the son of man." He is closer to earth than to heaven. He is a very earthly person. He must have laughed, enjoyed.
But the priests and the popes and the churches are very serious. To enter into a church is like entering into a graveyard. You have to be serious, uptight.
All that has to be dropped, Gopal Venu. And if you cannot drop it here, where else you can drop it? Either here or in Italy! Go for a little visit to Italy.

Ten years after his arrival in America Roselli had saved enough money from his fruit and vegetable business to build a huge house.
"I wanna three bedroom-a upstairs," he explained to the builder. "l wanna large-a living room with a nice-a big-a staircase leading up to the room. And right over here next to the staircase I wanna hollow statue."
Months later he returned and found everything built to his specifications. Then he noticed a statue next to the staircase. "Hey, what's-a matter with you?" shouted Roselli. "You no capish what I tella you!"
"Is not that what you ordered?" asked the builder. "A hollow statue?"
"Are you-a stupid or something?" cried the Italian. "I wanna one-a those things that goes ring-a ring, you pick them up and say 'Hallo, is that choo?'"

Go to Italy and you will come across many situations!

For a wedding present Brambilla gave his son Aldo two hundred dollars. Two weeks later he asked him, "What-a you do with-a the money?"
"I bought a wristwatch, papa," answered the boy.
"Stupido!" cried his father. "You should-a bought a rifle!"
"A rifle?! What for?"
"Suppose-a some day you come-a home and find a man sleeping with you wife-a," explained the father. "What-a you gonna do? Wake him up-a and tell-a him what-a time it is-a?"

Gannon, staying in a small Rome hotel, called the desk and said, "Send me up a whore!"
Mrs. Agostini, the owner's wife, was shocked and demanded that her husband throw the man out. But he was afraid, so Mrs. Agostini decided to go up and throw him out herself.
In a few moments, the husband could hear the sound of furniture breaking and screams and curses.
Finally Gannon came downstairs panting, his face scratched and his shirt torn. As he walked out he confided to Agostini, "That was a tough old bitch you sent up, but I screwed her anyway!"

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #4

Chapter title: Don't Compare
29 August 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Osho,
Question 1
SITTING NEAR YOU I INCREASINGLY FEEL DEEP SILENCE AND WHAT SEEMS TO BE EMPTINESS, BUT THERE IS NO BLISS IN IT. I TEND TO REGARD THIS AS AN INDICATION THAT SOMETHING IS WRONG, ESPECIALLY AT DARSHAN WHERE SO MANY PEOPLE ARE SO BLISSFUL. I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY IDEA WHETHER I AM ON THE RIGHT TRACK OR NOT. SOMETIMES I THINK I AM BECOMING MORE MEDITATIVE AND OTHER TIMES I THINK I AM TOTALLY OFF BEAM AND LOST.
PLEASE COMMENT.

Deva Ashoka,

THE TEMPLE OF GOD has many doors. Each door has its uniqueness, and one should not compare one door with another door. Silence is one of the doors to the divine, just as bliss is, truth is, love is, freedom is, awareness is, meditation is prayer is. Man can enter into the divine through as many ways as there are types in the world. And each type will have its own joys, experiences on the way. But finally, when one has entered the temple, all those experiences melt and merge into one experience which is not possible to express. The ways can be expressed, but the goa, remains unexpressed. Nothing can be said about it -- it is nameless experience -- but the ways have names.

Silence is totally different than bliss. If you start comparing with others you will be putting into unnecessary difficulty. Comparison creates anxiety. No need to compare what is happening to others, just see what is happening to you. Is it healthy? Is it nourishing? Without any comparison just watch what is happening to you. Are you becoming more centered, more rooted, more grounded? Are you feeling at home?

And this has to be without any comparison, otherwise everybody here will be in difficulty, because somebody is moving through the door of bliss: he will start comparing, "Why I am not so silent as Ashoka? Something is wrong. I dance and I sing and I feel great joy, but where is that profound silence which Buddha speaks of? Something is wrong. I am not on the right track."

The same is happening to you, and each path has its own language. I have given you the name Deva Ashoka. It would be helpful to be reminded that Ashoka was the man who transformed the whole face of Asia. It was he and only he who made Buddha the light of Asia. Ashoka was one of the greatest emperors in the world. In many ways he was far greater a man than Alexander the Great, because even being a great emperor, the only emperor who ruled over the biggest map of India possible... Since then India has never been so big; many chunks of it have fallen away. Still it is a vast country, but Ashoka was the emperor of the greatest India possible, almost half of Asia.

And when HE became a meditator, when HE became surrendered to the Master, Gautam Buddha, such a transformation happened to him that he remained an emperor and yet he possessed nothing. He lived like a man

who has nothing. He had everything, but he lived like a man who has nothing. He never RENOUNCED the kingdom -- on the surface, still an emperor apparently, but inwardly he was no more part of this world. It has rarely happened in any other emperor's life in the whole history of man.

I have given you the name Deva Ashoka -- divine Ashoka -- feeling the possibility that silence will be your path. Silence means the path of VIA NEGATIVA. Bliss is very affirmative; it is VIA POSITIVA. It affirms that the whole existence is divine, hence rejoice. It says YES to all that is. It does not renounce, it does not eliminate, it does not negate. It learns to enjoy, to experience, to sing, to dance, to celebrate. It is the way of a beautiful garden path. Many flowers bloom, birds sing.

But the path of silence is just the opposite of it: it is like a beautiful desert. Remember, the desert has its own beauty, only gardens re not beautiful. They have THEIR beauty, but the desert has also its own beauty: the immensity of it, the unboundedness of it, the silence of it, the undisturbed, virgin peace that prevails in a desert -- that has its own beauty. Beauty is not found only in one color and one size; it comes in all shapes, an sizes, all colors. There have been people who have loved deserts more than gardens.

I live in Lao Tzu House and my garden is a forest. Mukta, my gardener, was very reluctant to make it that way -- obviously, she is a Greek and thinks logically, and this is very illogical. No symmetry, no pruning is allowed. She prunes, though, when I am not looking! She tries to make something out of the mess.

Vivek HATES the whole forest around the house. She says it has destroyed all perspective; you cannot see. You cannot see the vastness of the sky; you cannot see anything from the room -- it is so covered! In fact, I don't need to see anything -- I have seen everything! But for poor Vivek it is difficult -- she still needs to see a few things. I can understand her difficulty.

A desert you can go on and on seeing; it ends nowhere. All the horizons are available. Its vastness and its profound silence have their own song, unheard, unspoken. The same is true about the path of silence.

Buddha cannot dance, cannot sing. Of course he has his own song, but that song is not of sound. It is not the sound of running water; it is the song of a desert. You can feel it, you can live it, you can be it, but it is not tangible. You cannot touch it, you cannot hold it in your hands. How can you hold nothingness in your hands?

Buddha attained to the ultimate by negating " I am not the body, I am not the mind, I am not the heart even." He went on negating: "I am not a self. I am just nothing." He went on negating tin nothing was left to negate. His method is like peeling an onion: you go on peeling layer by layer, layer by layer. The onion starts becoming smaller and smaller and smaller, and finally the last layer has been taken off and the onion has disappeared. Now there is nothingness. This is Buddha's path. When you have become absolute nothing, you have entered. But don't compare.

Buddha cannot compare himself with Meera, with Chaitanya, with Kabir. He cannot compare. If he looks at Meera dancing with her veena, singing ecstatically, of

course he will feel something is being missed. If Meera looks at Buddha, the silence...

The first statues of Buddha in the whole world were made of marble, and it is not accidental that they were made of marble. Buddha had some quality, the same coolness as the marble and the same stillness as a statue.

You cannot make a statue of Meera -- impossible, because how is the statue going to represent a dance? Meera is fluid, flowing. If you want to make a statue of Meera you will have to make a statue out of a fountain. You will have to give a shape to the fountain of Meera because she is volatile, dynamic. The dance HAS to be there. If the dance is not there... yes, you can catch a posture of Meera dancing, but the moment dance stops it disappears. Dance is a process, not a thing.

Buddha can be caught beautifully in a statue; hence it is no wonder that he has the most beautiful statues in the whole world. His silence can be caught in a marble statue very easily.

Ashoka, never compare. Comparison simply creates unnecessary problems. Go on moving into this silence and don't call it empty -- because when a Westerner calls anything empty it means something else and when the Easterner calls something empty it means something almost diametrically the opposite. In no Western language has emptiness the connotation of something that really exists. Emptiness simply says that nothing exists, but nothing is simply nothing. But in Eastern languages, SHUNYATA, the word that Buddha used for emptiness, does not mean nothing exists; it means nothing REALLY exists. Nothing is NOT simply nothing: it is all, it is overflowing.

In English you have the word "room"; room simply means space. I lived in Raipur for six, eight months once, and I had a totally empty room, not even a chair, just a bamboo mat; that was the all that the room contained. Anybody entering the room would say, "Nothing in the room?" And I would say to the person that "Room simply means space; nothing else is needed. This is a room! It is spacious. You are looking for 6things and because there are no things you say"nothing." That's where the word "nothing" comes from -- "no-thing." But you are not seeing the roominess, the spaciousness which is VERY positive. The room is full of space, it is not empty -- empty of things but full of space." The desert is empty of trees and people and animals, but is full of space.

The Eastern languages have also a positive sense about nothingness, emptiness. So remember when you feel nothing, when you feel empty, drop the Western idea. It is a change of gestalt.

You must have seen pictures in children's books... a very famous picture, almost everybody must have seen it it exists in almost every psychology book: just a line drawing of an old woman, but if you go on looking at it a moment comes when the gestalt changes. Suddenly the old woman disappears and there is a beautiful young woman. Those lines contain both figures. If you go on looking at the young woman, soon again the gestalt will change and the old woman will appear, because the eyes cannot remain static; they become tired of one thing so they change the gestalt. If you try to find the young woman while your eyes are focused on the old woman you will not be able to find the young woman, or vice versa: when you are seeing the

young woman in the picture and you try to find the old woman you cannot find her. And you have seen her, YOU KNOW she is there, but you cannot find her. You cannot see both together, remember. You can try, but your failure is absolutely certain. You cannot see both together because the same lines have to be used and those lines can either show you the old woman... If you have exhausted the lines in the old woman, then the young woman is nowhere; she has no more lines left for her. If you have exhausted the lines in the young woman then the old woman disappears. But if you go on looking you will have shifts: sometimes the young woman appears and then the old woman disappears as if she has never existed. You search or her and you will not find her.

The same is true when you look at an empty room: it is a question of gestalt. If you are focused too much on things -- looking for the furniture and for the paintings and for things that are almost part of a room -- then you will say, "There is nothing in it," and your "nothing" will be Western. If you are focused on the space of the room, on the roominess of the room, you will see it is full, overflowingly full -- full of itself. Then your nothingness will have an Eastern meaning. The Eastern and the Western mind really differ in many ways; they have become focused on different gestalts. The West thinks of things; the East thinks not of things, it thinks of "nothings." Its whole gestalt is different.

Ashoka, your gestalt is changing from the Western to the Eastern, and it will be a little difficult for you to drop the old habit. Hence it looks as if it is empty and there is no bliss in it. This is your old habit; otherwise it will not look empty.

Nothing is as full as the empty hand: it has the whole sky in it. And nothing is as empty as a fist: it has nothing in it. The fist has nothing in the Western sense, and the open hand has nothing in the Eastern sense.

Once Ananda asked Buddha, "Bhagwan, what is your teaching, in short?"
And Buddha opened his hands and he said, "My teaching is like open hands, not like fists."

A very significant statement. When your hands are open, in one sense you are empty, in another sense you are holding the whole world, all the stars, the whole sky. How much can you hold in a fist? -- almost nothing. But to change from the Western gestalt to the Eastern is a little bit difficult.
In the West via negativa has never been the predominant gestalt. Nothing like Buddhism has ever happened in the West, nothing like Zen. It could not have happened, it was not possible. The whole Judaic tradition out of which Christianity and Islam are born is basically affirmative: "God is." And Buddha says: "God is not."
Remember the Eastern meaning. When Buddha says "God is not" he is not an atheist. He is simply saying that the nature of God is nothingness. He is not denying God at an; he is not agreeing with Epicurus or with the Charvakas. When he says "God is not" you have to remember, you have to be constantly aware that his "not" is not your "not"; his "not" does not say that God does not exist. His "not" simply says that God exists as nothingness. Hence we cannot say God is, because that will make your gestalt

change to the positive. Either you can say God is nothingness or you can say God is not. And of course saying God is nothingness will not come closer to the truth. "God is not" comes very close, so close that one step more and you will disappear into nothingness. But that nothingness is overfull, it is pregnant. It is the nothingness that is found inside the seed.

If you cut a seed, what you will find? Nothing. But you know perfectly well that nothing contains millions of flowers, invisible, but they are there: all the colors, all the fragrance. Nothing can be felt right now, but the potential is there.

Enjoy this silence and don't compare, and don't call it empty. You are absolutely on the right track; this is the way for you.

I cannot conceive of Ashoka dancing; that will look very ridiculous. When you next see Ashoka... just think... Ashoka dancing. It will look absurd, it is not possible. Ashoka singing... impossible. He tries because he sees so many people dancing and singing.

He writes jokes to me many times, but I have never chosen a single joke, because he has no sense of humor at all! But he tries, poor man, tries his best!

Once he wrote to me, "Osho, what do you think about it? I have an idea that I would like to start a magazine from the ashram just full of humor." I said, "My God! And Ashoka will be the editor of the magazine!" If he wanted to start a magazine on boredom or something like that it would have been perfectly logical, but he wants to start a magazine full of humor! And he has no sense of humor at all, no possibility even! But there is no need.

Go on falling deeper and deeper into your silence. And never never compare yourself, your experiences, with others, because everybody has to go in his own way. Of course in the end, the one who has come dancing to God and the one who has come in silence meet and merge into one experience.
Bliss is not right now the thing for you. It may happen as a by-product at the final stage.
A joke for you, Ashoka. Think it over. Perhaps you may get it!

Garrity's member was twenty-five inches long. The poor man could not find a woman who could hold him. The doctors could not help, so he went to a little side-street sex shop.
The clerk showed Garrity a stick of peppermint candy and said, "This has a secret medication inside. As you suck, your stump shortens. In your case about five minutes ought to do the trick. But let me warn you, the drug makes you very sleepy and drowsy, so you must have someone there to pull it out of your mouth when the time is up."
Garrity could not wait to try the miraculous treatment. He dashed into the nearest men's room, handed the Italian attendant twenty bucks and said, "I am popping a medicated rod into my mouth and it might make me doze off. It is extremely important that you pull out the dopestick after five minutes."
Garrity woke up several hours later, saw the attendant watching him and asked, "Did you remove the stick after five minutes?"
The man replied, "No speak-a da English."

Bliss is not your language -- you forget all about it. Silence is your language. And don't try to be blissful, because that will be simply false. Don't try at all to be something that you are not; just be that which you are. And whatsoever it is, it is right, because you have to find yourself and nobody else. And remember another thing, don't condemn others either: "What are you doing, dancing, singing and wasting your time? Sit silently." Because that is also a possibility. Either people compare and then feel that THEY are missing or they become aggressive and they start destroying other people's lives; they start condemning, "This is wrong." That is a kind of defense, and they say that the best way to defend is to attack. They start attacking others, "You are wrong," just in order to feel that "I am right. " That aggressiveness is also wrong because that may distract somebody from his or her path.

The religious person has to understand that people differ, they are unique. In fact, EACH individual comes to God in his own way, in his own unique way. Nobody else before him has ever come to God in the same way, exactly the same way; and nobody else in the future is ever going to come to God in the same way.

And this is one of the calamities that has befallen humanity. The Christian goes on condemning the Hindu, the Hindu goes on condemning the Christian, the Mohammedan goes on condemning others. Everybody is condemning everybody else: "You are wrong." The basic thing is, they are all defensive, they feel deep down, "Perhaps we are wrong."

Naturally, Jainas are only such a small minority that a deep defensiveness is natural. There are millions of Christians in the world; almost one half of the world is Christian. There are only three hundred thousand Jainas. The natural, the obvious logic is, "How can so many people be wrong? We must be wrong." Hence they become very aggressive.

If you meet a Jaina monk, he is more aggressive than anybody. Of course he believes in non-violence, so he is non-violently aggressive! But I have looked in Jaina scriptures: they have been criticizing everybody and vehemently, for the simple reason that they are so few, they have to defend themselves. They are trembling inside, "How can we be right? It is impossible for us to be right, we are so few. If we were right we would have been victorious all over the world. And Christians are so many and Mohammedans are so many and Buddhists are so many, they must be right." But they cannot concede that, so they try to destroy them as much as possible. If you cannot do anything else, logically in your own scriptures you can condemn them.

Either a person starts feeling "I am wrong" or he starts hankering to make the other feel wrong. Both things are absolutely unnecessary. No need for you to feel wrong; no need for others to be made to feel wrong. Allow everyone's own individuality to flower in its own way. Roses are roses, marigolds are marigolds, lotuses are lotuses. There is no need to compare and there is no need to say "You are wrong."

Just watch inside. If you are feeling good, if you feel well-being arising in you, then you are on the right path. If you feel your misery disappearing, if you feel your anxiety

falling away, if you feel your anguish evaporating, you are on the right track. Don't be bothered about anybody else; that is none of your business.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO, IF ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS ALREADY REALIZED HIS OWN SELF COMES TO YOU, CAN YOU RECOGNIZE HIM SIMPLY BY LOOKING AT HIM? I WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU IF YOU PERMIT ME.

Swami Abhedananda,

No need to bother. I can recognize you even without seeing you -- you have not realized. There is no need to see you. This is not the question of a man who knows. The very desire to be recognized as self-realized is enough proof that it has not happened yet. Once it happens, who cares? Who bothers? There is no point, not at all.
A few days ago I was reading about Franklin John. He writes that he went to Satya Sai Baba and he waited there in the crowd to see whether Satya Sai Baba could recognize him as a God-realized person or not. If he recognizes Franklin John, that this man is a God-realized person, comes to him and says this to him, then Franklin John will know that he too is God-realized. But he never looked at him, so Franklin John says he knows nothing. He was waiting to be recognized -- a childish desire for certificates, somebody authoritative giving you a certificate.

When I left the university there was a post vacant for a professor of philosophy; I applied for it. The Education Minister called me for the interview, and you can understand what kind of interview it was. We immediately clashed. Instead of him interviewing me, I interviewed him! And finally he said, "What is the matter? Have you come here to be appointed to this post or are you interviewing me?"

I said, "That doesn't matter, that is secondary. That we can decide later on. The essential things first!"

But he said, "I have other things to do. You just do one thing," he told me, "give me one character certificate, that's all. I have seen that you are well qualified and you can be appointed, and I am ready to appoint you because I cannot argue with you. Just give me one character certificate, which is absolutely necessary, and here is the appointment order."

I said, "That is very difficult because I have not yet found a man whose character certificate I would like to have!"

He said, "What do you mean? Cannot you ask your Vice-Chancellor?"

I said, "No, I cannot, because even if the Vice-Chancellor asks me to give him a character certificate I cannot -- he has no character at all! How can I ask him for a character certificate?"

He said, "This is very difficult! You can't find anybody?"

I said, "I cannot find anybody! You suggest someone to me For example, you are the Education Minister, but I cannot take your character certificate!"

He said, "Why?"

I said, "Just now I have seen you. You have no intelligence at all! Appointing a man like me, who is absolutely anti-philosophical, who is against philosophy, to the pst which is vacant for a professor of philosophy. What more proof can there be that you are absolutely unintelligent? I would not appoint myself to that post!"
He said, "You are very difficult!" But he started feeling for me, loving me, a softness for me. He said, "Somehow manage. Bring any certificate. I would like you to be in the university."
So I said, "I can do only one thing: I can write one myself, because that is the only certificate I will accept!"
He said, "That will do," because who looks in the files? It must still be in the files, my OWN character certificate! -- "Hereby I recommend: this man has a great character!"

Swami Abhedanada, you say: IF ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS ALREADY REALIZED HIS OWN SELF...

What self? The moment you realize, there is no self. The self exists only for the unrealized; for the realized, the self disappears. There is pure emptiness, just nothingness, no "I," no shadow of "I," no "I-amness." Hence what self? Self is only a religious term for the same game called the ego. It is the same number; it differs not in any way.
Self means "I am separate from the whole," and the realized one knows he is NOT separate from the whole. He cannot have a self; he can only have a no-self. ANATTA, that's what Buddha calls it -- no-self.
It is a very paradoxical phenomenon. To realize who you are is to realize that you are not! If you want to be, never

try to realize, because in the very process of realization the ego disappears. And the self is only another name for the ego. There is nothing like self-realization. Yes, there is realization, but the realization always makes you absolutely clear that the self had never existed in the first place and it is not there; it has never been there.
And for whom are you looking for recognition? As I see it, to me everybody is a no-self, whether he knows it or not. Yes, if he knows that there is no self I will immediately see that he knows. His humbleness, his simplicity, his spontaneity, his no-nonsense will be enough. His eyes will be absolutely empty because only in emptiness is there clarity. He will be a nobody, a nothingness. Of course, as far as I am concerned everybody is a no-self, but you may not be aware of it. If you are not aware of it, nothing is changed in reality -- you still remain a no-self -- but you go on living in a dream world of the self. And the greatest dream of that dream world is the dream of self-realization.

You ask: IF ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS ALREADY REALIZED HIS OWN SELF COMES TO YOU...

For what should he come to me? Is there something still left to realize? Can you recognize him simply by looking at him? Certainly, but there is no question of recognition. I will see that he knows, but I will not say.

Kabir and Farid met once -- two enlightened Masters. For two days, forty-eight hours, they sat in silence together. Nobody uttered a single word. Nothing was said, nothing

was heard. They hugged each other, they kissed each other, they laughed, and then they departed.
The disciples were very much frustrated, disciples of both, because they had come in thousands to see the great meeting of two self-realized persons, and nothing happened! What can you expect? When two zeros meet, what can happen? It becomes one zero! Two zeros are not two zeros. As they come closer it becomes one zero.
So when they departed, the disciples of Kabir asked him, "What happened to you? You go on talking to us and torturing us every day, but for forty-eight hours suddenly you went crazy or something? And we were waiting and waiting for something to be said!"
Kabir said to them, "I can talk to you because language is the only way you can understand, but this man Farid can understand silence. I need not say a single word. If I speak I will only prove that I am ignorant."
The disciples of Farid asked him, "What happened to you?" Farid has sung such beautiful songs. "What happened to you? You could have at least sung one of your beautiful songs, but you didn't utter a single word! And about what were you laughing? -- because not even one joke was told!"
Farid said, "We were laughing at you -- that so many fools are waiting as if something is going to happen, but nothing is going to happen! The moment I saw him, the moment he saw me, everything was clear. He knows, I know, and we know the same thing! So what is the point of saying?"

It is like Lao Tzu. A man asked Lao Tzu, "Can I follow you when you go on your morning walk?"
Lao Tzu said, "Yes, but with one condition: no talking."

The man agreed. For one hour continuously they walked in the mountains, and the man was really in difficulty. He was controlling and controlling and controlling. And then finally the sun started rising. The valley was so beautiful with the sunrise that he forgot that he was not to talk and he didn't think that this was much talk either: he simply said, "What a beautiful dawn!"

And Lao Tzu said, "That's the end! Never again come with me -- you chatter too much!"

The man said, "What?! I have simply said 'What a beautiful dawn!' after one hour, and you are telling me, 'You chatter too much!"

Lao Tzu said, "Yes, you chatter too much and unnecessarily, because I have got eyes, I am also seeing the beautiful dawn. What is the point of repeating it? Do you think I am blind? Do you think I am insensitive? Do you have to say it to me? I know it is beautiful, so what is the point of saying it?"

He never allowed the man to follow him again. He said, "No, that is not possible. You have proved yourself stupid." If somebody who has come to know that he is not comes to me, I will immediately see. But there is no need to come; by chance the meeting is possible. Farid and Kabir met by chance. Farid was traveling and on the way came to Kabir's hut, so Farid's disciples said, "Here Kabir lives, and it will be beautiful for you to be together for a few days, and we can also enjoy your being together."

He said, "Okay."

And Kabir's disciples said, "Do you know Farid is passing by the road? If we can invite him just for a few days it will be good to have two enlightened persons in the same hut."

Kabir said, "Okay."
It was a coincidence.

It happened in Buddha's and Mahavira's lifetime, that many times they were in the same town, and once at least they were in the same caravanserai, Mahavira occupying one part of the serai and Buddha occupying another part of the serai, yet they never met. There was no need.
Once I was in Bombay and J. Krishnamurti was in Bombay. Somebody told him that I was there. He said, "Good." People persuaded him, his disciples, that the meeting would be good. And my people also came running to me and they said, "J. Krishnamurti is here, and this is the opportunity of a lifetime for us. It will be good if you meet." I said, "Perfectly okay, but who is going to whom? I am not going anywhere. If Krishnamurti comes he is welcome!" And Krishnamurti said the same thing, "I am not going anywhere. If Rajneesh comes he is welcome." And there the matter finished, finished forever. There was no need. I told the people, "What will we do? We will sit, unnecessarily wasting each other's time!"

Swami Abhedananda, one thing is certain: you have not attained yet. That I can say without seeing you.
He has also asked another question which becomes a proof of what I am saying: "Osho, can you enter into SAMADHI whenever and howsoever long you like to remain i n it?"
Swami Abhedananda, SAMADHI one enters only once and then one never comes out of it. There is no way out. There is no exit, there is only entrance. I have entered SAMADHI. Now wherever I am, whatsoever I am doing, it

is all happening in SAMADHI. Now there is no way to come out of it. SAMADHI IS not a state, is not a mood in which you go and then you can come out. SAMADHI IS your very being. Now where can I leave my being? It is my very nature. Now where can I leave my nature. I am it! You don't understand at all. You may have studied scriptures. Abhedananda seems to be an old type of Hindu sannyasin. You may have studied, you may have read, you may have listened to great scholars, pundits, but you have not tasted the wine, not yet.

The last question

Question 3
OSHO, FEEL SO SAD ABOUT LEAVING. CAN YOU KISS ME GOODBYE WITH A JOKE?

PREM PURNA,

A mouse was looking for a new place to live. He traveled for days, always finding something wrong with each house he came to. At last he came to a beautiful mansion and as he approached it he could hear singing in the distance.
Hc went in, and to his surprise all the rooms on the ground floor were deserted, but the singing got gradually louder.
He went up to the next floor -- the singing got louder and louder, but there was still no sign of anyone.
He went to the next floor, and as he went from room to room, the noise was becoming really deafening. At last he traced the sound down to a small bedroom, but to his amazement there was no one inside. Then he noticed an old

chamber-pot. Inside there was a little mouse singing his heart out as he paddled a tiny boat across the piss.
The first mouse asked the mouse in the pot if this was a good place to live. He was assured that it was safe, plenty of food, and that he would be very welcome. So he went back down to the kitchen to find some food, but to his horror was faced with an enormous cat, ready to pounce. Hc fled back upstairs and shouted at the other mouse, "I thought you said this was a safe place to live!"
"Ah!" replied the second mouse. "You know, you really should not believe anything I say -- I have been on the piss all night!"

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #5

Chapter title: God Never Repeats
30 August 1980 am in Buddha Hall

"AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS; THEY ARE VEXATIOUS TO THE SPIRIT.
"IF YOU COMPARE YOURSELF WITH OTHERS, YOU MAY BECOME VAIN OR BITTER, FOR ALWAYS THERE WILL BE GREATER AND LESSER PERSONS THAN YOURSELF.
"ENJOY YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS AS WELL AS YOUR PLANS.
"KEEP INTERESTED IN YOUR OWN CAREER, HOWEVER HUMBLE; IT IS A REAL POSSESSION IN THE CHANGING FORTUNES OF TIME.

"EXERCISE CAUTION IN YOUR BUSINESS AFFAIRS, FOR THE WORLD IS FULL OF TRICKERY. BUT LET THIS NOT BLIND YOU TO WHAT VIRTUE THERE IS; MANY PERSONS STRIVE FOR HIGH IDEALS, AND EVERYWHERE LIFE IS FULL OF HEROISM."

It was on a coastbound train Mieczyslaw was slumped in his seat and every few moments he sighed and cried, "Oh my! Oh my!" Forbes, sitting nearby, heard him cry but did not butt in, thinking the fellow was troubled by some great personal tragedy.
The next day it was the same cry of "Oh my! oh my!" And again the same the day after.
Finally, Forbes leaned over and whispered, "Anything seriously wrong?"
"Oh my, yes!" said the Polack. "For three days now, I have been on the wrong train!"

This is exactly the situation of humanity: everybody, almost everybody, is on the wrong train! Hence there is so much misery. Misery simply indicates that you are not where you are supposed to be, that you are not moving towards your own destiny, that you are not flowering into your own potential, that you have been diverted by others, distracted by others. Maybe those others were not intending any wrong to you, but they were unconscious people Just like you.
Every parent distracts the child from his essential being, leads him astray. Every teacher, every priest goes on doing the same. Nobody respects the individual. They have

already decided what is right and what is wrong, and for all!

Each individual is a unique phenomenon. Hence no law no morality can be applicable to all. Of course, we have to agree on a few minimums, just to exist together, but those minimums have to be the non-essentials.

That is the fundamental message of the Desiderata. "Desiderata" means the fundamentals, the essentials. About the essentials there should be no compromise at all, with nobody, not even with God, because you don't know anything about God. The priest goes on speaking on behalf of some God which nobody knows. It is the priest, the cunning priest, who pretends that his voice is God's voice.

One of the most ancient scriptures in the world is the Hindu scripture, Rig Veda. Ninety-nine percent of it is sheer nonsense, not only nonsense but irreligious too -- not even religious nonsense! All the prayers in the RIG VEDA are prayers for the non-essential. People are asking for money -- from God! -- asking for power, prestige, more cows, more horses, more land; not only that but also the death of the enemies and the prosperity of the friends. And this scripture is worshipped by the Hindus as religious.

Religion means one is trying to transcend the mundane; otherwise, religion loses all its meaning. But the Rig Veda is full of the mundane. It is really a miracle that once in a while you come across a statement which can be called significant, concerned with the essential and not with the peripheral.

And this is not only the case with the Hindus: this is the case with the Buddhists, with the Jainas, with the Christians, with the Jews, with the Mohammedans, with

almost all the organized religions. They have all gone astray. And when I say they have all gone astray I mean they have become entangled with the non-essential.

In Buddhist scriptures there are thirty-three thousand rules; unless you follow those thirty-three thousand rules of conduct you can never become a Buddha. One cannot even remember those rules! Just think of thirty-three thousand rules to be followed and you drop the idea, the very desire to be a Buddha. It will drive you crazy -- all those rules if followed . . . and only an insane person can follow those rules. There cannot be thirty-three thousand rules about the essential, it is about the very non-essential: while you are walking how far you should see on the road -- only four feet, not more than that, not even four feet six inches! If you go beyond the limit of four feet you fall from grace. Now what nonsense is this, and what does it have to do with religion? You have to have only three pieces of clothing, you cannot have four -- only three, and you have to be very strict about it. You have to beg in a certain way, from certain people, not otherwise. You have to eat only at a certain time; if you are feeling hungry again, you cannot eat, you have to remain hungry.

The Buddhist monk has to eat only once a day. The Jaina monk cannot even drink water in the night. The Jaina monk cannot even urinate where the earth is wet; the Jaina monk cannot urinate in water. That's why no Jaina monk can use modern toilets! Such stupidities! But they have been propagated in the name of religion, and once something takes the color of religion it starts looking important to people.

Character has been very much emphasized; in fact, character is a peripheral phenomenon. The real thing is not character but consciousness. But consciousness happens inside and is not available for others to observe; others can only observe your character. And it is always the others who are deciding for you, hence they decide something that they can observe: they decide about your behavior. And of course man is capable of conducting himself in a certain way, he can force himself into all kinds of contortions, but that does not change his consciousness at all.

I have seen Jaina monks who have followed all kinds of rules prescribed in the scriptures, and their most important value is non-violence. But they are not non-violent people; they are aggressive. Of course, their aggression takes a different form -- it has to -- it cannot be expressed in an ordinary way because they have prevented the ordinary way. They are very argumentative; their whole aggression becomes argumentation. Now argumentation is a way of fighting -- not-with the body but with the mind. A really non-violent person will not be so much interested in argumentation.

And Jaina scriptures are full of arguments, hair-splitting. In fact, nobody else has done so much hair-splitting as Jainas have. It was bound to happen because their whore violence turned into a mental phenomenon, it was a perversion. They cannot even kill an ant, but they can kill a great argument -- and they enjoy killing.

In India, Jainas, all the Jainas, have become business people. Why did it happen! It happened through the idea of non-violence. One cannot conceive the relationship, but if you look deep into it . . . the Jaina rules say you should not

cut a tree, you should not uproot a tree, because trees have life. True, but then you cannot cultivate, you cannot be a farmer. So that dimension was closed to the Jainas: they cannot be farmers, cultivators, gardeners. Even cutting a leaf is violent.

Of course they cannot be warriors, they cannot go to the battlefield. An their teerthankaras, the twenty-four Masters, were born in the race of the warriors; they were an kshatriyas, samurais. But all their followers have become business people for the simple reason they cannot be soldiers, they cannot be farmers, and to be a brahmin one has to be born a brahmin. You cannot become one, and even if you want to become one, the brahmins won't allow it to happen, so that door is closed. And of course, who wants to be a sudra -- an untouchable? Who wants to fall so low?

So the only possible outlet was: be a businessman. So all the Jainas became business people, and their whole violence became concentrated on exploitation. Hence they are the richest people in India. Their violence turned into a subtle channel, it took a very subtle form: Suck the blood of the people, exploit, oppress. Money became their goal; through money they became powerful. They cannot be powerful directly because they cannot fight for power, but in a vicarious way, by having more money, they can purchase a,L They can purchase brahmins, they can purchase sudras, they can purchase the warriors -- they can purchase everybody! Their consciousness is not changed: they are as , violent as anybody else. Of course, their violence has taken a very strange turn.

Have you observed the fact that hunters, who are violent people, are very good people, very friendly people? -- for the simple reason that their violence is thrown out in hunting.

Psychologists have observed that woodcutters are very non-violent people, very peaceful, because their whole violence is thrown out of their systems by cutting wood. Their profession is such -- chopping wood, cutting wood -- that their whole desire to cut and chop disappears. They have done enough chopping, enough cutting; they are no more interested in it at all. They are very loving, good people.

This world is a strange world, and the strangest thing is that we go on trying to change the inner by changing the outer -- and it is not possible in the very nature of things. You can change the outer by changing the inner, but not vice versa. But the society cannot see the inner; the society can only see the outer. Hence the society emphasizes the outer and makes everybody a split personality, makes everybody in a certain way schizophrenic. You are one thing on the outside; you are totally another on the inside -- not even different but diametrically opposite.

You can observe people on the surface and you can decide about their inner beings. More or less you can conclude and you will be on the right track: whatsoever they are on the surface they must be the opposite of it in their innermost being. The so-called brahmacharins the so-called celibate people -- think continuously of sex and nothing else. That is bound to happen, that is natural, because celibacy has not arisen out of meditation. It is imposed, it is cultivated; it is not even skin-deep. Hence they are always afraid of women. The Jaina monk, the Buddhist monk, the Hindu

sannyasin, they are all afraid of the woman. A great trembling arises in them just from seeing a woman. Hence the Buddhist rule: Don't look beyond four feet.

Mahatma Gandhi has written about one of the incidents that happened in his ashram. He was reading the Ramayana, the story of Rama, ant in the story of Rama there comes a passage where he became a little puzzled. The passage is that Rama with his wife Sita and brother Laxmana are going into the forest; they have been expelled by their father for fourteen years. Rama is the first, behind him is his wife Sita, and behind Sita is Laxmana.
This way they roamed in the forest for years. Then Sita was stolen by Ravana. When Ravana was taking her away she wanted to leave a few clues for Rama to find out where she had been taken, so on the path, unnoticed by Ravana, she dropped her ornaments one by one. She was a queen and she had many ornaments, so she dropped ornaments all the way, and of course they were the clues.
Rama found those ornaments, but he was in such a state of shock and his eyes were so full of tears that he looked at those ornaments but could not recognize them. He was almost going crazy. He was asking the trees, "Trees, tell me, please, where is my Sita?"
He asked Laxmana, his younger brother, "Can you recognize these ornaments? Do they belong to Sita? If they belong to Sita, then this is the route she has been taken away by and we have to follow this route."
Laxmana said, "I can recognize only the ornaments that she used to wear on her feet because those are the only ornaments I have ever seen."

Mahatma Gandhi became very puzzled: "For years they have lived together, wandered in the forest, and Laxmana has not seen another ornament -- of the hands or the necklace or something else. He sees only the ornaments of the feet. Why?"
Vinoba Bhave, one of his great disciples, suggested, "Laxmana must have been following an ancient rule not to look at any woman, because looking at a woman may create desire in you. So he was simply focusing on the feet; he was not looking up. And of course, the ornaments of the feet he could recognize because for years he had looked only at the feet. He must have touched her feet, bowed down to her feet, must have seen those ornaments."
And Mahatma Gandhi was very much impressed by Vinoba Bhave's interpretation -- this is a great revelation! Laxmana was following the rule of celibacy, he was following Brahmacharya.

When I read about this whole incident, I said that if Laxmana was so much afraid even to look at Sita's face, then one thing is certain: that he was not a celibate. The elder brother's wife is almost like a mother -- and he could not look at her face? could not look at her whole figure? What kind of fear is there, what kind of paranoia? Is this something healthy? Does this show a man of understanding, of awareness, or only a man fast asleep? And if he was forcing himself to look only at the feet, could he avoid the desire to look up at the face? You may not look, but can you avoid the desire? In fact, the curiosity will become more and more, bigger and bigger. You may become obsessed with it: "How does she look? The feet are

so beautiful, so impressive -- how must her whole figure be!"

Then she will start entering into your dreams. Then more fear will arise. The fear can be so much that there are stories in India that there have been saints like Surdas who destroyed his eyes because he saw a beautiful woman and became allured, fascinated. Obviously he concluded, according to the Hindu tradition, that these eyes were leading him astray, so he destroyed his eyes, became blind. But can you see the stupidity of it? Do you think the blind person has no sexual desire? Do you think just by becoming blind you can avoid sexual desire? But Surdas is respected for this act, tremendously respected: "What sacrifice and what a great character! What great morality! What purity!"

But I don't see any purity in it or any greatness in it. I see simply something idiotic, something utterly silly. You can destroy your eyes or you can close your eyes, but your mind will still continue. In fact, the woman is never so beautiful when you look at her as she is when you avoid her. When you forcibly distract yourself from her she becomes more beautiful. Ant the same is true about the man, because nobody in fact is o beautiful as your fancy can make them appear.

That's why psychoanalysts try to penetrate into your dreams, for the simple reason . . . it is a condemnation of humanity. Nobody has thought about it that way, that the psychologist, the psychoanalyst, is trying to know about your dreams, not about you while you are awake. Strange! He should ask you questions about while you are awake. He never bothers with what you do while you are awake;

he wants to know what you do when you are asleep Why? -- because he has come to know one thing absolutely and certainly, categorically: that man is false when he is awake. Centuries of outer imposition have made his so-called awakened state absolutely false and pseudo. If you want to know about the real, authentic man you nave to know about his dreams; only in his dreams will you find him.
And then you will be surprised: the man who has renounced all money, in his dream goes on counting money and he does nothing else. The man who has renounced the woman -- the woman he loved, the woman he wanted to love -- goes on dreaming about the same woman or maybe about thousands of other women. His dreams will be full of women.

I have heard about a Catholic monk who went to a psychoanalyst and said to the psychoanalyst, "I have come in great trouble to seek help from you. Every night in my dream I am surrounded by at least a dozen naked, beautiful women!"
The psychoanalyst said, "But why be worried about it? There is nothing wrong! You should on the contrary be happy. What problem is there? If the women are beautiful and you are surrounded by beautiful women the whole night, enjoy it!"
The monk said, "You don't understand. In the dream I am also a woman, that is the trouble! I am not objecting to the presence of the women -- that is the only solace. The problem is that I am always a woman myself in the dream. Help me somehow so that I can remain a man in my dreams."

Now on the surface he is a Catholic monk and deep down just a human being. And I am not condemning his humanity and his human desire. but I am certainly condemning his bogus Catholic monkhood.
But all the religions have done the same thing in different degrees: they have divided man into two. And what he is on the surface is one thing and what he is underneath is totally different.
Because of this the whole of humanity lives in a very strange state: divided, tense, anxious, fighting with itself. And the way it has been done is by leading people astray through the non-essential. The character is non-essential. What you do is not the essential thing, but what you are because doing comes out of being. Being does not come out of your doing, so doing is secondary, just like a shadow. Being is essential. And you should know first who you are. Rather than trying to become somebody -- Mahavira, Buddha, Christ -- try first to know who you are.

A GREAT HASSID MYSTIC, Zusya, was dying. His old aunt was always worried about Zusya because he was not following the traditional Jewish religion . . . she was very much worried about him. She was an old woman with all the old orthodox thoughts. At his deathbed she came and asked Zusya, "Have you made peace with God?"
Zusya opened his eyes and said, "But I have never been in and conflict with him! Why should I make any peace with God? I have never struggled against him. I have lived a life of let-go!"

The old woman could not understand the life of let-go, the life of total surrender to the ultimate, to the whole, flowing with the whole. She again asked, thinking that he had not understood; she said, "Have you made peace with Moses?" Zusya said, "When I am in front of God, he is not going to ask me, 'Zusya, why are you not a Moses?' He will ask me, 'Zusya, why are you not a Zusya?' I am not supposed to be Moses, otherwise ke would have made me a Moses! Who was preventing him? He never made another Moses."

God never repeats. He never sends carbon copies to the world. Mahavira is not repeated, Buddha is not repeated, Christ is not repeated, Mohammed is not repeated, Kabir, Nanak -- nobody is ever repeated.
And this is what we all are doing: we are trying to be like Moses or like Mahavira or like Mohammed. Zusya is right, his insight is great. He says, "God will ask me, 'Why are you not Zusya?' He has made me Zusya and I have to be myself. That is my responsibility. To be Moses is not my responsibility; that was Moses' responsibility and that is something between Moses and God. I have nothing to say about it, nothing to do with it; it is not my concern at all." The most essential thing is: you have to be yourself. Don't be distracted by anybody, by any scripture, by any priest, by any politician. Don't be distracted. Stick to one thing: "I have to be myself." Don't be stubborn. Don't bother about non-essentials. If the rule is to keep to the left, follow it; it is a non-essential thing. Whether you keep to the left or whether you keep to the right does not matter; it is just a traffic convenience. In India we keep to the left because of the Britishers, because they had the idea of keeping to the

left; the Americans keep to the right. Both are okay; there is nothing essential about it. But one thing is certain, that the traffic has to be managed and one has to decide either left or right -- the traffic cannot be left in chaos.

These are non-essentials. Don't start fighting for them; that is a sheer wastage of energy. But about the essential no compromise should ever be made.

The Desiderata says: Without surrender, without making any compromise, remain yourself. That does not mean that you have to be continuously fighting. It simply means if you are alert, aware, watchful, you can save your being without being contaminated by the others.

Everybody is like a vulture trying to dominate you. Even those who say they love you, their love is also nothing but an ego trip. They love you so that they can dominate you. The husband loves the wife to reduce her almost to a thing, to a commodity. The wife loves the husband just to dominate him, just to exploit him. All this love, all these relationships. . . Parents love their children if the children are following the ideas of the parents; if they are obedient then they love their children, if they are not obedient then all love disappears -- instead of love they start hating.

One sannyasin asked me just the other day: "Listening to the Desiderata I am confused about what to do. I have not Gone to see my mother for two years because she insists that I have to come to her not as a sannyasin. I cannot come in orange with a new name." So she is puzzled: "What to do? Is it an essential or a non-essential? Should I compromise?"

If you think only of clothes it will look like a non-essential: why hurt the mother unnecessarily? You can go in white,

you can go in any other color -- clothes are just clothes. But that is not the point: the mother is trying to dominate you. It is not a question of clothes, because why should she be against orange? If you go in blue she is not against it, if you go in green she is not against it, if you go in white she is not against it. Why should she be worried about orange? What is wrong with orange? Is your mother a kind of bull or something? Why should she be worried about orange? Orange is one of the colors! If all other colors ate acceptable and orange is not acceptable, it is not a question of colors or clothes; the question is deeper. She insists that you have to be obedient to her. And the sannyasin is thirty-two years old, not a small child. But the desire to dominate. . . "Otherwise," the mother says, "I don't want to see you." What kind of love is this? It insists that "You have to be according to me."

Forget the clothes. It is a very essential question; it is not non-essential. It is essential to defend yourself against all these who try to dominate you, because they will not stop only at that. Once you give in, then the whole trip begins, and then there is no end to it.

Every person has the freedom to be himself or herself. And if the mother really loves you she would like you to be yourself, she would like you to come the way you are. Love always accepts the other without any conditions; if there are conditions, it is not love.

So you will have to be very very clear about it, otherwise the Desiderata can create much confusion in you. The Desiderata is a simple statement, because it is for the beginner, for those who are just beginning the journey into the world of truth, those who are beginning the enquiry.

Listen to it very intelligently. Try to understand it without bringing your mind in. Just put your mind aside and listen in silence, because whatsoever is listened to in silence is understood immediately. Otherwise you will hear today, and some day in the future you may be able -- and that too is a "perhaps" -- to understand it. But meanwhile your life will be a wastage and it will become entangled in many non-essentials.

Zowicki, in a body-cast, lay in a hospital bed explaining to a doctor how he fell off the roof and broke most of his bones. "Twenty years ago, I be on road selling brushes when my car break down and I walk to nearby house to use the phone," he began. "A good-looking blonde built like a brick shipyard answered the door. She did not have phone, but ask me to stay over till morning.
"I stay in upstairs room. That night she ask if I need anything. I tell her 'No.' One hour later she come back again, ask if I want anything. I tell her everything all right. Around midnight she stop by again and ask if I want anything. I tell her I be fine."
"What's that got to do with your accident?" asked the doctor.
"Well," said the Polack, "I be up on the roof fixing TV antenna when I remember that night back then, and all of a sudden I realize what she driving at. I jumped up, fell off the roof, and here I am!"

After twenty years. . . ! Don't be a Polack! Try to understand right now, here.

These are simple words and simple words are in a way dangerous: because they are simple you think you have understood them. Simple words contain more truth than complex words; complex words are creations of the stupid scholars. Simple words are direct, immediate; they don't go roundabout. If you silently listen to them there is nothing which can prevent you from understanding them, but the silence is a prerequisite. If your mind is full of thoughts and you are listening through all the garbage, then those simple words will become complex by the time they reach you and they will not have the same meaning.

Czarobski walked into a drugstore. "Give me a can of talcum," he said.
"Mennen's?" asked the clerk.
"No, wimmen's -- it's for my wife," he answered.
The clerk shrugged. "You want it scented?"
"Nope," replied the Polack. "I can take it along."

And did you hear about the Italian girl who almost ruined her health by going to the doctor?
She thought he prescribed three hearty males a day.

Mrs. Marzanini complained to a lawyer that every time she had relations with her husband it hurt her unbearably.
"He is big! He is like a horse!" she added.
"In that case," said the attorney, "the best thing you can do is to file our petition."
"Oh no! Let him sandpaper his!"

Beware of simple words!

Pierino walked into a cocktail lounge and said to the barmaid, "Give me a double scotch!"
"Hey, kid," she sighed, "you want to get me in trouble?"
"Maybe later, lady! Right now I just wanna drink!"

The Desiderata is very simple, but don't postpone. Let it be an immediate understanding.

The Desiderata says:

"AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS; THEY ARE VEXATIONS TO THE SPIRIT."

A very simple statement, but of tremendous importance. It is very pregnant.

"AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS. . ."

WHO IS A LOUD PERSON? And why is a certain person loud in the first place? The person who feels deep down inferior is always loud. He is afraid that if he is not loud you will see his weakness if he is not loud you may be able to see his inferiority; if he is not loud he may be exposed. By being loud he creates smoke around himself: he hides behind his loudness.
Adler's insight is right when he says that all politicians basically suffer from inferiority complexes. Unless somebody suffers from an inferiority complex he will not go into politics. Politics is loud, very loud, very noisy and very aggressive. The inferior person tries to prove that he is

not inferior. He wants to hide his inferiority by becoming a prime minister, by becoming a president, by having much money, by conquering the world.

Alexander the Great must have suffered from a greater inferiority complex than anybody else; otherwise who bothers to conquer the world? When he was coming to India -- that was the last put of the world which was still not conquered by him -- he met a tremendously beautiful man, Diogenes. And Diogenes asked him, "Why are you bothering to conquer the world? Why not conquer yourself?"

Alexander laughed -- a shallow laugh. He said, "What you are saying is true, but right now I cannot stop. I have to finish what I have decided to do. First I have to conquer the world and then I will do what you are saying to me."

Diogenes said, "There will be no time left then -- the world is vast. By the time you have conquered it, your life will have slipped out of your hands."

But he did not listen. And that's what actually happened: he could not reach back to his home. He died on the way back from India. No time to reach back home, what to say about reaching back to one's own center, the real home? His whole life was lost in proving that "I am a great conqueror." But why should one try to prove it? People always try to prove something which they feel they are missing.

Hence:

"AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS. . ."

They are empty, they have nothing. You cannot learn anything from them. On the contrary:

". . . THEY ALL VEXATIONS TO THE SPIRIT."

They will distract your mind. They will give their stupid ideas to you. They will advise you and guide you. They have reached nowhere, they know nothing, but they will pretend that they are wise, they will pretend that they have arrived; they will pretend aU kinds of things.

"AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS. . ."

Seek the company of the humble, of the simple, of the silent ones, of the non-political, of the non-aggressive, and you may learn much. But it is always learned in the company of the innocent. Yes, you can learn much more by playing with children than by being with a politician. You can learn much more even by being with animals or trees than by being with the so-called rich.

And they can easily distract you because you are not yet centered. Ambitions are infectious. Avoid ambitious people, otherwise something of their fever is bound to infect you, is bound to affect you. You may start moving in a direction which is not yours, you may start doing things which you had never thought to do in the first place, but just because you fell in company with somebody. . .

Just look at your life -- it is almost all accidental. It is not essential, it is accidental. Your father wanted you to be a doctor so you are a doctor. Now it was his ambition that his son should be a famous doctor; he fulfilled his ambition.

He used you as a means to fulfill his ambition. This is not love -- this is exploitation.

My father wanted me to be an engineer or a scientist or a doctor. I told him, "If you insist, if it makes you happy, I will do any stupid thing you ten me. But remember, this is not love. If you love me, then let me be what I want to be. I don't want to be a doctor and I don't want to be an engineer. I have no desire at all to be a scientist -- that is not my way -- I don't feel any joy in the scientific way of thinking. My love is totally different: I am in deep love with poetry, aesthetics, beauty, truth."
He said, "Then you will remain a beggar!"
I said, "That's perfectly okay, that I can accept. I will be a beggar, that is okay, but let me be what I want to be. Even in my poverty I will be rich, and following you and becoming a doctor I may become very rich but I will remain poor, and I will always hanker for that which was my real longing."
He was a man of tremendous understanding He meditated over it and he said, "Then it is okay. You do whatsoever you feel like doing, and you have my blessings.
He could have forced me easily because he had the money. He could have forced me to go in any direction because I was helpless. He showed love, he showed understanding. He allowed me to be whatsoever I wanted to be.
If you are with loud people they are bound to distract you. He was not a loud person at all -- very humble -- he was not aggressive at all. I never saw him fight with anybody. He never even shouted at me for any wrong that I had done that he did not like. I never saw him in an angry mood. It

was beautiful to be with such a man, but rare is the opportunity.

At least do one thing: avoid loud people, aggressive people. If you cannot find loving, silent persons -- if you try you will find them -- if you cannot find them, be with trees. At least they are not loud, at least they are not aggressive. Learn to be with animals, be with children. Or you can be alone; no need to bother with being with others. Make the minimum contact and remain alone, or remain with those who are silent.
One of the greatest sayings of Lao Tzu is: The most beautiful company is when you can be with someone as if you are alone. See the insight of Lao Tzu: . . . when you can be with someone as if you are alone, when he allows you so much silence and so much freedom that you are absolutely alone, as if actually alone. His presence is not a hindrance; his presence, in fact, enhances your aloneness, enriches your aloneness.

"AVOID LOUD AND AGGRESSIVE PERSONS; THEY ARE VEXATIONS TO THE SPIRIT.
"IF YOU COMPARE YOURSELF WITH OTHERS, YOU MAY BECOME VAIN OR BITTER. . .

AND NEVER COMPARE Comparison is a disease, one of the greatest diseases. And we are taught from the very beginning to compare. Your mother starts comparing you with other children, your father starts comparing you with other children. The teacher compares you: "Look at Johnny, how well he is doing, and you are no good at all!

Look at others! From the very beginning you are being told to compare yourself with others. This is the greatest disease; it is like a cancer that goes on destroying your very soul -- because each individual is unique, and comparison is not possible. I am just myself and you are just yourself. There is nobody else in the world you an be compared with. Do you compare a marigold with a roseflower? You don't compare. Do you compare a mango with an apple? You don't compare. You know they are different! Comparison is not possible.

And man is not a species because each man is unique. There has never been any individual like you before and there will never be again. You are utterly unique. This is your privilege, your prerogative, God's blessing, that He has made you unique. Don't compare. Comparison will bring trouble.

The Desiderata says:

"IF YOU COMPARE YOURSELF WITH OTHERS, YOU MAY BECOME VAIN OR BITTER, FOR ALWAYS THERE WILL A GREATER AND LESSER PERSONS THAN YOURSELF "

If you fall victim to this disease of comparison, naturally you will either become very egoistic or you will become very bitter; it depends on whom you compare yourself with. If you compare yourself with those who seem to be bigger than you, higher than you, greater than you, you will become bitter. You will become a complaint against God, an anger: "Why am I not greater than I am? Why am I not like that person? Why am I not physically so beautiful, so

strong? Why am I not intelligent? Why am I not this, not that?" And there are millions of things in the world....
If you compare yourself with the people who are greater in some way than you, you will become bitter, very bitter. Your life will become poisoned by the comparison. You will remain always in a state of depression, as if God has deceived you, betrayed you, as if you have been let down.
Or if you compare yourself with people who are smaller than you, in some way lesser than you, then you will become very egoistic. This is one of the reasons why politicians are always surrounded by people smaller than themselves. They collect them; that is their joy. They collect smaller people around themselves so that they can look bigger than they are by comparison. It is stupid, but one cannot expect anything more from a politician.
Rich people are always surrounded by those who are smaller. They feel good, very good, great in comparison to those people.
But ordinarily people always look at others' houses, their successes, their achievements, and feel very bitter against God. In the world, religion cannot prosper because people cannot pray to a god who has betrayed them from the very beginning, who has made them so small, so ugly. How can they be thankful towards him? Impossible. And without thankfulness there is no prayer, and without prayer there is no religion.
But a man who understands the uniqueness of everybody can be religious, can only be religious, because he feels immense gratitude for whatsoever God has given to him. If you don' t compare, then you are neither bigger nor smaller, neither ugly nor beautiful, neither intelligent nor stupid. If

you don't compare, you are simply yourself And in that state of simply being yourself, spring comes, flowers come, because a deep acceptance of life and a deep gratitude towards God helps to bring the spring.

"ENJOY YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS AS WELL AS YOUR PLANS."

Don't be bothered with others. Enjoy whatsoever your achievement is. Enjoy whatsoever your vision to achieve is.

"KEEP INTERESTED IN YOUR OWN CAREER, HOWEVER HUMBLE; IT IS A REAL POSSESSION IN THE CHANGING FORTUNES OF TIME."

Don't be bothered that others are earning more money, that others are becoming more successful, more famous. Remain interested in the thing that you are really interested in; whether it keeps you poor, humble, does not matter. If you enjoy doing it, if you love doing it, if it is your creativity, then you are rich, very rich, immensely rich, and God will be very much pleased with you. If you are pleased yourself, God is pleased with you.

"EXERCISE CAUTION IN YOUR BUSINESS AFFAIRS, FOR THE WORLD IS FULL OF TRICKERY. BUT LET THIS NOT BLIND YOU TO WHAT VIRTUE THERE IS; MANY PERSONS STRIVE FOR HIGH IDEALS, AND EVERYWHERE LIFE IS FULL OF HEROISM."

The Desiderata is very pragmatic. It says:

"EXERCISE CAUTION IN YOUR BUSINESS AFFAIRS. . ."

As FAR AS WORLDLY THINGS are concerned, be cautious. Don t blame others that they are cunning. If you allow them to exploit you, they will exploit you. They are not cunning -- you are not cautious, that's the only thing to be remembered. Don't blame them; that is their business, to be cunning or not to be cunning. Don't think that they are sinners and will suffer in hell; that is not your concern at all. Your concern should be that "I am not cautious enough." Be more cautious, more alert, more aware.

Lorenzo staggered home filled with vino, and his wife would not let him in the house.
"Hey, Rosa," he shouted from below their window, "if you donna let me in, I am-a gonna tell-a everybody I slept-a with you before we gotta married!"
"Go ahead!" yelled back his spouse. "And I am-a gonna tell-a them you were not-a the first-a one!"

Don't blame others. Whatsoever they are, they are. In fact, all the cunningness of the world and the trickery of the world helps you to be aware. If this world cannot help you to be aware; then what world will ever be able to make you aware, to be cautious? It is a good world -- it gives you a tremendous challenge to be cautious.

"But," reminds the Desiderata, "let this not blind you to what virtue there is."

It is not only trickery, it is not only cunningness. There are many beautiful things in the world. There is always a silver lining to the cloud; don't miss that. So don't be blinded by the trickery, otherwise you will never find anything beautiful. And the world is full of beauty.

". . . MANY PERSONS STRIVE FOR HIGH IDEALS AND EVERYWHERE LIFE IS FULL OF HEROISM."

If you watch you will be surprised: this may be the most perfect world. With all the darkness, with all the thorns, there are roses, there is great light too. And you have to learn from both.

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #6

Chapter title: The Virtuous Circle

31 August 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1

OSHO, IS MY NAME AN ESSENTIAL OR SOMETHING NON-ESSENTIAL?

Premananda,

Existence is nameless. We are all nameless, but the name has a certain utility; without it life will be impossible.

When the child is born he comes as a nobody, as pure nothingness -- that's the beauty of a child -- but it is a necessity that he should be given a name. Once the name is given, slowly slowly the child becomes autohypnotized by his own name; it becomes almost a reality to him. In fact, he can even sacrifice himself for the name. That's what millions of people are doing all over the world: sacrificing themselves for name, for me -- sacrificing the essential for the non-essential.

A name is not an essential, but it has certain purposes; without it life will be very difficult. Hence we have even to invent names for God. God cannot have any name, but God has to be addressed. There are moments when you would like to shout to God out of sheer joy -- some name is needed.

That's why I give you new names. Why new names? The new is as non-essential as the old, but the new will give you some insight. First it will make you aware that you are not the name, because the name can be easily changed and you remain the same. When the first name was given you were a small child, absolutely unconscious, unaware of what was happening to you. Now you are no more a child. A new name is given to you, it has significance, and that significance is essential. The name is non-essential, but the change of the name is of the essential.

Once you change the name you know that the name is just utilitarian; to know it is very essential. And now it will be more difficult for you to get identified with it.

Secondly: the name that your parents give to you is almost meaningless. Any name that comes to their minds is given to you, any name they feel they like. But the name I give to

you is given for certain reasons -- those reasons belong to the world of the essential.

For example, I have called you Premananda. It consists of two words: prem and ananda. Prem means love, ananda means bliss. For thousands of years man has tried to live either in the world of love or in the world of bliss; it has been an either/or, a choice. But to be total it has not to be either/or, it has not to be a choice, it has to be both together. My sannyas is a synthesis, and that synthesis belongs to the essential. So keep on remembering, something non-essential may become an indicator of the essential; something non-essential can be used in a very essential way. The fool can use the essential in a non-essential way; the wise man can use the non-essential in an essential way. It all depends on you.

So don't be so much concerned about what is essential and what is non-essential. It is not a quality of things that we can put into two different categories -- this is essential and this is non-essential rather, it is the use that you make of a certain thing which decides to what category it should belong.

When I give you a name it indicates towards the essential. Man has lived only a partial life up to now. The worldly man lived a partial life: the worldly man lived the life of love. He was trying to figure out: "What is this phenomenon, love, all about? -- with the wife, with the children, with the parents, with the friends, with the society, in every possible way he was trying to know what love is.

Consciously or unconsciously, his whole effort was devoted to one thing: to know the joy that can happen between two persons in deep harmony.

Love is a harmony between two persons, two universes beating in the same rhythm, dancing hand in hand, melting, merging, become almost an organic unity. It is the way of the drunkard. You become drunk with the wine of the other; the other also becomes drunk with the wine of you. But it is only half the truth of your life. You start knowing more about the other and you completely forget yourself; love requires you to forget yourself and remember the other. The other becomes the focus; you fade away into deep darkness, you become secondary.

The people who live in this partial way sooner or later are bound to be frustrated, because no partial life can ever be a fulfillment. When they become frustrated... and the more intelligent someone is, the sooner he becomes frustrated because he can see that something is missing, something very essential is missing. You are missing. You are groping for the other not knowing at all who you are. And how can you find the other when you have not even found yourself! Hence you go on only stumbling with the other. You may call it love, but it is just groping. There is no insight, no clarity, no light; it is all dark.

And you are afraid of being alone so you seek the company of the other. It is out of fear that your so-called love arises -- and love can never arise out of fear. It is pseudo. The partial is always pseudo; only the whole is true. Only the whole has meaning, never the part. The part has meaning only in the context of the whole, but never separately.

So many intelligent people became frustrated; then they decided to move to the opposite extreme. That is the way of the mind. If you fail in one thing, the mind immediately suggests the polar opposite to you. And it appeals, it looks logical. If love has failed, if you have not been able to rejoice and dance and celebrate with the other, then the logical conclusion is that it is better to move into solitude, to become a monk.

The word "monk" literally means to be lone. It comes from the same root which words like "monotony," "monogamy," "monopoly," "monastery" come from.

A monastery is a place where many people are trying to live a life of aloneness. This was the way of the monk, the other-worldly. And he has also failed in the same way; he was bound to fail. He chose the other half, but now he will miss something. He will learn how to be alone -- he will learn the way of bliss, he will be blissful, but his bliss will miss something: it will miss sharing. And a bliss that cannot be shared starts dying, becomes our, goes bitter. Even nectar can turn into poison if it stops its flow.

The monk is really far more blissful than the worldly people, but his bliss is not a river. It is not moving, not reaching to the other. He becomes just a pool, not a river but a pond -- in a certain bondage, afraid of the other.

Just see the point: the world is afraid of his aloneness, hence he tries to reach the other; in the darkness he shouts for the other. And the monk is afraid of the other because the other may disturb his solitude; he may start interfering with his space, he may start encroaching upon his space, his territory, which he has found with such difficulty. He lives in fear; he lives in a dark, walled, self-imposed

imprisonment. He makes walls between himself and others. He avoids all possibilities where love can grow. Then his bliss slowly slowly becomes a dead pool with no flow, and he also starts missing; he starts getting fed up with himself. Rather than being alone he starts feeling lonely.

And if a monk is intelligent, now a higher kind of intelligence is needed. The ordinary intelligence will again take him to the other pole. Now Catholic monks are revolting against the church and getting married. For what? For hundreds of years they have tried to live alone -- nuns have lived separately, monks have lived separately. There are Christian monasteries like those where for one thousand years no woman has ever entered. For one thousand years continuously the doors of the monastery have remained closed to women. Not even nuns, not even a small, six-year-old girl or six-months-old-child is allowed in. Such fear! One wonders whether monks are living inside or monsters! If you are even afraid of a six-month-old baby girl, what kind of people are living there? There is fear, great fear, trembling. The monks don't come out of the monastery. Once you enter Athos you enter forever; the world is finished.

There have been thousands of Hindu monks living in the Himalayan caves, never coming back to the world. But these people lose something, something very essential: sharing. Life is sharing, and only in sharing do you become fulfilled.

Just think of a sun which keeps itself enclosed, with no rays going out. Or think of a lotus which keeps its petals closed so no fragrance can reach anybody. Think of a bird which

is afraid of singing -- somebody may hear it -- then this whole existence will be dead.
That's what these monks have become: dead people, living in their graves, whatsoever they call those graves -- caves, monasteries. Whatsoever they call them it does not matter, they are graves, and they are living on almost dead life.
Premananda, I have given you this name, prem and ANANDA -- love and bliss both. That is the message for all my sannyasins: that you have to learn both. You have to be fluid, you have to be flowing. You have to know how to be alone and you have to know how to be together. You have to be meditative and loving both, simultaneously; then only will you be whole.
And to me, to be whole is to be holy. Man has not been holy up to now because he has not been whole -- how can he be holy? Yes, once in a while a person may have attained -- a Lao Tzu, a Zarathustra. Once in a while a person may have attained to wholeness, but the more I look I feel even Buddha's wholeness can be enriched a little more, even Lao Tzu's wholeness can become a little more than it is; something can be added to it. Even Jesus' wholeness can have a few more dimensions to it.
My effort here is to give you a multi-dimensional existence; all the dimensions that are possible for human beings should be available to you. You should be capable of love and you should be capable of bliss. And my own experience is and my observation is that the man who is blissful is the only man who is capable of love, and the man who is capable of love is the only man who is capable of bliss. They enhance each other.

You have heard about the vicious circle: that one thing leads to another, then the other thing leads to the first, and there is a vicious circle. But you have not heard about the virtuous circle. I call this the virtuous circle -- it is not vicious, it is virtuous -- because one thing leads to another and you go higher, moving on higher altitudes. More and more plenitudes are yours. The highest that I can conceive of is love and bliss in deep harmony, not interfering with each other but enriching each other

But the Desiderata is going to create such questions. I was aware that you would become very much puzzled about what is essential and what is non-essential. And your mind Is very cunning; it can find ways, it can start thinking, "Then why not drop the new name, why not drop sannyas? -- why not do this, because these are non-essential things? The essential thing is inner, and these are outer things." And this will be sheer cunningness and nothing else. You have not understood the message: the non-essential can also be used as essential.

But Premananda is an American, and for an American to be sane is difficult! And he is not only an American, he comes from Californialand!

Benson returned to Naples where, as a youngster during the war, he had befriended a native named Capitini. When the Italian saw Benson, he simply could not do enough for him and insisted that he meet his sister.

"Is she pretty?" asked Benson.

"Ah, bella, bella!" cried the friend.

"Is she young?" continued Benson.

"Si! Si!"

"And is she pure?" asked Benson.
The Italian shrugged and exclaimed, "You Americans are all crazy!"

In Chicago a couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The young man handed him the marriage license.
"Join hands," said his Honor.
Then he looked at the document, which authorized him to unite in the bonds of matrimony Wlodzimierz Lineandowski and Nehrebecka Zozislawsieka.
"Ahem," he said, clearing his throat. "Wlod-hm-h-m-ski, do you take this woman...?" and so forth.
"Yes, sir," responded the young man.
"Nehre-hm-hm-hm-sieka, do you take this man to be...?" and so forth.
"Yessir! "
"Then I pronounce you husband and wife," said the Justice, "and I congratulate you both on having reduced two names to one!"

A few days after the new Pope had been elected, Cardinal Sicola had dinner with an old friend, Rabbi Finkalari. They chatted about many things and the Rabbi noticed that Cardinal Sicola seemed rather dejected.
"Dear friend," said the Rabbi, "you seem disturbed. Is it anything you care to discuss with me?"
"You know, I did not labor under any illusion that I might be elected. I just never dreamt I was so unpopular as not to have received even one vote!"

"My dear Cardinal!" consoled the Rabbi. "Dismiss such thoughts from your mind. You are held in very high esteem by your colleagues. I know what must have been on their minds. Each one undoubtedly figured that if you were elected, it would sound demeaning to call you Pope Sicola!"

The second question

Osho,
Question 2
IF A MASTER'S TEACHINGS ARE PERFECT, WHY ARE THEY CORRUPTED IN TIME?

Anand Ravi,

IT IS SOMETHING very essential to understand, because it has always happened and it is going to happen always in the future too. There is not going to be any change. Every teaching is bound to be corrupted; it is in the very nature of things. Just as every child is to become old one day and everyone who is born is going to die one day, each teaching is out of necessity bound to be corrupted. It cannot be avoided. It is not that the great Masters have not tried; they have tried their best, but you cannot go against the laws of nature. Nobody can go against the laws of nature.
There are seven things to be taken note of.
The first is the experience of the Master himself. When he experiences the truth there is no mind at all. It is a state of no-mind, or as Dionysius will call it, a state of agnosia -- absolute innocence; not even a single thought moves in the

mind. Hence the memory system is not functioning; the mind is in a complete state of non-functioning. It is frozen, it is absolutely still.

This is the moment when the teaching is perfect, but nothing has been taught. The teaching has not yet become teaching. Nothing has been said, nothing has been heard. In fact, even the Master is not yet aware of what has happened. Something has happened, but he is simply so lost in it that there is no possibility of him becoming aware of it. To be aware of something means division, the observer and the observed; the experience has become split. When the experience happens it is indivisible. There is no knower and no known, no subject, no object. All is silent. This is the most perfect teaching.

The second stage is when the Master becomes aware of what has happened -- corruption has begun, even inside the Master. He has not said a single word, but a vague awareness has started arising in him. The experience is no more undivided, it is divided, it has gone from one to two. It is no more the same, it is not the whole. Part of it has become subjectivity -- the knower, the observer, the awareness -- and the other part has become the object, the known, the experienced. This is the first corruption, and it happens inside the Master.

The third is: the Master formulates his experience; he starts making it more clear, more expressible. Now there are not only two but three things. The one is divided into three: the subject, the object and the mind, because without the mind nothing can be made articulate. The mind is the expert. Language has to be used, logic has to be used. The mind has to be awakened from its deep sleep; the mind has to be

called forth. Just as one day the Master had struggled hard to put the mind into a deep-frozen state, now he struggles hard to unfreeze it, because without it there is no possibility of being absolutely clear about what has happened. It has to be conceptualized.

Now, the moment the ultimate experience becomes conceptualized a great corruption happens, because the wordless is being forced into the word. And words are small things, and the experience is as vast as the sky -- even the sky is not its limit. The unlimited has to be brought within limits. Naturally much will be lost. First it was the whole sky with all the stars, with all its infinity and eternity. Now it is only a small window with a frame, a man-made frame. Now you are looking through the window: it is no more the whole sky but just a small piece of it.

And the fourth thing to be understood is the expression. Out of great compassion, out of love, the Master would like to share with others what has happened, because he can see millions of people groping in the dark in the same way as he was groping one day. He can see everybody groping in the same darkness, with the same confusion, with the same misery, and now he is in a state where he can help. At least he can indicate the way, at least he can show something of the beyond. He can make something transpire, he can trigger some process.

He has to use the art of synchronicity. He has to sing the song so your song which is in the seed starts moving, becomes alert, comes out of its dormant state, starts reaching towards the sky -- so that your seed is broken, so

that your song also starts having a longing. Your heart has to be touched.

The Master speaks, but the moment he speaks even more is lost, because to conceptualize within yourself is one thing; to communicate it to somebody else is totally different. Now you have to look at the other person, at what he can understand; only that can be said. You have to come to the lowest possibility because that's where people exist. You have to use language which they can understand.

The Buddha cannot use the language which only other Buddhas can understand. He has reached the sunlit peak, but he has to come back; he has to descend back into the darkness of the valley. He has to use your language, your expressions, your ways of saying things. And naturally, almost ninety-nine percent is lost; only one percent is expressed, and that too needs a very skillful Master. Not all the Masters have been able to express even the one percent; many have remained silent seeing that they have no skill.

When I decided to become a teacher in the university, a few of my friends who were aware of what had happened to me asked me, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "It will be good if I can be a teacher for a few years, it will help me tremendously: it will give me the skill. Now I have something to express, I have something to share, but the skill is needed. The best teacher is one who can help the last person hearing him, the lowest in intelligence, to understand. Of course the best ones will understand easily, but you have to keep aware of those who are not that intelligent."

And humanity, the greater part of humanity, is not intelligent at all. It lives in a very stupid way; it lives in

mediocrity. Its consciousness is so much covered with dust and rust that its mirroring quality is completely lost. It cannot reflect anything, it cannot echo anything. Great skill is needed; only then can one percent of the experience be expressed.

And the fifth thing is the hearing of the experience. Now that the Master has spoken he is no more the master of what he has spoken. Now the person who has heard becomes the master of it; now it is his possession. Up to now the corruption was happening inside the Master, because he was bringing it to the level of the mind. Once he has spoken then it enters into a mind which has never experienced anything of the unknown, anything of the beyond. In the very entry, out of that one percent almost ninety percent is lost. It is bound to be so because everybody understands things in his own way, according to his own conditioning, his past experiences, his philosophy, his religion, his ideology.

Nobody hears in silence. If you hear in silence, then there is a possibility you may be able to get hold of the one percent, and that is enough for you to be transformed. Once a small flame enters into you, the whole forest will be afire soon. That one percent is enough. It is pure fire! It Will make you afire.

But even that one percent never enters. It enters only into those who are devotees, who are totally devoted to the Master, who have no conditions, no barriers, who are almost like shadows, who have effaced themselves completely. Otherwise, ordinarily the sixth thing is bound to happen: the interpretation. The person who hears is going to interpret it. The moment your mind comes across

any word it immediately interprets it; it cannot allow it to remain as it is.

Looking at a roseflower your mind immediately says, "A beautiful flower!" You cannot resist the temptation of saying it. You may not say it to anybody, but deep inside you have said it to yourself: "What a beautiful flower!" You could not remain silent with this beauty. Interpretation is bound to happen.

Now you are here -- Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Jainas, Buddhists, Parsis, Sikhs -- all kinds of ideologies, all kinds of philosophies are there in your minds. Whenever you hear something you will give it your color. Then not even point one percent is left. What to say about one percent? -- not even point one percent is left. It has become so diluted, so contaminated that it is almost something else.

And there is the seventh possibility: the moment the hearer starts telling it to others, what he has heard... All the Buddhist sutras begin with: "I have heard the Blessed One say this...." Buddha never wrote a book, neither did Christ nor Lao Tzu; they all depended on the spoken word. There is a reason for it: because while I am speaking, the word is one thing, but the pauses are far more pregnant, the silences are far more meaningful; my gestures may touch your heart more easily than my words. My words are bound to go into your memory system; they will revolve there. But my presence, my eyes can penetrate you far more deeply. Hence all the great Masters have used the spoken word. Nobody has ever written a book, and I don't think they are ever going to write a book. The moment you write something it becomes dead. The moment you say something it is not only a word: behind it is standing an

alive being, full of joy, full of the experience, so full that he is overflowing. His words can take many many things towards you, crossing all the barriers; there is a possibility of reaching.
But when the person who has heard it from somebody else goes on telling it to others, he is just repeating like a parrot. That's why, Anand Ravi, all the great teachings, all the teachings which were perfect become corrupted in time. They become corrupted even in the presence of the Master. These are the seven steps of corruption. And if you keep alert then something can be saved -- only something, but that something is enough. If you can save even a seed that will do, because out of that seed the whole earth can be made green.

The last question

Osho,
Question 3
I AM A POLACK. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY PEOPLE THINK THAT POLACKS DON'T HAVE ANY INTELLIGENCE.

Vedam,

I ALSO WONDER why people think that Polacks don't have intelligence. They have a different kind of intelligence, that is true -- so different, a unique kind of intelligence. Nobody else in the world has that.

I have heard about the Polack Pope:

He was aboard a plane and the pilot said, "It is unfortunate that out of the four engines one has stopped working, but there is no need to worry. Three engines are more than enough to take us to our destination. The only thing is we will be three hours late."
After fifteen minutes he said, "Sorry to interrupt you again: the second engine has stopped, but no need to worry. Two engines are still more than enough and we will complete our journey, but now we will be six hours late."
And after half an hour he announced again, "Ladies and gentlemen, sorry to announce that the third engine has also failed, but still there is no need to panic. One engine is enough to take us to the destination, but now we will be nine hours late."
And after just five minutes he said, "If you want to say your prayers you can say them, because the last engine has stopped?"
And there was great panic and chaos, but the Polack Pope was sitting silently. The lady sitting by his side ying and weeping and screaming He said "What is the matter? Why are you so worried? At the most we will be twelve hours late!"

This is pure intelligence! It is mathematics, nothing else! Who says Polacks don't have intelligence?
I have read Bertrand Russell's Principia Mathematica -- that's nothing compared to the Pope's mathematics!

Watkins walked into a Hollywood talent agent's office. He placed his suitcase on the agent's desk, opened it, and thirty mice scampered out, carrying little musical instruments.

In seconds, they were positioned as an orchestra and with a snap of Watkins' fingers, the mice began playing exactly like Benny Goodman. Watkins snapped his fingers and this time they sounded like Guy Lombardo. Watkins snapped his fingers again, and the rodents played a medly of Paul Anka tunes.
"Well," asked Watkins, "what do you think?"
"Can't use them," replied the agent.
"What do you mean, you can't use them? What's the matter with this act?"
"To tell you the truth," said the agent, "they don't play half bad, but the drummer looks too Polish!"

There are people who don't understand the Polacks and they go on spreading rumors that they have no intelligence. I am not anti-Polack. I love them, I enjoy them! I can see their intelligence is totally different!

Kyacki's son had been acting a little strange lately, so Kyacki took him to a psychiatrist.
"Tell me, son," questioned the shrink, "how many wheels does an auto have?"
"Four. "
"Very good," said the doctor. "Now what is it a cow has four of that a woman has two?"
"Legs."
"And what does your father have that your mother likes most?"
"Money."
The psychiatrist turned to Kyacki and said, "You don't have to worry about him -- he's smart!"

"He sure is!" said the Polack. "I missed the last two questions myself!"

Just a matter of different intelligence! Who says they don't have any intelligence? Vedam, don't be worried. Enjoy the intelligence that God has given to you!

Banducci, Sullivan and Piwalski, traveling together in Mexico, got drunk and killed a Mexican. All three were sentenced to the electric chair.
First they sat Banducci down and asked him if he had any last words. "I am a dentist," said the Italian, "and I will care for everyone in the village for twenty-five years if you will let me go."
The authorities refused and the executioner proceeded to carry out the sentence. He pulled the switch and nothing happened.
"By law," said the executioner, "the Italian is a free man, because the electric chair did not work."
Then the Irishman sat down. The same question was asked. "I am a doctor," said Sullivan, "and I would care for the villagers for twenty-five years in exchange for my freedom." Again the answer was no. The switch was pulled and nothing happened. He went free.
Then Piwalski sat down. He was asked if he had any last words.
"I am a graduate in electrical engineering from Texas A & M," said the Polack, "and if you put that white wire in that hole, and the red wire in that hole..."

And who says that Polacks don't have intelligence?! Just sheer nonsense! They have intelligence -- in fact, only they have intelligence!

In Poland, disorder -- or what is known as the Polish mess -- is referred to by Poles as Polski balagan.
It is said that Jimmy Carter, Leonid Brezhnev, and Polish party chief Edward Gierek met God. He allowed them one question each.
"Is it true," asked Jimmy Carter, "America will go communist? "
"Yes," answered the Lord, "but not in your lifetime."
"Will the Chinese take over Moscow?" asked Brezhnev.
"Yes," replied the Almighty, "but not in your lifetime."
"Will disciplined labor ever replace Polski balagan?" asked Gierek.
"Yes," answered God, "but not in my lifetime!"

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Create a Context
1 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1
OSHO, I WELCOME YOUR STERN STEPS TO GUIDE A COUNTRY LIKE INDIA FROM SLAVERY AND POVERTY, ETC. HOWEVER, I FEEL VERY SORRY

TO HEAR YOU QUOTED AS SAYING: "FOR FIFTEEN YEARS THIS COUNTRY NEEDS NO DEMOCRACY. IT HAS NOT THAT MUCH INTELLIGENCE." PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT YOU MEAN BY THIS.

S. Shekharan,

I LOVE DEMOCRACY, I love freedom. But to transform a country which has lived for two thousand years in slavery is not possible through democratic means; it will take two thousand years or even more. The mind of India has become accustomed to slavery, and when you give freedom suddenly to slaves they go berserk. It is like suddenly throwing open the doors of a prison and releasing all the prisoners, making them free. What do you suppose they are going to do?

Democracy needs a certain context which is missing in India. That's why these thirty years have been just a failure. All the work that has been done since India attained its so-called freedom has not been of any value. In fact, we have more problems than we had before. We have not been able to solve a single problem; we have created thousands of other problems.

I love democracy so much that I am even ready for a fifteen years' temporary benevolent dictatorship to train the country, to teach the country how to be free. It will appear paradoxical, it will appear contradictory, but don't be deceived by the appearance.

It is easy to condemn and criticize my views because the paradox is so apparent. Any fool can say that it is contradictory. But life works in a dialectical way; it is not

linear logic, it is dialectics. It is far more complex than you think it is.

Two thousand years of slavery is a long time, very long. The slavery has gone into the very blood and bones, into the very marrow of the nation. To uproot it, something surgical is needed. Just telling people to be free is not enough. And how can the surgery be done if democratic means are adopted? -- because "democratic means" simply means.telling people things, not doing anything, just telling people to be more understanding, to be more democratic, to be more independent. But that is not going to help. It is like telling an ill person to be healthy.

Something drastic is needed, something radical is needed, not only medical treatment but something surgical. That is possible only if for fifteen years at least -- that is the minimum limit -- the country lives under a benevolent dictatorship. Then compulsory birth control can be imposed on the people. Otherwise their freedom to reproduce is going to create so many problems that no government can ever solve them. By the time you solve a few problems, thousands more people will have arrived with all their problems. They don't bring land with them, they don't bring factories with them; they simply come empty-handed. And already millions of people are unemployed; half the country is starved.

This country can be happy only with a population of twenty crores. It is now reaching the limit of seventy crores, and by the end of this century it will reach the highest peak: one hundred crores. It will even defeat China, because China is under a dictatorial regime, they have been able to impose strict birth control. Right now they have more people, but

by the end of this century India will be the most populated country in the world -- and of course the most poor, the most hungry.

And when there is so much poverty, so much starvation, talking about democracy is all nonsense. It is like playing a beautiful song on the flute before a hungry man. The song is beautiful -- I love the flute, I love the song -- but to play the song before a hungry person is absurd, it is ridiculous. The so-called Indian democracy helps only to increase its problems, to increase violence, because when people are hungry they become violent. When they are not even able to live as human beings, what can you expect from them? These communal riots and all the rape, murder, arson, these show that the animal is surfacing. You cannot expect the great quality of being human from hungry people; it is impossible.

This democracy helps only the politicians; hence I will be condemned by the politicians. Morarji Desai has already said yesterday in Rajkot that "Acharya Rajneesh should not be allowed in Gujarat, he should not be allowed in Kutch, because he is against democracy."

Now just look at the statement: if it is a democracy then I can live anywhere, wherever I choose! You see the stupidity of the remark? -- I should not be allowed to enter Gujarat.

That's what I am saying, that it is better to drop this empty word "democracy"; it is just a beautiful word borrowed from others. In fact, because India was under British rule, all the great Indian leaders were educated in England. They saw democracy working beautifully there, but in England it has a context of one thousand years. They came back to

India; they had seen democracy functioning perfectly well. It can function in England, but where is the context here? So they started imitating England; India cannot be England so easily.

These thirty years have been a time of sheer nonsense. India should think first about its own tradition, history, past, and in THAT context we should create a government. We cannot borrow a certain ideology from another context. Those trees cannot be transplanted into another climate so easily; first you have to change the climate.

India has no sense of a nation, has never had. In fact, it has never been a nation. In Buddha's time it was divided into two thousand kingdoms. It has never felt an organic unity; there exists no organic unity. There are divisions and sub-divisions, and they are all in conflict; they are all ready to destroy each other. Religious and political ideologies... so many that it is chaos.

England has only two parties, a two-party system -- a very logical way of running a government smoothly. India has hundreds of political parties. It is impossible for any party to be powerful enough or stable enough to implement any program. Hence they promise but they cannot fulfill. But the game can be continued: one party fails to fulfill its promises, then another party starts promising the people. One party has deceived the people, then another party will deceive the people, and so on and so forth.

But the politicians enjoy it because that is their great opportunity to rule the country. Nobody is concerned with the real problems of the country.

Democracy is not really a problem for the poor. They are ready to sell their votes for just two rupees, five rupees.

Now in a country where people are ready to sell their votes for just five rupees, how do you think a democracy can function? Whosoever has the money will purchase the votes. So it is good for the people who have money, it is good for the people who are in politics, ambitious, it is good for smugglers because a certain freedom allows them to do whatsoever they want to do. It is good for the hooligans, the GUNDAS, because nobody can prevent them freedom of expression. It is good for all kinds of criminal elements, but it is not good for the people. Ninety-nine percent of the people have nothing to do with democracy. They need bread, butter, shelter -- they don't have the very essentials to exist, to survive! And talking to these people about democracy is ridiculous.

I LOVE democracy. I would like this country to be democratic, I would like all the countries to be democratic, the whole world to be democratic, because I respect freedom as I respect nothing else. But a context has to be created, and two thousand years of slavery has to be destroyed.

The Indian mind thinks very selfishly: everybody thinks only of himself. That is the heritage of the Indian culture: it has made everybody very selfish. And they have rationalized it beautifully: they say that everybody suffers or rejoices according to his karmas, the acts that he has committed in his past life. It has nothing to do with the social structure, it has nothing to do with the government, it has nothing to do with anything else: it is a question of your own past life. So if you are poor, you are poor because of your past life; you have committed certain sins and you are

suffering. If somebody is rich, he is rich because of his past life; he had attained great virtue.

You have heard it said you cannot purchase virtue with money -- but you can purchase money with virtue. In India that is an accepted rule: you can have more money by being virtuous -- not in this life, remember. If in this life you are virtuous you won't have any money! If in the past life you were virtuous, in this life you have to be as cunning as possible, then you will have money and you will have power.

Nobody is concerned with the whole nation as such. My concern is with the whole nation. When I say that it needs a fifteen years' benevolent dictatorship I mean that a certain discipline has to be created. People have to be forced to do certain things because they won't do those things if they are left on their own.

For example, every Indian thinks it is his birthright to give birth to as many children as possible, because to prevent him from giving birth to children is to prevent his freedom. And children are God-given. And he has a certain karma that he has carried from his past life: he has to be a father of one dozen children or two dozen children, and anybody interfering with it is interfering in his freedom. So in a democratic set-up it is impossible to impose compulsory birth control.

It is impossible to force people to be a little more industrious. The country has lived in laziness for thousands of years. It must be the laziest country in the world; nobody wants to work. Now in a democratic set-up it is impossible to MAKE them work. They will go on strikes -- for the sheer joy of not doing anything!

Almost half the time all the factories are closed, and even when the factories are open nobody is interested in really producing, creating. They don't have these values. They think that the world is illusory, so what is the point of producing and creating? Their whole creativity has become focused on reproduction! They don't feel any need to create anything else.

It is impossible in a democratic set-up to bring people to their senses. But I say a "benevolent dictatorship." And what do I mean by a "benevolent dictatorship" ? I mean a dictatorship which is used only as a means -- the end is democracy.

And my own feeling, my own observation is that Indira Gandhi is the right person, the one who can do it. First she is a woman, has a far more loving heart than any man can ever have. She is a mother and has tremendous love for the country. She has the grace to become a benevolent dictator. The only problem is that once somebody is a dictator it is difficult to take power from his hands, it is difficult for him to give way to democracy again. But Indira is over sixty. In fifteen years' time she will be seventy-five -- she will have enjoyed the power more than enough. She will be really tired -- she is already tired. She is already bored with the whole thing. She is carrying it on because she loves the country; otherwise I don't see any desire in her to dominate the country. She has tasted power for a long time. In these fifteen years she will be getting older, wiser; she will be getting closer to her death.

And she is a woman, and up to now she has proved very intelligent, broad-minded. There is every possibility that a benevolent dictatorship can function through her. It cannot

function through a man like Morarji Desai. He is a fanatic and utterly narrow-minded, utterly stubborn, and very ambitious. If Morarji Desai was in power I would not suggest no elections for fifteen years: I would suggest elections after every six months!

Because I see that Indira can be of tremendous help to transform the climate of the country... All that she needs is encouragement because she has been brought up in a very democratic family. For four generations she has been brought up in the climate of freedom, independence, respect for others. She has been educated in the West. Her father was almost Western, not Indian at all. Her father was the person who introduced democracy into India. She loves democracy.

The only problem is she is even afraid to be associated with the idea of dictatorship. If she can drop that fear... The West will condemn her, America particularly will condemn her, England will condemn her. The West will condemn her -- but they don't help in any way, so what does their condemnation mean? Let them condemn. This much sacrifice she has to make for the country. I call it a sacrifice because her name will become associated with dictatorship. That much sacrifice she has to make. If she can make that much sacrifice for the country, if she is ready to become notorious, then there is no other problem.

All these stupid politicians who are creating chaos in the country can be stopped, all smuggling can be stopped, all the crimes which go on growing every day to new heights can be stopped. The country can be trained in fifteen years to be more industrious, to be less selfish. And a country which is creative, productive, rich... It CAN become rich

because the land is rich, its potential is great. Just a little less population...
So two things have to be done. One is birth control: nobody should be allowed to have children unless the medical board of the city or the town or the village approves. Secondly, euthanasia: old people who want to die should be given the freedom to die. These are two sides of the same coin: stop new people coming in and help the older people to go! Create a little more space in the country!
And for these fifteen years the whole context that is needed for democracy can be created. After fifteen years people will not be ready to sell their votes for anything, because they will have understood. They will not be just going on strike for any excuse.
I have not even moved to Kutch, we have not even purchased the land yet, and just three days ago the people who are opposing the move, they closed the capital city of Kutch, Bhuj. All the shops were closed, all the factories were closed, all the schools and colleges were closed -- as a protest.
I have not entered yet, I have not even got any land there, not even a single house, I have not even visited Kutch -- just the rumor that we are going to Kutch is enough! And they are creating so much nuisance in Kutch, in Gujarat, that in two places the police had to force people by LATHI charge, people had to be beaten to disperse.
In one place, Mandvi... the whole city of Mandvi is for me. They want me to be there because the would be commune will be close to Mandvi and Mandvi will have all the benefits of the commune. So Mandvi is totally for me. Bhuj

is against me -- not against me really, but against Mandvi. They are jealous.
Once Mandvi was the most important city in Kutch; two centuries ago it was the richest city in Kutch. Then the River Sind changed its course and Mandvi became a desert, and of course when it became a desert it lost its glory. Then Bhuj became more important. Now Bhuj is afraid: if ten thousand sannyasins move to Mandvi the glory will again come to Mandvi. Bhuj will again become secondary, Mandvi will become an international center. They are not really against me; the conflict is very political: it is between Mandvi and Bhuj.
Bhuj people, politicians belonging to Morarji Desai's party, went to Mandvi to tell people to close Mandvi also. The Mandvi people gave them a good beating! One thousand people gathered and threw them out, and they had to escape, run away!
Now I have not gone yet and all this is happening. And the Gujarat government is puzzled because no land has been purchased, no land has been given to us -- nothing has happened concretely. It is just a rumor! But just for a rumor Indians can go crazy, as if they are just sitting on a volcano. ANYTHING is enough for them to strike, to protest, to make a noise and to create chaos.
This is why I call the country unintelligent. It has lost intelligence -- through the priests and through the politicians. Not that it does not have the potential of being intelligent, it CAN be intelligent, but it has to be helped. It needs tremendous help: first a surgical operation then nourishment. But the country has to be transformed into a

new context. Just the old country having democracy is impossible.

India has never been democratic, remember. It has always been ruled by kings. It was always monarchic, it has never been democratic. Democracy is a foreign idea, a Greek idea; there are no roots in Indian soil for it. We will have to change the soil, we will have to change the climate, if it is going to happen. And the problem is: if you want to change the climate, the context, people will be against you.

Why are people against me? I am not doing any harm to anybody, but they are against me because I am trying to change their culture. But their culture is the problem! I am trying to change their religion, and their religion is the problem. I am trying to cut the very roots, the very causes of their problem. All this can be done very easily by a benevolent dictatorship, by somebody who is intelligent enough and loves and respects democracy, and is ready after fifteen years to give the country back its freedom.

And my feeling is that if Indira is gone, then I don't see on the Indian horizon any other Indian politician who can be so benevolent. Once Indira is gone, India will be in the hands of Hindu chauvinists. Then it will be a Hindu country, and then it will become impossible to change the context because they will go on emphasizing Hindu culture in every school, college, university. And that is the cancer -- what you call Hindu culture. That culture has to be removed. A better, far better human culture has to be introduced.

My feeling is Indira may be the last person who can do it. If she cannot do it, then this country cannot hope for much.

That's why I love democracy, I love freedom -- still I insist that for fifteen years it is better to put aside the idea. The time for it has not come yet.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO, THE PRIEST INSIDE ME SEEMS TO HAVE A STRONG HOLD. ARE SANNYAS AND MEDITATION REALLY GOING TO CURE ME OF BEING A MISERABLE, STUPID BASTARD? OR SHOULD I JOIN THE HARE KRISHNA MOVEMENT? I COULD DO IT FOR THE PRICE OF A HAIRCUT. I NEED NOT EVEN CHANGE THE COLOR OF MY CLOTHES.

Dhyanakirti,

THE PRIEST ALWAYS HAS a strong hold, because the priest is the most ancient institution in the world. They say the most ancient profession in the world is that of the prostitute. I don't agree. The most ancient profession is that of the priest, because without the priest who will create the prostitute? How will the prostitute come into existence? It is through the priest.
The priest is the source of an kinds of ugly institutions. And if you have been a priest yourself, then of course it goes very deep in you. And joining the Hare Krishna movement is not going to help -- it will be jumping from the frying pan into the fire, it will lead you towards more stupidity.
The priest creates something in you which he calls "conscience." And by creating conscience he destroys your

consciousness. Conscience is nothing but a state of hypnosis. By repeating certain things again and again, the priest creates a deep hypnotic state in you, and then you are under the spell.

And you are right to say: ARE SANNYAS AND MEDITATION REALLY GOING TO CURE ME OF BEING A MISERABLE, STUPID BASTARD?

If you have understood it, that it is stupidity, then cure is not difficult. Then sannyas will do. And if MY sannyas cannot do it, then drop all hope -- then it cannot be done at all.

A man standing beneath the Eiffel Tower looked up and saw another man jump from the top of the Tower and fall at a great velocity. On the way down, however, he seemed to hit a pocket of air which broke his fall and brought him gently to the ground. The spectator was impressed.
A man standing close by noticed the look of wonder spread over the spectator's face and told him to stay around and watch his friend do it again.
The spectator looked up and saw the same figure jump and fall at great speed, then come once again to a smooth landing on the ground nearby. He got up, walked over to the spectator casually and said, "Go on, have a go. There's nothing to it -- you only have to jump!"
"Okay," said the man. "I'll give it a try." So he climbed to the top of the Tower and jumped. He fell downwards at a tremendous speed and hit the pavement -- he was a real mess!

The man who had been standing close by turned to the sky-diver and said, "D'you know, Gabriel, for an archangel you are a real bastard!"

The priests and the angels and the archangels and the gods, and even your so-called God, they have all done tremendous harm to you. In the name of religion so much crime, so much calamity, so much misery has happened to man as has not happened from any other source -- even politicians are secondary.

And certainly every religion tries its best to force its ideology into the heart of the child. So the hold is certainly strong. But once you understand it, once you get unidentified with it, there is no trouble because it is something imposed on you. It is like a dress -- you can drop it any moment. But if you think your dress is not a dress but your skin, then it becomes difficult. That's where you get identified with it.

Dhyanakirti, don't get identified with your conscience. And that's the whole purpose of meditation: to make you aware that you are not your mind. The priest can only reach your mind, he cannot reach your being -- fortunately he cannot pollute your being, he can only pollute your mind. And meditation means creating a distance between your mind and yourself.

The moment you ARE aware that the mind is a separate thing, created by others -- the priests and the politicians and the parents and the teachers -- that it has nothing to do with you, you can slip out of it very easily.

A man lost his hat. He decided to go and steal one from the entry of a nearby church. When he arrived at the church, a sermon on the Ten Commandments was in progress.
At the end of the service, he approached the minister and said, "Thank you, Reverend. You have saved me from committing a crime. I came here with sin in my heart -- I wanted to steal a hat...."
"That's very good, my son!" said the minister. "But tell me, what did I say to make you change your mind?"
"Well," explained the man, "when you got to the part about 'Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery,' I remembered where I left my hat!"

The conscience that the priest has created has not become your soul. It has just become your mask. It has given you a pseudo personality, it has made you a hypocrite.

An attractive, sexy young woman goes for a check-up to the Catholic doctor-cum-monk, who has devoted his whole life to serving the people as a physician. He looks her over, impressed, and as his breathing becomes heavier, he tells her to undress so that he can check her temperature rectally. She bends over and says, "Hey, doc, this is not my rectum! "
"That's okay, my dear," says the Catholic doctor-cum-monk, "nor is this my thermometer!"

The priest has not really changed anything, he cannot; he has only imposed a certain layer of hypocrisy on you. So it is not difficult to get rid of it. It is just a layer of dirt; you can clean it any moment you decide to.

Sannyas is a bath. It is a shower, it will cleanse you, Dhyanakirti. And I have given you the name Dhyanakirti -- the glory of meditation. This is the glory of meditation: that it can help you to get rid of ALL imposed ideas, and it can give you back that which is really yours, your real center. The Hare Krishna movement will be another imprisonment. Yes, when you move from one prison to another, for a little while it feels good, the change. The new prison has a different architecture, different decoration, different jailers, different guards -- everything is different so it feels good. But soon you will realize that it is again the same thing, because the slavery is the same.

You say: OR SHOULD I JOIN THE HARE KRISHNA MOVEMENT? I COULD DO IT FOR THE PRICE OF A HAIRCUT.

Don't think that just by cutting your hair anything changes.

"Ya ya," in German, means yes. But in the Polish language, a "yaya" is what hangs below a Pole's belly button if the Pole is a male.
Brudzewa from Warsaw stopped in a Berlin barbershop and asked for a shave.
"Ya ya," said the barber.
"Nie yaya," screamed the Pole. "My beard!"

So be aware. You can get into some difficulty. If you want to cut your hair, don't go to Germany. Otherwise the barber will say "Ya ya" -- and you seem to be a Polack!

Sannyas and meditation are enough, nothing more is needed. Sannyas changes your whole vision of reality. It helps you to drop all ritualistic religion, all serious religion. It helps you to become non-ritualistic, non-serious, it helps you to become playful, it helps you to take life as fun. It helps you to rejoice in existence, and through that rejoicing comes real renunciation.

In the past it has been said again and again by the priests that if you renounce you will attain to bliss. I tell you just the opposite: if you become blissful there is renunciation. And that renunciation has a beauty of its own -- because in your rejoicing, all that is non-essential starts dropping away -- because you can see it is non-essential. The very seeing is the transformation. If after seeing you have to do something for transformation, then your seeing was incomplete, was not entire, was not total, was not real.

Sannyas means seeing how you are caught in prisons, why you are caught in prisons. And the very seeing is enough, because nothing is really holding you in the prison except your own fears; the fear of the unknown, the fear of the unfamiliar, keeps you huddled together like sheep in the crowd. And there are many crowds: Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jewish -- different crowds. And people are clinging to each other; they are afraid of being lost in aloneness. Meditation teaches you aloneness.

Sannyas helps you to get rid of the non-essential -- in the words of the DESIDERATA -- sannyas helps you to negate the non-essential, to drop the non-essential, and meditation helps you to FIND the essential, to discover the essential. And these are the only two things that are needed, nothing else is needed. Withdraw your energy from the non-

essential and let it move into the direction of the essential. Discover your being, your individuality In that authentic experience is the miracle.

The third question

Question 3
OSHO,
I LOVE THE WAY YOU APPRECIATED THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE POLISH PEOPLE.

Sant Maharaj,

ARE YOU TOO A POLACK? -- because there are Polacks everywhere. India particularly has Polacks. They are masquerading as Indians. Polacks are found in every shape and size, everywhere. Remember, Polacks don't belong only to Poland; in fact, we should rename the whole earth "Poland" Polacks are everywhere!
India has many Polacks, very famous Polacks -- Morarji Desai is a Polack, Muktananda is a Polack.
Do you know, Sant Maharaj, if Jimmy Carter, Leonid Bresznev and Morarji Desai together went sky-diving and none of their chutes opened, who would be the last one to hit the ground? Of course, Morarji Desai, because he would have to stop to get directions -- or maybe a few times to sip his own water of life.
Just the other day when I was talking about the mouse who was saying to the other mouse, "Don't believe a thing that I say because I have been on the piss the whole night," I remembered Morarji Desai, because what will Morarji

Desai say? He has been on the piss his whole life! Now where can you find such a Polack?

How can it be proved that Adam was an Indian?
Who else would stand beside a naked woman and just eat an apple?

Several young boys were called by the New Delhi authorities for a medical check-up to determine the paternity of a certain teenage girl's baby.
Chandulal went in and after a few minutes came out. "Don't worry, fellows," he smiled. "They'll never find out. They're taking samples from the finger!"

Pundit Ramprasad Shastri comes home and finds his wife in bed with another man. The pundit takes out a gun from the drawer and puts it to his head. The wife's lover jumps up and shouts, "Hey, what are you doing?"
"Shut up!" says the Indian pundit. "You are next!"

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #8

Chapter title: I say, Rejoice!
2 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS YOUR MESSAGE?

Pritam,

MY MESSAGE IS VERY SIMPLE Live life as dangerously as possible. Live life totally, intensely, passionately, because except for life there is no other God. Friedrich Nietzsche says God is dead. That is wrong because God has never been there in the first place. How can he be dead? Life is, always has been, will always be. Allow yourself... and I repeat again, allow yourself to be possessed by life.

The so-called religions of the past have been telling you just the opposite. They say, "Renounce." I say, "Rejoice." They negate life, I affirm it. They say life is something wrong, illusory, and they create an abstract idea of God which is nothing but a projection of their own minds. And they worship that projection. It is so unintelligent, so utterly stupid that one wonders how millions of people have believed in such sheer nonsense. That which is, is denied for that which is only an abstraction of the mind. God is only a word, but they say God is real. And life is a reality.... You feel it in your heartbeat, it pulsates in your blood, it is all over the place -- in the flowers, in the rivers, in the stars. And they say this is all MAYA, all illusion. They say that it is made of the same stuff as dreams are made of. And they create a God -- and of course, everybody creates a God in his own image. So there have been thousands of gods.

It is your imagination. You can make a God with four heads, you can make a God with a thousand hands. It is up to you, it is your game. And these people have been telling an poisoning the minds of others. They say, "BRAHMA

SATYA" -- God IS true, and "JAGAT MITYA" -- the world, life is untrue.
I say to you, life is the only truth there is. There is no other God than life. So allow yourself to be possessed by life in all its forms, colors, dimensions -- the whole rainbow, all the notes of music. If you can manage this simple thing... It is simple because it is only a question of let-go. Don't push the river, let the river take you to the ocean. It is already on the way. You relax, don't be tense and don't try to be spiritual. Don't create any division between matter and spirit. Existence is one, matter and spirit are simply two sides of the same coin. Relax, rest, and go with the river. Be a gambler, don't be a businessman, and you will know more of God because the gambler can risk. The gambler is non-calculative, he can put all that he has at stake. But the thrill of the gambler when he stakes every thing and waits;... what is going to happen now? In that very moment a window can open. That very moment can become a transformation of the inner gestalt.
Be a drunkard, drunk with life, with the wine of existence. Don't remain sober. The sober person remains dead. Drink the wine of life. It has so much poetry and so much love and so much juice. You can bring the spring any moment. Just give a call to the spring and let the sun and the wind and the rain enter into you.
It is because of THIS message that the spiritualists are against me because they think I am denying God. I am not denying God. For the first time I am bringing God into a real perspective, I am making him alive, I am bringing him closer to you, closer than your very heart. Because he's your very being, nothing separate, nothing far away,

nothing there in the sky, but herenow. I am trying to destroy the very idea of there and then. My whole vision is of HERE AND NOW because there is no other space than the here, and no other time than the now.
The spiritualists are against me because they think I am making people materialists. And the materialists are against me because they think I am taking people into meditative drunkenness.
The Shankaracharya would not agree with me because he says, "God is true and everything else is false." I cannot agree with him. And Karl Marx will not agree with me because he says, "Religion is the opium of the people," that religion is something utterly false, that there is no God, no spirit, no life except matter, that what you think is your consciousness is an epiphenomenon -- just a by-product. The moment you die everything dies.
I tell you you are born and you will certainly die but something in you was before your birth, and something in you is there which will remain after your death. And that something is life. Life is eternal.

Twenty sannyasins walk into the World Trade Center in New York singing, "Drinking from your wine, Osho, drinking from your wine!"
The front desk receptionist calls for the manager to come quickly. He tells the sannyasins that they must be wearing formal dress to enter so one of the sannyasins goes over to the desk and gets the "Rules of the House." He finds out that priests and people of religious orders do not have the same dress code. He presents this rule to the manager who is thereby forced to allow them entry.

The twenty sannyasins walk into the bar on the one hundred and thirtieth floor still singing, "Drinking from your wine, Osho..." A couple of drinks later, the same sannyasin notices a fat old Texan sitting on the stool next to him. He raps him on the back and they get talking. Fatso happens to import fine scotch whisky into the States. He listens in amazement as this sannyasin tells him that he is a connoisseur and that he knows of a wine that just keeps getting you.higher and higher -- it is made in India and brewed by a Master called Rajneesh.
"Faarrr out!" drawls the Texan, and he calls the bartender and pays for everybody's drinks.
A short time later, twenty sannyasins walk out of the bar, singing, "Drinking from your wine, Osho, drinking from your wine..."

That is my message.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
WE HAVE COME TO KNOW THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT ALL RELIGIONS ARE HUMBUG. HOW CAN YOU SAY THIS? ALL PEOPLE HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BELIEVE IN SOME SPECIFIC RELIGION. EVERYTHING CAN BE GOOD AS WELL AS BAD. SO HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT OTHER RELIGIONS ARE HUMBUG?

Arvind Shah,

I DON'T BELIEVE IN ANYTHING. I am not a believer at all. I need not believe, I know. All the religions are humbug. This is not my belief, it is simply my experience. I can see it -- they are humbug. The whole of human history proves it.

And the moment you say "all the religions" you have already gone astray because there is only one kind of religiousness. There cannot be many. Just as science is one, the scientific approach is one, so is religion, so is the religious approach.

Jesus, Krishna, Buddha, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, they all belong to one kind of religiousness. Of course, they speak different languages -- that is another matter. They are bound to speak different languages. Lao Tzu will speak in Chinese, Jesus will speak in Aramaic, Buddha will speak in Pali, and of course they will use the idiom of their day. But that is the difference of expression. And one should not be deceived by expressions, one should not be deceived by words, because religion has nothing to do with the words. In fact, it is because of the curtain of the words that we cannot see. It covers our eyes, it hinders our insight. Religion is a wordless experience. Hence Christianity, Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism are all false.

Jesus is right, Buddha is right, Krishna is right. But Christianity is not right, cannot be right. In fact, to be a Christian is to settle for something pseudo. You can be a Christ! Then why be a Christian? To be a Christian is just to be a shadow. You can drink from the very source of

existence. Then why go on only talking about it, thinking about it?

A Christian is one who talks about truth and knows nothing about it. A Christ is one who knows about it. It is his experience. The Christian has no experience of his own, he is simply repeating words of Christ. And repeating other's words is a stupid activity. This repetition is called "believing." Remember, religion has nothing to do with believing. The whole foundation of religion is seeing, not believing. Remember, only blind people believe in light. Those who have eyes, they don't believe in light, they KNOW! The moment you know something the necessity for belief disappears.

But the world is full of believers. That means the world is full of blind people. And how have you come to a certain belief? Just a coincidence -- that you were born into a certain family and they started imposing their beliefs upon you. You are a Hindu. You have not chosen to be a Hindu, you have been forced to be a Hindu by your parents, by your society. Or you are a Jew... Or you are a Mohammedan... But you have not chosen it, and religion is not so cheap that anybody else can impose it upon you. It has to be one's individual choice.

Religion has to be chosen out of freedom. It is not a conditioning. Belief is a conditioning. Belief means you have been made afraid that if you don't believe you will be punished. Hence, hell. Those who don't believe, for them is hell. And those who believe? -- for them are all the joys of paradise.

It is the same psychology that pervades the schools, the colleges, the universities, the law courts. They all think that

if you want people to be a certain way, the only possibility is to create fear and to create greed. And how can you be religious if you are full of fear and greed? -- fear of hell and greed for paradise. That is the trick that has been played upon you. You have been cheated and you have been exploited. And you have only been given words -- words which mean nothing to you.

When Buddha says something it has meaning. When Buddhists repeat it they are repeating like parrots. The parrot can repeat a mantra, there is no difficulty in it, you can teach the parrot. And the same methods have to be applied as are applied to you: if he learns the mantra he gets beautiful food; if he does not learn the mantra then he is punished, he has to starve, he is denied food. He is forced to learn. This is what psychologists call conditioning.

And there are people like B.F. Skinner who say that man can be conditioned for any behavior, just give him enough punishment and enough reward and you can manage, you can change anybody's behavior.

Why you are being good? -- not that you really feel like being good. There is a great fear that if you are not good then you will have to suffer for it later on. The whole of humanity is living in fear and greed -- and you call these religions?

Religions are not possible, only a religiousness is possible. Arvind P. Shah, you are too much burdened with words.

You say: WE HAVE COME TO KNOW THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT ALL OTHER RELIGIONS ARE HUMBUG.

You have not even listened to me, you have not even been in communion with me. You have come to know... You have heard it from others who may have heard it from somebody else. That you believe. If you had been here for a few days you would have come to know that I don't believe in anything.
I KNOW! I have eyes, I can see! What is the need for believing? Belief is for those who are not courageous enough to open their eyes. Belief is for those whose religion is formal, who have not experienced anything of life, anything of beauty, anything of joy, anything of love, for whom God is a word, life is a word. They live in words.

"Hey, Paolo, how come-a I no see you 'round no more?"
"I gotta new business now, but I am-a no do so good-a!"
"What's your business?"
"I am a pump!"
"What the hell-a is a pump?"
"I gotta these eight-a girls who work-a for me, and every time they go out-a and make fun-a with a guy, I make-a money!"
"You be a dope! You ain't da pump -- you are a pimp!"
"No wonder business is-a no good-a. In the 'Yellow-a Pages' I am-a listed under 'pump'!"

Beware of words. You are listed as a Hindu, as a Mohammedan, as a Christian... YOU are none of these. Friedrich Nietzsche is right when he says that the first and the last Christian died on the cross twenty centuries ago -- neither before him was there another Christian nor after him. Only Christ is a Christian in the true sense of the

word. He lived and experienced, and whatsoever he said was coming from his innermost core. It was not something borrowed. Everything borrowed is ugly. Beliefs are borrowed, hence they are ugly. And when you live according to borrowed beliefs you create chaos in the world. YOU remain unconscious and you go on talking about the Bible and the Veda and the Gita. And you are repeating all these things in your dreams. You have not understood a single word.

One Sunday morning, a drunkard stumbled into a big building not knowing it was a church. When he entered, the ten o'clock mass was in process -- the organ was playing, a choir was singing and the church was very crowded. The priest was standing in front of the people, swaying a pot filled with smoking incense.
Suddenly a shout was heard from the back of the chapel, "Madam! Hey, Madam! Your bag is on fire!"

You are not in your senses! You don't have any awareness. You are sleepwalkers. Almost the whole of humanity suffers from somnambulism, sleepwalking. And in your sleep the priests have caught hold of you. It is only accidental who was close by and who got hold of you.
If a child who is born into a Hindu family is given to a Christian family from the very beginning, he will never come to know that he is a Hindu. Or do you think he will ever come to know that he is a Hindu? -- he will be a Christian.
So what is your religion? Just whatsoever is forced upon you by others is your religion. Religion basically is

freedom. But your so-called religions are slaveries, they are humbug. And humanity has suffered much because of this nonsense.
I would like more Buddhas but no more Buddhists -- enough is enough.

An Australian country town had an old nunnery at its center. The town was growing up fast all around it and the nuns would stand at the windows and watch the new multi-story building being erected on the other side of the street. Around midday, the lunch siren would go, and the laborers with their bronzed sweaty bodies would come down the scaffolding to the ground floor to have their lunch.
The nuns would watch the blokes sit around in a big circle, get out their lunch boxes and thermos flasks and dive into their lunch.
"Sister, sister, did you notice that the gentlemen did not thank the Lord for their food?" said one nun to the other.
The other replied enthusiastically, "Yes, yes," I did! Perhaps we could mention it to Mother Superior."
So off they go upstairs and relate their tale to the Reverend Mother. After a moment of silence, she says, "Bring me a lunch-box tomorrow -- just the kind the gentlemen use!"
The next day, when the siren sounded, Mother Superior picked up the lunch-box and slipped downstairs and across the street. She sat quietly down next to the men who were noisily hopping into their lunches, then she raised her hands suddenly and said, "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Have you heard of Jesus Christ?"
One of the fellas stopped, pushed back his hat, scratched his head and said, "Hmmm, ah, Christ -- Jesus Christ... Hey

Danny, you heard of a Jesus Christ working here? Well, tell him his mum is here with his lunch!"

Jesus Christ... Twenty centuries have passed. Who cares? Who bothers? You have to live your life. You have to be authentic to yourself. You have to discover your individuality. And all these religions are humbug because they hinder discovering, they hinder exploration. They hinder you from knowing the truth. They hinder in every possible way.

They go on stuffing knowledge in your head, and that knowledge only creates stupidity. Pundits are the most stupid people in the world because they are parrots. And there are so many simple people who even start trying to live according to the teachings that have been given to them by others, who start trying to live... they create a mess of their life. Then life becomes unnecessarily repressive because you are not a Mahavira, and you are not a Buddha, and you are not a Krishna.

Just try to be a Krishna. Stand in the street, Arvind P. Shah, playing on a flute, and immediately the police will catch hold of you. You cannot repeat Krishna. You have to be only yourself. Nobody is capable of repeating anybody else. There is no need either. It creates repression. You repress your individuality and you start acting like somebody else, and you are NOT that somebody else so your life becomes a hypocrisy. Hence I call all these religions humbug.

Chandulal got an out-of-town construction job, and asked his guru, Swami Dharamdas Brahmachari to check up on his wife to see that she did not fool around with anybody. Of course, he argued within himself that his guru Swami Dharamdas Brahmachari is a celibate, so his wife is in the right hands, there is no fear.

If he had asked me I would have said, give the control of your wife to anybody else. Anybody else will be far better than this so-called celibate.

Six months later he returned and found his spouse and his guru in bed doing the very same thing he had tried to prevent. He called his wife every name in the book, and then threatened divorce.
"And as for you, you dirty dog!" Chandulal shouted at his guru, "could not you at least stop while I am talking to you?"

Repression sooner or later explodes. You are sitting on a volcano.

Arvind P. Shah, you say: WE HAVE COME TO KNOW THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT ALL OTHER RELIGIONS ARE HUMBUG.

They are.

HOW CAN YOU SAY THIS?

Because I know it.

You ask: ALL PEOPLE HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BELIEVE IN SOME SPECIFIC RELIGION.

There is no specific religion. There is only a religiousness. And nobody has the right to believe! Everybody has the right to KNOW.

You say: EVERYTHING CAN BE GOOD AS WELL AS BAD.

No. If you know then the right is right and the wrong is wrong. Then the white is white and black is black. If you don't know, then of course you are in a confusion.

You ask: SO HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT OTHER RELIGIONS ARE HUMBUG?

What can I do? If they are humbug they are humbug. I am simply stating a fact.
To me, it is a truth which has to be said. And the time for it has come.

The third question

Question 3
OSHO, MY WIFE HAS BECOME A BRAHMA KUMARI OF THE RAJ YOGIS OF PREJAPITA BRAHMA IN MOUNT ABU. IT IS HARD FOR ME TO ACCEPT HER WAY, ESPECIALLY HER IDEAL OF PURITY AND HER BELIEVING IN SUCH THINGS AS

THE FIVE THOUSAND YEAR CYCLE OF MANKIND WHICH WILL END IN ABOUT 1987 IN A BIG ATOMIC WAR AND NATURAL CATASTROPHES TO START A NEW GOLDEN AGE. WHAT CAN I DO?

Prem Hari,

YOU NEED NOT do anything. Let her have her own way. You can see the nonsense that she is falling into, but that is her freedom, and one learns only by experience. If you try to pull her out she will not be able to live her experience totally.

In the first place it will be almost impossible for you to pull her out because mind functions in a very different way. Your very effort will push her deeper into the mire. And a husband particularly is the last person to transform a wife or convert a wife -- impossible. Wives can convert husbands very easily, but husbands have never been known to convert wives.

A wife can nag you -- she knows the art, that is part of her femininess. She will torture you in such subtle ways that finally you have to give in. It is very difficult to find a husband who is not henpecked. All husbands are bound to be henpecked. If somebody is not henpecked that simply means that he is not a husband. He may be somebody else but he is not a husband. And every husband knows it and every wife knows it. But wives are very clever. They go on giving the sense to the husband that he is the master, and deep down they know who is the master, so what is wrong in it, let him pretend. So he can go and walk in the streets and in the factories and in the offices as if he is the master!

The wife gives him enough rope. But remember, it is a rope and the wife keeps the other end in her hand. Enough rope she gives -- go on pretending -- but she is the real master. So if your wife was trying to get you out of the hold of these so-called Prejapita brahma and their brahma kumaris then it would have been very easy. But it will be almost impossible for you.
And I think it is a good chance to get rid of her. Don't miss the opportunity. People are so foolish. When opportunity knocks on the door they complain about the noise!

A Jewish comedian telling jokes about women: "Now take my wife, for instance... please!!!"

It is such a good opportunity, such a golden opportunity for you. You are out of the mousetrap. Why do you want to get into the mousetrap again? Let her do her own thing. She will learn by bitter experience. I know these fools because I have been visiting Mount Abu for almost twenty years. India has given birth to two of the most stupid religious movements. One is Hare Krishna -- that has become worldwide. The other is these Brahma Kumaris, it has not reached the whole world, it has remained confined to India. They talk utter nonsense, and they talk with authority. And they go on saying everything. This date that you mention that in 1987 this world will end... This date has changed many times in thirty years, and it will change again. But fools are fools. '87 is not far away, only seven years. And you will see that in '87 it will become something else -- '97 or 2000 will be exact, the right time. It goes on, it goes on changing. And people are so foolish, they go on believing.

The world is not going to end in any atomic war for the simple reason... not that humanity has become non-violent, not that it has heard the message of Buddha and Mahavira and has dropped all violence, no. It has come to a point where total war is possible. Strange it is, what Buddha and Mahavira could not do Albert Einstein has been able to do. The discovery of atomic energy on one hand has been one of the most dangerous discoveries because two cities, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, were destroyed within minutes. One hundred thousand people in Hiroshima were reduced to nothingness within three minutes. But on the other hand, the discovery of atomic energy is going to change the whole future of humanity because it has made it possible to go into a total war.

All the wars in the past -- and they have been many... In three thousand years we have fought five thousand wars. But they were partial wars. Even the First World War and the Second World War should not be called World Wars because the whole world was not really involved. A major part was involved but not the whole. The Third World War will be the first and the last World War, first and last both because it will be total destruction. Nobody can win it -- that is one of the greatest blessings -- that nobody can win it, neither Russia nor America. The difference between the victor and the defeated will be a difference of only ten minutes at the most because if America attacks Russia first then it will take ten minutes for Russia to attack America. Just ten minutes! Or vice versa. And we have so many atom bombs and hydrogen bombs available that the whole of humanity can be destroyed seven hundred times. In fact, a person simply dies on the first attempt. There is no need to

kill a person seven hundred times. But politicians are very calculative: in case some body survives they have made it in such a way that there is no possibility to survive. Not only men but trees and birds and insects, and all the amoebas you are suffering from. All will be destroyed.
In fact before the Third World War you cannot be free of amoebas! Amoebas are the longest-living beings. An amoeba can live at least one hundred thousand years. They are immortals, gods. And their reproduction system is really aesthetic. Man's reproductive system is very ugly compared to the amoebas.
Amoebas are brahmacharis, celibates, absolute celibates. There are not females and males, remember. The way the amoeba reproduces itself is a very different one. The amoeba simply goes on becoming fatter and fatter and fatter, and then it splits in two; then there are two amoebas. Both are fathers, both are sons. And then they go on, start eating and becoming fatter and fatter, and a moment comes when they split into four. This is a beautiful way to reproduce.
Just think of a man doing pushups on a woman. What nonsense! Amoebas must be laughing! What are you doing?
I have heard a story.

The first human couple reached Mars. And of course they were interested to know how the Martians reproduce. So they asked the first Martian couple they met, "How do
They said, "It is very simple." They invited the couple into their home. They opened the freezer and brought out two bottles of some strange chemicals. In a jar they mixed those

chemicals in the same proportions. They put the jar back into the freezer And they said, "After nine months we will have a baby."
The human couple was very much puzzled. "What kind of reproduction is this?"
Then they asked, "And how do YOU reproduce?" And so they started making love. And while the man was doing pushups on the woman -- because they were Christian and they knew only the missionary posture... that is the missionary posture, the Christian posture. Those two Martians, the Martian couple, started laughing. They laughed so much that tears came to their eyes. And of course the human couple was feeling very awkward.
When they were finished they asked, "Why you are laughing?"
They said, "This is the way we make coffee!"

Amoebas must be laughing at you and all the tantrikas and all the tantra methods, and amoebas must be laughing at the whole nonsense. Nonsense in the sense that they have a very simple method. No sex is involved at all. They are non-sexual beings. In fact they are the only eligible beings to enter into paradise.
Your wife has gone into some stupid ideology. It is good riddance. Forget her. She will come to her senses if you don't try to force her. And the world is not going to end, because everybody is aware that now war has become meaningless. The whole meaning of war is in getting victorious. Now nobody can be the victor. The days of war are over, the days of love are coming. And this world is not

going to end, but certainly it is going to go through a tremendous change, a radical transformation.
I am preparing you for that radical transformation. I want you to be the future of humanity.
And of course, you are worried about her ideal of purity. Indians have very strange ideas about purity. They have suffered much because of that. The whole country lives with such deep suppression, with such deep unnaturalness that everybody is miserable, everybody is sad and serious. Just the other day three Indians came to visit; they had come from one of our friends, so Sheela received them as guests. And they were very rich people, belonging to the topmost, richest society of Bombay. One of them asked Sheela, "We have heard many things about free sex here. This is against spirituality, this is against religion" and all kinds of things. And then one of them asked, "Why don't we see many Indians here?"
Sheela said, "First you go... because you have come to see the ashram... first you have a look around the ashram. You will have a better perspective, and then we can sit and talk."

And the same man, do you know what he did? In the fashion department -- Padma was alone -- he grabbed her breasts. The same man who was asking why there are so few Indians.
Then Sheela told him, "Now, you know" -- he was caught red-handed -- "why there are so few Indians. We have to throw them out. Now we have to throw you out." We would have given you a good beating and handed you over to the police, but because you have come from a friend, a

well-wisher of our commune, we will not do anything to you. We'll just throw you out."

Now a rich person, well-educated, behaves in such a way and thinks himself spiritual. Indians have a strange idea of spirituality. Their whole mind is sexual and they talk of purity in the sense of no sexuality -- to drop sexuality is to be pure. Then only amoebas are pure.

You cannot be pure because you are born out of sexuality in the first place. How can you be pure? You cannot change your birth, it has already happened. You came out of your mother and father's sexuality. Half the cells of your body belong to your father, and half the cells belong to your mother. They are sexual, those cells are sexual. Hence each man carries within him a woman -- his mother. And each woman carries a man within her -- her father. And now psychologists have come to a certain insight into it.

You will fall in love many times but every time you will feel frustrated for the simple reason that deep down the cells of your mother are projecting a chemistry in you which can be fulfilled only if you can find a replica of your mother in your beloved. And that is impossible. Where will you find your mother as your beloved? Or where are you going to find your father as your lover? Hence ALL love affairs are bound to fail. They can only be temporary affairs, no love affair can be permanent. Stable it can be. Stable only because of security, convenience. But no love affair can be really fulfilling for the simple reason, a basic reason, that each man is trying to find his mother in the woman he loves. And of course that woman is totally different. She comes from a different sexual source: her father was different, her mother was different.

You fall in love with a woman who has something similar to your mother -- maybe the color of the hair, maybe her eyes, maybe her nose, maybe her shape.

Just a few days ago, Vivek brought to me a picture of Krishna Prem's mother. It was amazing! The mother looks exactly like Vasumati, exactly like Vasumati -- the nose, the face. And Krishna Prem has been gay for many years, and suddenly seeing Vasumati his gayness has disappeared. He has fallen in love with a woman. And he has not even been consciously aware of his mother's existence because his mother died very early. I think he was only two months old or something when his mother died, so he does not remember. But the chemistry remembers.

Each cell has its own memory. Falling in love with Vasumati, here in the ocean of so many women, just finding Vasumati is strange -- and that too for a person who has remained gay for many many years. In fact, it was one of his problems. He was asking again and again, "How can I get rid of my homosexuality?" And suddenly the meeting with Vasumati and the homosexuality disappeared. He has found something similar.

But it can be only similar; hence when they asked, "Can we live together?" I said, "Beware. If you live together then the relationship will be very short-lived. If you remain aloof and meet only once in a while, then your relationship can be prolonged, can be far more enriching." And they understood it. They both understood it, which is rare. Because when you are in love you are crazy, you don' t understand anything. You go cuckoo . But they both understood. They both proved that they can see things clearly. They remain separate. Only once in a while -- two,

three times a week they meet. Now this can be a lifelong relationship... unless I disturb it!
So, Prem Hari, it is good. Thank these Brahma Kumaris of Mount Abu -- they have been of tremendous help to you.

Abe died of a massive heart attack. His wife, Rose, followed Abe's instructions and had him cremated. She insisted on taking the ashes home to their small apartment in Brooklyn, and had the following conversation:
"Abe, remember the Cadillac you promised me? Well, here are the keys.
"Abe, remember the trip to Europe you promised me? Well, here is the ticket.
"Abe, remember the condo in Miami Beach you promised me? Well, here are the keys.
"Abe, remember that blow job you always wanted? Well, here it is!" (And she blows the ashes..... "phooow! ")

What else can you expect from a wife?
Don't be bothered at all. Let her try her own way; and everybody has the freedom to do whatsoever he likes, she likes. Don't interfere. You be on your path and let her seek her own path. She will come sooner or later because nobody is so foolish as to remain trapped into something ridiculous. But it helps many people at least to get rid of their absurd ideas.
In this world everything has a purpose. There are so many fools -- that's why there are so many foolish philosophies. Wherever there is a demand there is going to be a supply. So your wife must have needed something like that.

And it is not time for her to come to me. Let her wander around.

There is a famous Sufi story: a man went in search of a Master. He was ready to go around the world, but he was determined to find the Master, the true Master, the Perfect Master.
Outside his village he met an old man, a nice fellow, sitting under a tree. He asked the old man, "Have you ever heard in your long life -- you look like a wanderer..."
He said, "Yes, I am a wanderer. I wandered all over the earth."
The man said, "That is the right kind of person. Can you suggest to me where I should go? I want to be a disciple of a Perfect Master."
The old man suggested a few addresses to him, and the young man thanked him and went on.
After thirty years of wandering around the earth and finding nobody who was exactly fulfilling his expectations, he came back dejected, depressed. the moment he was entering his village he saw the old man who had become very old now, sitting under the tree. And suddenly he recognized that he is the Master! He fell at his feet and he said, "Why didn't you say it to me, that you are the Master?"
The old man said, "But that was not time for you. You could not recognize me. You needed some experience. Wandering around the earth has given you a certain maturity, a certain understanding. Now you can see. Last time you had met me, but you had not seen me. You had missed. You were asking me about some Master. That was

enough proof that you could not see me, you could not feel my presence, you could not smell the fragrance. You were utterly blind; hence I gave you some bogus addresses so you could go. But even to be with wrong people is good, because that is how one learns. Fol thirty years I have been waiting for you here, I have not left this tree."
In fact the young man, who was not young anymore, looked at the tree and was even more surprised. Because in his dreams, in his visions he was always seeing that tree and there was always a feeling that he would find The Master sitting under this tree. Last time he had not seen the tree at all. The tree was there, the Master was there, EVERYthing was ready but HE was not ready.

Prem Hari, let her wander, let her search. Don't try to pull her here, otherwise she will even distract you. You have come home. Drink as much wine as you can out of me. Maybe your transformation will help her too.
These are not things which can be proved or argued about. And never argue with a woman, because you will always be defeated because she does not argue logically. She simply jumps from one conclusion to another while the man follows the hard way -- he completes the whole process of arguments. That's why it is almost impossible between husband and wife to come to any conclusion.

Mulla Nasruddin was saying to me, "I have never argued with my wife in my whole life."
I said, "How did you manage it?"
He said, "The day we got married we decided that every non-essential thing" -- remember DESIDERATA -- "every

non-essential thing she has to decide. And I will decide only the essential ones. And we have remained true to our contract."
I said, "What are the non-essential things?"
He said, "Almost everything."
"And what are the essential things?"
He said, "For example: whether God exists or not whether Jimmy Carter should be chosen again or not whether communism is the right thing or not. How many hells are there? -- one or seven. All the essential things I decide. And everything else... what type of car to purchase, what kind of food to eat, what kind of restaurant to go to, what kind of movie to see, where the children are to be sent -- which school, which hostel... Almost everything is a non-essential thing. It covers everything except the most essential. That I decide. And there is no argument, there is no question of argument."

I think that is great wisdom. If every husband and wife divided..."You decide the non-essential and I will decide the essential" -- because ANYWAY the wife is going to decide it, so why bother?
Leave her alone. You be transformed. Maybe seeing the transformation in you, seeing your blessing and benediction, she may be transformed. She may be converted. That is the only possibility. But not by dragging her, not by pulling her out, but helping her to be herself. Tell her, "You are completely free." Don't make her feel guilty. That is ugly and irreligious.

The fourth question

Question 4
OSHO,
WHY DO YOU CALL MORAJI DESAI A POLACK?

Sangit,

IT IS VERY RARE in life to come across perfection, but Morarji Desai is a perfect Polack. It is a rare phenomenon. Perfection is not easy.
I call him a perfect Polack because that's how he thinks. He thinks only in words; he has no experience, no experience about the ultimate. But he talks about it. Only a Polack can do that.
Just the other day I read this statement. He said he had one ambition to be fulfilled: to know God and attain the heights of truth. "I have not acquired the truth in totality yet," he said, "nor had Mahatma Gandhi."
Now these words are enough to prove what I mean by his being a perfect Polack.
In the first place any ambition is a barrier. Ambition for truth is a contradiction in terms. He is a politician and all politicians are Polacks. He is a politician, he knows only the language of ambition. He knows no other language. And the ambitious person suffers from an inferiority complex, otherwise he will not be ambitious. He knows perfectly well that he is mediocre, that he is stupid. Just to hide the fact of his stupidity he tries to create some status, some outside status. He wants to become the president, the prime minister -- that was his whole lifelong ambition to be the prime minister. The day he became prime minister, he

said immediately, "This is one of my ambitions which is fulfilled. Now only one more is left, and that is God-realization. I want to know truth. That is now my only ambition."

It is okay if you are ambitious to be a president or a prime minister, but one cannot be ambitious about knowing truth. That is a contradiction in terms.

Truth is known only when all ambitions have been dropped -- the ambition for truth is included in it. When all ambitions and all desires have been dropped, suddenly truth is available. Truth is not somewhere far away that you have to reach to it, it is not a goal. It is already a given fact. It already exists in you. You can be ambitious for money, for power, for prestige, but you cannot be ambitious for truth. If you are ambitious for truth that means you are trying to find, search, seek -- and truth is inside you. It IS NOT to be sought because it is in the seeker himself. The moment all your outer seeking stops, the moment you have understood the futility of desire, the futility of ambition... In that state of non-ambitiousness, desirelessness, truth is revealed. And it is not revealed as something objective. It is your own interiority, it is your subjectivity.

Soren Kierkegaard says, "Truth is subjectivity" and he is right. Jesus says, "The kingdom of God is within you." The same thing expressed in a different way. Buddha says, "There is no God. There is no self to be sought, just go in, turn in -- a one-hundred-eighty degree turn -- and you will be surprised. The thing that you have been searching for for lives has always been inside you." God is hiding within you. He is not in the Himalayas.

Now to say that "I am ambitious... the only ambition to be fulfilled now is to know the truth" is to live in just words. He knows the word "ambition," he knows the word "truth." But he has not experienced any meditativeness. If he had experienced even a drop of the nectar of meditation, he would have dropped the word ambition, it would have been impossible to use that word. That word is ugly.
And then he says, " I want to know God" -- as if God is a person, as if God is something objective that you can know. There is no God to be known in that way. It is not a question of encountering God. You will not meet him somewhere. God is the name of absolute silence, the name of profound peace, a name -- just a name -- for overflowing love and bliss. God is nothing but godliness.
H.G. Wells says Gautam the Buddha was the most godless person and yet the most godly. H. G. Wells has a great insight there worth meditating upon: the most godless and the most godly.
All godly people have been godless. They have to be -- AES DHAMMO SANANTANO -- because this is the ultimate law. When you know, you know there is no God. Your very knowing, your awareness, your consciousness, is all that is.
But people who live in words go on talking about these things unconsciously.

One hundred Italian soldiers had only ninety-nine rifles with bayonets. Their sergeant said, "Everybody rush up the hill. You, Luigi, without a rifle, you just say, 'Bang, bang -- stick, stick.' "

They charged up the hill. Luigi came face to face with a six-and-a-half-foot-tall Polack.
Luigi shouted, "Bang, bang -- stick, stick."
The Polack said, "Tank, tank!"

This is how theologians go on talking: God-God, Self-Self, Truth-Truth! But there is nothing else.

"Why are you huffing and puffing, Zbigniew?"
"I have been on the slippery slide."
"Why should you be out of breath from sliding down the slide?"
"Ah, DOWN?"

He was trying to go up. That's what ambition is. Ambition means going up, and non-ambition means slipping down into a state of nothingness.

Pulpushki showed up one morning at work with a big smile on his face.
"Why you so happy?" asked a co-worker.
"Thursday I find wife in bed with the electric meter reader!" explained the Polack. "Friday, I catch her taking samples from a salesman on the living room sofa. Saturday morning, the milkman do business with her on kitchen table. But I fix them all. No one get last laugh on Pulpushki. I just phone Good Will and tell them to take up the furniture... the whole furniture of the house!"

Morarji Desai is a Polack, and a perfect Polack.

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Be Yourself
3 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

"BE YOURSELF.
ESPECIALLY DO NOT FEIGN AFFECTION. NEITHER BE CYNICAL ABOUT LOVE; FOR IN THE FACE OF ALL ARIDITY AND DISENCHANTMENT, IT IS AS PERENNIAL AS THE GRASS.
"TAKE KINDLY THE COUNSEL OF THE YEARS, GRACEFULLY SURRENDERING THE THINGS OF YOUTH.
"NURTURE STRENGTH OF SPIRIT TO SHIELD YOU IN SUDDEN MISFORTUNE. BUT DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF WITH DARK IMAGININGS. MANY FEARS ARE BORN OF FATIGUE AND LONELINESS."

These two words are enough to transform the whole of humanity; they can give birth to a new man. They are immensely pregnant with meaning. The past of humanity has been a constant effort not to be yourself, hitherto we have been told by the priests and the politicians and the pedagogues to be somebody else. "Be a Christ," they say, and the people who are trying to be a Christ are the Christians. "Be a Buddha," they say, and the people who are trying to be a Buddha are the Buddhists. No other Christ has yet happened, neither has a Buddha, and it is not going to happen ever. It is not in the nature of things.

History repeats, existence repeats never. History repeats itself because history is constituted of the unconscious humanity. Existence never repeats itself because existence is nothing but godliness, creativity. Creativity is non-repetitive, consciousness is non-repetitive.

Unconsciousness is bound to repeat, it moves in a circle: it goes round and round in the same circle, it becomes more and more efficient in doing the same thing again and again. And the more efficient it becomes, the more difficult it is to go beyond the known.

The creative person is always leaving the known behind and moving into the unknown. To repeat somebody else is nothing but pretending, cheating, deceiving. It is beautiful to know Christ, it is beautiful to love Buddha, it is beautiful to understand Lao Tzu, but it is ugly, humiliating to repeat them, to be imitators.

But for centuries man has been conditioned to be somebody else. There are vested interests against you being yourself. The vested interests want you never to be yourself because they are afraid of anything new; everything new seems to be a danger to them. They are at ease with the old, hence they say, "All that is old is gold." The older it is the better. Hindus say, "Our scriptures are the oldest, hence the best." They go on trying to prove that their scriptures their Vedas are far older than the historians recognize. The scientific historian concludes that they are not more than five thousand years old, but the Hindu chauvinist believes they are at least ninety thousand years old. That is "at least"; it is possible they may be older than that.

Why this effort to prove that "Our religion is the oldest"? -- because the old is more valuable, has been more valuable in

the past. The new has been condemned because the new cannot be absorbed by the establishment.

Jesus is dangerous to the Jews because they lived a certain pattern of life, following Moses, repeating Moses, trying to be carbon copies of the prophets of the Old Testament. And here comes this man Jesus who starts saying things which go against the tradition, convention.

The Old Testament says that "tit for tat" is the most fundamental law. If somebody throws a brick at you, reply by throwing a rock at him. If somebody takes one of your eyes, take both the eyes of that man... murder for murder, violence for violence. And Jesus says, "If somebody hits you on one cheek, give him the other cheek too because God is love." But the Old Testament God is not love. God himself declares, "I am a very jealous God." Now jealousy can never be love; it is impossible for jealousy to be loving. The Old Testament God says, "Remember, I am not nice, I am not your uncle. Beware, I am a very jealous God! If you worship somebody else, some other God, then be ready to be punished -- punished for eternity. "

And Jesus says, "Love your enemies just as you love yourself." Jesus brings a new horizon with him. Every awakened Master brings a new light, a new universe, a new perspective -- and that is the trouble. Otherwise Jesus was not a troublemaker at all -- a simple, innocent man.

Why did the Jews want him to be crucified? He was shaking their foundations, their very foundations. They had lived according to a certain ideology, and this man's presence was proof enough that they were wrong. He was talking about higher values, higher truths. The whole establishment was shaken up.

The Jews were slaves, they were dominated by the Romans. and the Romans and the Jews both conspired to kill Jesus. It was not only the Jews, remember: fifty percent of the crime was committed by the Jews in the case of Jesus' crucifixion and fifty percent was committed by the Romans -- because the Romans were politically powerful, and the Jews, of course, had the religious tradition. The priests and the politicians both conspired. They were enemies in a way, because the Roman conquerors were not friendly with the conquered and the conquered were not friendly with the conquerors, but as far as Jesus was concerned both agreed that this man had to be destroyed -- because he was cutting the very roots of both establishments, the religious and the political.

But now Jesus is imitated, and a strange irony has occurred: that he was killed by the Romans, who are now Italians -- and now the Vatican has become their headquarters. Strange, but in a way significant, in a way not just accidental. Once Jesus himself was absorbed by the establishment, then there was no problem; he started functioning just like Moses. Before him it was said, "Be like Moses"; now they started saying, "Be like Jesus." Now Christianity was itself a part of the vested interests. The SAME people who had killed Jesus started worshipping him!

And it has been happening almost all over the world. It happened with Mahavira, it happened with Buddha, it happened with Lao Tzu, it happened with Nanak, it happened with Mohammed -- the SAME people. They are not different people -- the SAME unconscious humanity....

One thing can be concluded: the unconscious humanity always worships the established structure, because it is familiar with it. And a man like Jesus or Buddha or Krishna is a stranger. He does not belong to the common, he does not belong to the unconscious; he comes as if from another world. He speaks a different language, he brings new messages. And the masses are afraid to go into the unknown, into the unexperienced. They cling to the old, to the past, to the dead. They worship the dead and they destroy the living.

To perpetuate this stupid ideology everybody is told to be somebody else. That helps the establishment tremendously, for two reasons. First: by trying to be somebody else your life will be a mess because you can never be somebody else -- that is impossible -- you can only be yourself. So trying to be somebody else you are distracted from your authentic being; your energies will be wasted. You will be in a constant conflict with yourself; you will be in a civil war. Your mind will represent the past and your heart will go on saying, "Be yourself." But the mind makes so much noise that you cannot hear the heart. You will be split, you will be schizophrenic: one part moving in one direction and the other part moving in the opposite direction. You will be always in a kind of tug-of-war. Your life will be of tension, anxiety, anguish.

And a man who lives in anguish can be easily enslaved, because his energies are always wasted. He has no more energy to be rebellious. To be rebellious one needs energy, one needs to be a reservoir of energy. In fact, overflowing energy is needed to be a rebel because you will be fighting against the millions; you will be fighting against a long

long tradition. You will be fighting many many vested interests, and they are powerful people -- the rich, the religious, the political, those who are dominating the society and exploiting it, they are bound to be powerful. And you will be powerless, so powerless that you cannot even raise your head. You cannot say no; you cannot assert yourself.

So on the one hand this is a very subtle psychological strategy to destroy your energy. It is just like this: watch a bull -- he has energy. YOU cannot use the bull in a bullock-cart; it is dangerous. If you use two bulls in a bullock-cart it is very dangerous. First it will be almost impossible to keep them on the road, they will be so powerful. They can run into the fields -- if they see some cow, a beautiful cow, they will forget all about you and your cart, and everything will go upside-down! First the bulls have to be castrated. Once a bull is castrated he is no more the same animal; the ox is a faraway echo of the bull. He is weak, his energies have been destroyed. Now he can be enslaved; it is so easy.

And to castrate human beings this strategy has been used: your parents say to you, your teachers say to you, everybody around you goes on saying to you: "Be a Buddha, be a Krishna, be a Jesus, be a Zarathustra, " but never, "Be yourself." This is a psychological castration: they create guilt in you -- if you are yourself you will feel guilty. And you can never be the person you are trying to be, but in the effort energy is wasted and their purpose is fulfilled. And your life will be a life of misery, because you can feel joy only if you are yourself.

The rose is beautiful dancing in the wind, in the sun, in the rain, because it has not wasted itself in trying to be a lotus.

The lotus is beautiful for the same reason. The marigold is beautiful, all the flowers are beautiful, for the simple reason that they are just themselves. Think of a rose trying to be a lotus. Sooner or later it will end up in a psychoanalyst's office! It will drive itself crazy. It will go nuts! And in trying to be a lotus its whole energy will be wasted, and it will not even be possible for it to be a rose, or if it becomes possible at all then it will be a very poor rose with no color, with no perfume, with no dance, with no song.

You can see it everywhere. People are looking so sad, so burdened, as if they are carrying mountains on their shoulders. And they ARE carrying a psychological weight; they have been burdened, they have been knowingly burdened.

And if a child is continuously told that he is not to be himself, that he is worthless... The parents say, "I will love you only if you behave in a certain way." That is, according to them, according to their idea. The child has to survive, hence he has to listen to the parents. All children are beautiful like roses -- small children, before the age of three, they are beautiful. You can see their joy overflowing; they are flooded with energy. You cannot compete with a child as far as energy is concerned.

In an American university they did an experiment. They told a great wrestler, a man of immense power, that he had to follow a small child and do whatsoever the child did. "If the child jumps, you jump; if the child runs, you run; if the child starts rolling on the ground, you roll on the ground. Do whatsoever the child does. If the child screams, you scream; if the child giggles, you giggle. You just imitate the child."

Within three hours he was flat on the ground! He said, "I cannot continue. This child will drive me crazy!"
And the child enjoyed the whole thing, because seeing that a grown-up person was imitating him he did many things that he had never done before. He stood on his head; he did... so many things he invented just to see whether this man could do it or not. After three hours the child was as energy-full as before and he said, "Are you finished? What happened?"
You cannot follow a child; he has overflowing energy. But we start curbing, cutting chunk by chunk. We start creating a small prison around the child -- a psychological prison, of course. Slowly slowly the child shrinks, becomes more and more encaged. By the time he comes out of the university he is stupid, mediocre, with no energy, with all kinds of foolish ideologies -- full of bullshit. And all that he was is lost. Now he is just an imitator, a carbon copy.

THE DESIDERATA has a great message: BE YOURSELF. And this has been the message of all the enlightened ones. Buddha says: Be a light unto yourself. That was his last statement. Dying, on the deathbed, he opened his eyes and gave his last message to humanity: Be a light unto yourself... don't imitate anybody.
So on the one hand imitation makes you weak, on the other hand it makes you miserable. Weak and miserable: that's what the vested interests want you to be. And they have found such a beautiful trick that unless you are very intelligent you are bound to be trapped, because who would not like to be a Jesus? The idea fascinates. Who would not like to be a Buddha? It hypnotizes. Buddha is beauty --

pure beauty, pure grace. Who would not like to be a Buddha?

Hence the child cannot say to the parents or to the teachers, "You are wrong." It appeals even to HIS reason it feels reasonable, sensible. And it does one tremendous harm: it makes you HATE yourself. You cannot love yourself. And the more you fail in being the other, the more you hate yourself.

I have observed thousands of people, I have been working on thousands of people continuously, and my own observation is that rarely do I come across a person who loves himself.

Jesus says: Love your enemies as you love yourself... and you would think that it is a very difficult thing to love your enemies. No, it is not. The real difficulty is to love YOURSELF You can love your enemies, that is not that difficult at all. The real difficulty is to love yourself, to respect yourself, to accept yourself as you are, unconditionally. And that is the beginning of the revolution, the beginning of the transformation.

My whole teaching can be condensed into these two words: BE YOURSELF:

Just the other day I quoted Morarji Desai as saying that he had only one ambition to be fulfilled: to know God and attain the heights of truth. What harm has God done to Morarji Desai? Why should he be after God? Is it not enough to know oneself? Does one have to know God? Why? For what? And what are you going to do even if you know God? -- you will be as foolish as you are. Even if you come across God, what are you going to do? You will say,

"Hello, how are you? The weather is fine!" What else? What are you really going to do?
And by knowing God you will not be knowing yourself. And an ignorant person who does not know himself, how can he know God?
The authentic seeker has nothing to do with God; he wants to know himself. That is the MOST fundamental thing -- to know oneself -- because out of that, all knowing, all light arises. If one knows oneself one will know God too. In fact, only by knowing oneself does one become capable of knowing the ultimate, because at the very core of your being the ultimate ss present. But religions say: Know God! Try to realize God! That is again a strategy, the same strategy to distract you from yourself.
And these people like Morarji Desai think they are religious; they are not religious at all. The religious person has only one longing... and remember, it is not an ambition, it is a longing. And there is a difference, a tremendous difference, between ambition and longing. Ambition is of the mind, longing is of the heart. They belong to different centers.
When you fall in love with somebody it is not an ambition. You feel the pain in the heart, not in the head. You don't have a headache! I have never heard of anybody falling in love who feels a headache, but the heartache certainly everybody has felt who has fallen in love. Heartache -- and that is a totally different phenomenon. Whenever you talk about love you don't put your hand on the head, you put your hand on the heart. Your body knows better than you where exactly the center is. The heart longs, thirsts, yearns, but there is no ambition.

Morarji Desai is a poor politician; he knows only the language of ambition. Now he has fulfilled his one ambition of being the Prime Minister of India; there is no higher post in India than that of Prime Minister. Now that he has been a Prime Minister the only ambition the political mind can have is to know God.

It is very strange. In the first place, how do you know that God exists? If you have not known God yet, how can you start being ambitious for God? One thing is absolutely certain, indubitably certain, that "I exist." You cannot deny yourself, because even your denial will prove that you are. There are a few things which cannot be denied. For example, you are in your house and somebody asks, "Are you in?" You cannot say, "I am not." If you say, "I am not," that is enough proof that you are in. If you are lying down with closed eyes and somebody asks, "Are you awake?" and you say, "I am not, I am fast asleep," that's enough proof that you are awake, you are not asleep. There are a few things which cannot be denied because even the denial proves its opposite.

One of the great Western philosophers, Descartes, worked for years to find something which is indubitable, which cannot be doubted. Only a thing which cannot be doubted can be the foundation of a valid philosophy, and ultimately he decided, "I am the only thing that cannot be denied, that cannot be doubted, because even to doubt it is to prove it." And that has been the teaching of Socrates, Buddha, the DESIDERATA.... Socrates says: Know thyself. It is the same: be thyself or know thyself -- because knowing who you are will help you to be yourself, or trying to be yourself will help you to know who you are.

Ramana Maharshi, one of the greatest Masters who have lived in this age, used to say to his disciples, "I teach you only one mantra: Who am I? Go deep into it: Who am I? -- not only repeating it but being in the FEEL of it. Let it become an existential question, not just words, Let your whole being become the question mark. WHO AM I? Let it penetrate you like an arrow."

Once you have known yourself, all is known. And to know all is to know God. God is not a person that you have to come across: God is a quality. But to experience that quality, the first, basic thing needed is self-knowledge.

Morarji Desai also says, "I want to attain the heights of truth." The same political language, the same political mind: "heights of truth." The desire is to be higher than everybody else, and something unconscious has also come into it. He says, "I have not acquired the truth in totality yet, nor did Mahatma Gandhi."

The first thing is: truth cannot be divided into parts. You don't acquire truth in installments; truth is not acquired in degrees. Either you know or you don't know. You cannot say, "I know only a little bit of truth." That is impossible. It is as impossible as saying that an are is a little bit of a circle. A circle means the whole; if it is not a perfect circle it is not a circle at all.

Truth is indivisible; you cannot have it in parts, by and by. Hence the realization of truth is sudden, not gradual. It is not that first you acquire one kilo of truth and then another kilo of truth, and so on and so forth. Either you have it or you don't have it. It is a radical transformation. It is a mutation.

It is just like either you are alive or dead. You cannot say, "I am just a little bit alive." That is not possible. Even if you are a little bit alive you are fully alive -- you are alive. He says, "I have not attained truth in its totality." Truth is always total. And suddenly he brings Mahatma Gandhi in; that is something unconscious erupting: "... nor had Mahatma Gandhi." Because that is his ultimate desire: to be like Mahatma Gandhi. The whole effort of his whole life has been to be like Mahatma Gandhi. So suddenly he remembers that there is no need to be worried -- Mahatma Gandhi did not acquire truth in its totality either. He wants to be another mahatma.

Mahatma Gandhi was wrong in saying that he had not attained truth in its totality; he was on the wrong track himself. He was also trying to be like Krishna. He said, "Srimad Bhagavad Gita is my mother." He wanted to be like Krishna, but he failed -- everybody has to fail in such efforts -- and he was frustrated, deeply frustrated because of it. His whole life he was trying to become perfect, but the idea is always of somebody else.

Once he had even contemplated becoming a Christian because Christ attracted him very much and he wanted to be a Christ. He was reading Tolstoy and Ruskin and Thoreau, and they were all great Christians -- but Christians, remember -- and they impressed him very much. And he started contemplating whether to become a Christian or not.

He was born in Gujarat, which is very much influenced by Jaina philosophy. Even the Hindus of Gujarat are almost Jainas. And from his very childhood he had seen Jaina monks and he was very much impressed by the Jaina

monks and their idea of non-violence. He wanted to become a Mahavira -- but it is always somebody else.
Then he came in contact with a Jaina scholar, Srimat Rajchandra, and he became very much impressed. He says "These three people are my great teachers: Srimat Rajchandra..." the Jaina scholar -- I call him a scholar because he is not a realized person. He knows all about the scriptures, he quotes scriptures, but he has not known himself..
"Second," Mahatma Gandhi says, "my teacher is Tolstoy" -- who loved Christ very much and tried to be like Christ and failed, utterly failed, lived in great misery. Very few people have lived in such misery as Tolstoy did. His whole life was an agony; he never knew any moment of ecstasy. Imitators cannot know it.
And he says, "My third teacher is Henry Thoreau" -- who was also trying to be like Christ. They themselves were imitators, and Mahatma Gandhi was trying to imitate the imitators -- a carbon copy of a carbon copy. And Morarji Desai is a carbon copy of the carbon copy of the carbon copy! He is trying to be Mahatma Gandhi.
Just this morning I came across another statement of his. He says, "I have complete faith in God, and that I consider to be my greatest achievement."
This mind always talks of achievement, ambition, heights. It is always on a power trip. And how foolish it is! On the one hand he says, "I have the ambition to know God." He has not known God, that much is certain. On the other hand he says, "I have attained to complete faith in God and that is my greatest achievement." How can you have complete faith in something you have not known? Your faith must be

repressing your doubts somewhere. Hence the word "complete" -- he himself is afraid. Just the word "faith" won't do; it has to be complete, it has to be absolute, it has to be categorical. The statement shows that there is doubt, otherwise faith is enough; there is no need to say "COMPLETE faith." Is there any possibility of incomplete faith?

When you say to a woman, "I love you," that is enough. You don't go on saying, "I love you absolutely, I love you categorically, I love you completely, entirely! " If you say all these things with all these adjectives she may become a little aware that something is missing -- why this emphasis? There is some unconscious fear.

A ventriloquist traveling in the interior of Brazil was taking a ride in a bullock-cart with a Brazilian who was very silent. So to break the silence the ventriloquist decided to play with him a little. "Listen, friend, did you know that your bull speaks?" he told him.

The Brazilian did not believe him, but at that exact moment the bull started talking to him. The Brazilian was astonished. Then a horse passed by and said, "Good morning," to the man; then came a COW and she spoke too.

Following these animals up the road was a very charming white goat. Moving her body graciously, the goat stopped right by the side of the cart, stared at the Brazilian and started to say something. But the Brazilian cut her off and said to the ventriloquist, "Don't believe her, she is the worst liar!"

Now some fear!
These people like Morarji Desai go on in very stupid circles -- complete faith in something that he knows not... only ambition for that which he knows not... a claim that he has achieved a little bit of truth, as if truth can be divided. But he represents in a way the ordinary, unconscious humanity. He is representative. That's how millions of people go on thinking and behaving.
And the greatest root cause of it all is that you have been told constantly, you have been conditioned and hypnotized constantly for thousands of years: "Don't be yourself." It has not been said so directly; it is said in a roundabout way: "Be a Buddha, be a Christ, be a Mohammed." But have you ever heard your parents saying to you, "Just be yourself"? No parent will ever say that to any child, for the simple reason that he himself is afraid that if the child is allowed to be just himself he may not be obedient. He may start doing things that are against the ideas of the parents. He may start living a life that does not conform, is not conventional. He may turn out to be a rebel. And it is better to kill that rebellion in the very seed.
Hence so much misery in the world, no laughter at all and no love -- because if you cannot love yourself, how can you love anybody else? The first person to be loved is your own being. Unless love happens inside you for yourself it cannot radiate and reach to others. A man who is a darkness inside cannot be a light to others. Only a man who is a light in himself may be capable of radiating a little light to others too.
The whole of humanity is living in a deep deep sleep.

Miss Gambioni was a new patient and quite pretty. The doctor took her name and background and then said, "In order to determine what is wrong with you, I will have to give you a thorough examination. Please get completely undressed.
"Okay, doc," said the Italian beauty, "but to make me feel right, you first!"

Your unconscious goes on erupting into your consciousness. If you watch a little carefully you will become aware of your sleep -- you may even hear yourself snoring!

A drunk staggered into a pub in the East End of London and ordered a gin. He promptly threw up all over a small dog sitting beside the bar.
His drink arrived, and in that moment of clarity when strong liquor hits the back of the throat, he looked down, saw the dog covered in vomit and muttered to himself, "That's odd! I don't remember eating that!"

A young monk went to a prostitute and said, "I know nothing about sex. Will you teach me?"
"Okay," said the prostitute, "but it will cost you fifty quid."
He agreed and paid her the money in advance. She disrobed, then undressed him and told him to lie down and said that she would start with the sixty-nine position. When she climbed on top of him, she accidentally farted in his face.
"Sorry!" she said, and climbed back on again farting one more time as she did so.

"Fuck this!" the monk shouted as he jumped up from underneath her.
"What's the matter?" asked the prostitute.
"Well," replied the monk, "I don't think I can stand another sixty-seven of those!"

Man has been forced to remain unconscious, he has been forced to remain in a deep slumber. You are being driven in many subtle ways to remain drunk with power, with money, with prestige, with fame, name; all these are different kinds of opium. Power makes people so drunk, money makes people so drunk. Ambition is the greatest intoxicant invented ever.

The DESIDERATA says:

"BE YOURSELF SPECIALLY DO NOT FEIGN AFFECTION."

THAT TOO is of tremendous importance. When you are trying to be somebody else, naturally you start acting. The Buddhist monk acts like a Buddha, the Hindu sannyasin acts like Shankaracharya, the Pope tries to imitate Christ. Just a few days ago he climbed up a hill near the Vatican, a small hillock, with a small cross on his shoulders, and thousands of Italians followed him. He was acting the role of Jesus, and Italians very much loved the whole play. It was a drama.
Just the other night I was telling an Italian sannyasin, "Come back soon, because all the intelligent Italians are coming here. Where are you going?" She is going back. All

the Italians who have eyes are coming here -- I call them "Eye-talians"! Only the blind will be left behind; all "Eye-talians" are going to be here.

This Pope is blind. In the first place, a Polack being a pope, then trying to dramatize Jesus with a small cross -- a child can carry it. When Jesus carried the cross up the hill, three times he had to fall and each time he fell because the cross was very heavy -- a wooden cross, a big cross. It must have been at least seven or eight feet long; to crucify a man it has to be that long. He fell thrice, and each time he was whipped to get up again and carry the cross.

Now carrying a small cross... and do you know? The cross was made of gold! The Pope carried the golden cross. They should have at least crucified him on the hillock! Let it be a golden cross -- crucify him! Be finished with this whole nonsense! But no, nothing like that happened -- the real thing never happened. Just carrying the cross up the hill and down the hill!

And on the hill he did only one thing: he washed the feet of a poor man and kissed the feet of the poor man. And I know perfectly well that that poor man must have been prepared for this. You know Italians! He must have been given a good bath and a rubbing and massage, and his feet must have been clean. This whole drama! But in the name of religion everywhere drama...

And when you start imitating you will imitate everything. You will imitate love, and that is the most dangerous thing. Jesus loved so you will start loving. But how can you love unless you attain the consciousness that Jesus attained? Love is a fragrance. When the one-thousand-petalled lotus of consciousness opens in you, the fragrance is released. If

you start feigning it, that will be just artificial. You can bring perfume from the marketplace and YOU can start throwing the perfume all over yourself, and of course it will stink because it will not be your own flowering. It will be artificial and ugly.
And once a person starts feigning love, his whole life becomes false, because love is the center of life. Love is the very purpose of life, the destiny of life.
The DESIDERATA has a great message there:

"ESPECIALLY DO NOT FEIGN AFFECTION."

If you feign affection you will feign intelligence, you will feign freedom -- you will start pretending everything else A man who is capable of deceiving himself that he loves without loving is so stupid that he will imitate everything and will believe it. But his life will show that that's not so.

I have heard about a Christian monk who was sermonizing on the message of Jesus that if somebody slaps you on one cheek, give him the other too.
A man became interested in the idea and he thought "Let us try it on him to see whether he proves himself by his response that what he says he lives too, practices too or not."
So he slapped him really hard on one cheek, and he was surprised: the Christian monk gave him the other cheek. But that man was not going to be defeated so easily -- he slapped him on the other cheek also.
The moment he slapped him on the other cheek, the Christian monk jumped upon him and started beating him.

He said, "What are you doing? Have you forgotten your sermon? Have you forgotten your Christ? What are you doing?"
He said, "Jesus said that if somebody slaps on one cheek give him the other. And I don't have another cheek, no more, only two. Now the message is finished! Now I am free! Now I will show you what it means to hit somebody! "

Once Buddha said to one of his disciples who was asking, "Bhagwan, you always say forgive, but how many times?"...
In fact, to ask that question is enough proof that the disciple has not understood. It is not a question of how many times: forgiveness simply means you accept the person as he is, you still love him the way he is. Forgiveness means that you don't judge him, that you are non-judgmental.
But ordinarily we think forgiveness means you know that he has done wrong, still you forgive him. First you judge and then you forgive. Your forgiveness is false.
Real forgiveness has no judgment. It never says, "No, you have done wrong, but still I forgive you." It simply accepts the person as he is. There is no grudge, no complaint, no grumbling. There is no question really of forgiving because there is no anger in the first place.
But the man asked, "How many times?"
Buddha said to him, "At least seven times."
The man said, "Okay."
The way he said okay, Buddha said, "Wait -- seventy-seven times, or better still, seven hundred and seventy-seven times."

But even seven hundred and seventy-seven times will be exhausted -- then what about seven hundred and seventy-eight? Then he will take revenge and with a vengeance, because all those seven hundred and seventy-seven times have to be taken care of; he has to take revenge for all those too. He was somehow tolerating -- somehow It was not out of understanding.

If you feign, if you pretend, you become pseudo. A man who has a pseudo personality loses all intelligence, and that is the greatest loss in the world.

Lukowski had come to such desperate straits he kidnapped a millionaire's son, a boy of six.
Lukowski wrote a ransom note, asked for half a million Dollars in small bills -- and signed his name. But he forgot the address of the millionaire, so he gave the note to the kid and told him to take it to his father. The boy did, and when he returned with the money there was also a note from the victim: "Here is your filthy money. And I gotta say it is a rotten thing for one Polack to do to another."

That's why I say the whole earth has become Poland!

Kazewski and Candelli agreed to a bet on who could make love to his wife more times in one night. They took adjoining hotel rooms and decided that each time they succeeded they would carve a notch on the wall.
Candelli performed at once at ten o'clock, placing a scratch on the wall. Then at two a.m. he drew another gash. By six o'clock he had three scratches.

At eight in the morning the Polack came in and looked at the marks. "My god! One hundred and eleven!" cried the Polack. "He beat me by three!"

Corporal Torlonia had been overseas for eighteen months. He came home and found he had a three-week-old baby. His wife explained that she dreamt she had intercourse with him, and she got pregnant.
Torlonia sued for divorce. In court even the judge was astounded by the wife's story. He stood up and asked the audience if they had ever had intercourse with a ghost.
In the back, Torlonia's father raised his hand. His Honor called him to the bench. "Now," said the judge, "you say you had intercourse with a ghost?'." "Ah, scusa," said the elderly Italian, "I thought-a you say-a goat!"

Pseudo people are bound to hear something else. They are bound to see that which is not. They are bound to miss that which is, because in their very beings they have deceived themselves. Now their whole lives will be again and again missing the point.
The first thing one has to remember is to be whole, not to be divided, not to become two persons. And the teaching "Be like somebody else" always creates two persons in you. One is just a facade, superficial, and you have to live a double life. In your drawing-room you are one person, in your bathroom you are another. You have to live a double life. At the front door you are totally different and at the back door simply somebody else. This split can become so deep that you completely forget: when you are one you

forget the other, when you are the other you forget the first one.
This is what happens to schizophrenic patients. And now in the world schizophrenic patients are growing in number every day, as if humanity has come to a climax. Enough is enough! Thousands of years of stupid teachings have brought this sad state of affairs.

"NEITHER BE CYNICAL ABOUT LOVE..."

Love is something natural. You can doubt God, there is no problem in it. In fact, one SHOULD doubt God because unless you doubt, the enquiry cannot begin. One should begin one's enquiry into God as an atheist; to begin as a theist is to begin in a wrong way. You have already believed, now how can you enquire? I am not saying disbelieve in God, because that again is a belief, a negative belief. Begin with 'doubt -- doubt is natural.
I Every child is born with doubt; no child is born with belief, remember. No child comes as a Mohammedan or a Hindu or a Jaina or a Buddhist or a Christian or a Jew. Every child comes with thousands of questions; hence doubt is a God-given gift.
But the DESIDERATA IS right: don't doubt love, because love is also a God-given gift; you bring it with you. Each child is loving, is very responsive towards love. Just smile at a child; the moment he feels your love he is ready to time to you -- with great trust. Each child knows something of love.
Love and doubt are both God-given gifts, but you should not doubt love because to doubt love is dangerous. One

natural gift will start destroying another natural gift. You will be in a conflict. And if you start doubting love you will start repressing it. If you start doubting love you will become incapable of loving, you will become closed.
And the moment your loving becomes encapsulated you are lost, because you lose the very bridge between you and existence.

"NEITHER BE CYNICAL ABOUT LOVE; FOR IN THE FACE OF ALL ARIDITY AND DISENCHANTMENT, IT IS AS PERENNIAL AS THE GRASS."

A beautiful statement: a beautitude, a benediction, a blessing. Meditate over it. It is as perennial as the grass in the aridity and disenchantment. Your life is arid like a desert. If there is no love then your life will be dry, there will be no juice. There will be no flowering in your life, nothing of greenery. You will be just dry, hard.
And there is disenchantment, disillusionment at every step, because each desire is bound to come to disillusionment. You desire money and you hope that when the money is there you will be happy. The moment money is there, suddenly you realize you are not happy. Money is there, but the happiness has not followed it. Money cannot purchase happiness; it can purchase comfort.
I am not against money and I am not against comfort either, but comfort is comfort; happiness is a totally different phenomenon. Comfort is good, but it is not happiness, it is not blissfulness, it is not fulfillment. You can live comfortably and die comfortably, but that will not make you contented.

Money can purchase many things, but there are a few things it cannot purchase and those are the few things which are really valuable. The really valuable has no price, it is priceless, you have to deserve it.

Life is bound to be arid, desertlike, if you don't have any love in you. It is going to be a continuous disillusionment, from one disillusionment to another. BY the time you reach the very end you are nothing but a sad sad story: "... a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury signifying nothing." People die utterly disillusioned. People die complaining against life. And you cannot expect gratitude from them towards existence; you cannot expect prayer, you cannot expect any thankfulness, because they have not known anything for which they can be thankful to existence. And the whole thing was missed because they missed love.

Love is as perennial as the grass. Love is the only experience which transcends death. All that is God-given to you, which includes many things -- intelligence is there, compassion is there, sympathy is there, creativity is there, sensitivity is there, and so on and so forth -- but love is the only experience in which time disappears. Love is the only experience in which NATURALLY YOU enter into meditation. Love is the only experience in which you are not afraid of death at all.

Lovers are the only people who can die joyfully, because they have known something, tasted something of the nectar. They have tasted something of immortality. In those few moments of love, windows have opened and they have experienced that which is beyond.

The DESIDERATA trusts deeply in love so never doubt love. Doubt God, nothing is wrong in it; doubt truth

nothing is wrong in it; doubt everything else, but never doubt love, because if you doubt love you close all doors. If you don't doubt love, then sooner or later everything else Will come of its own accord.
It is love experienced that one day becomes prayer, and it is prayer that one day becomes the experience of godliness.

"TAKE KINDLY THE COUNSEL OF THE YEARS, GRACEFULLY SURRENDERING THE THINGS OF YOUTH."

People don't seem to learn anything. They go on from one stupidity to another; from one disillusionment they immediately start moving towards another. They never seem to learn.
An intelligent person learns. An unintelligent person simply goes on dragging himself from one failure into another failure. He never sees the whole truth of all these experiences. How many times have you been disillusioned? How many times have you loved a woman? And each time something went wrong, and you started hoping again with another woman or another man... again the same thing happens. What do you learn out of it? Do you learn something or not? It is not a question of the woman; by changing the woman again and again you are not going to be fulfilled.

I have heard about a Hollywood actor who married forty times, and when he married the fortieth time he married one woman he had married already once before. But he could not recognize her, so much time had passed. He

recognized her only because he recognized the mother-in-law -- then he recognized that this was the same woman.

But this is not an exceptional experience. Whomsoever you marry you will be marrying the same woman. Mothers-in-law will be different, but the woman will be the same, the man will be the same, because you are the chooser -- and you are as unconscious as before, you have not learned anything.

If your love fails, that simply means you don't know what love is. It is not the fault of the woman, it is not the fault of the man. If you are a real enquirer you will see that "Something is wrong with my love. Either it is just pseudo -- I am feigning it, I am just pretending -- or my love has so many conditions that it destroys the other's freedom, that it destroys and reduces the other person to a thing. Something is wrong with me, my love."

But people always decide something is wrong with the woman, something is wrong with the man.

They hope that if they can have this palace they will be happy, but you will be in the same situation, you will be the same. Hence whether you live in a hut or in a palace does not matter; it all depends on you. The miserable person living in the hut will be miserable in the palace too. Maybe there he will have more space to be miserable! And vice versa is also true: there are many other fools who think if they renounce the palace and move to a beggar's hut they will be happy; that is the same logic. If you are not happy even in a palace, you will not be happy in a hut either. Yes, more uncomfortable, but not more happy -- unless you are

a masochist, unless you enjoy torturing yourself; then it is a different matter.

"TAKE KINDLY THE COUNSEL OF THE YEARS..."

Life teaches you everything that you need. Life is the only university. Take the counsel of the years very kindly, very understandingly:

... GRACEFULLY SURRENDERING THE THINGS OF YOUTH."

In fact, each day one has to surrender many things of yesterday; each day one has to die to the past. When you were a child you were so much interested in toys, all kinds of toys. When you became young you renounced those toys. In fact, you did not deliberately renounce; you simply became a grown-up and they withered away from your mind, they disappeared.
One day it was so difficult to go to bed without your teddy bear. But learning is difficult: the teddy bear has disappeared -- now it is very difficult to go to sleep without your wife or without your husband. Now the wife is the teddy bear of the husband! The child has his own ways. For example, he will cling to the blanket and then only can he go to sleep. Now you have to make love before you can go to sleep -- just a replacement, but nothing has been learned. A new habit, a new substitute, but you are the same childish person.
The child used to go to sleep only when the mother gave her breast to him; now you will play with the breasts of

your wife. It is the same old foolishness! At least the child has some reason; you don't have any reason at all. Have you seen the silliness of it? Playing with the breasts of your woman, can't you see your silliness? What are you doing? The child has some reason -- the breast is his nourishment -- but you have not gone beyond it yet. You are still clinging to something -- of course unconsciously.

Mrs. Glowicki was walking down the street with her right breast exposed. A man stopped her and with some embarrassment pointed it out.
"Oh, my God," cried the Polish woman, "I left my baby on the bus!"

The child has some reason -- it is his nourishment -- but a grown-up person looking always at the breasts of women... or avoiding them, it is the same. If you are a monk you will avoid, but what are you avoiding? Whatsoever you are avoiding you want to see. And women know it perfectly well, so they go on pretending to have big breasts, getting artificial breasts, many artificial devices to make the breasts look young. The real breasts may be just hanging down touching their belly buttons, but fools are deceived.

Madhuri, one of my sannyasins, was telling me that she was traveling with her mother in Mexico by car; the mother was driving the car. Her mother is also a sannyasin. The mother's breasts have been operated upon, both the breasts have been removed, so she has plastic substitutes for the breasts. And of course, plastic substitutes look far better, hidden behind the clothes.

When she stopped at a crossroad to enquire of the policeman which way led to a certain place, the policeman's eyes became fixed on her breasts. She said, "Do you like them?"
The policeman was a little embarrassed, but he said, "Yes, they are beautiful!"
So she took them out and gave them to him...

But for centuries man has been obsessed with breasts: in paintings, in poetry, in sculpture. Go to Khajuraho and see the fantastic ideas about breasts. In fact, the breasts are so big one feels sorry for the woman. How will she be carrying such big breasts? Impossible it seems. Those women are just stone statues; that is good. If they were alive they would not be able even to walk -- they would have to crawl! But who made these sculptures? The people who have not become grown-up yet; childhood is still there.
Only on the surface do you become a young man or a young woman, deep down the child is still trying to live. One becomes old, but youth persists psychologically. It is very rare to find an old man and wise. Dirty old men you can find many, but old men AND wise very difficult, because the first necessity for wisdom is renouncing the past Every day it has to be renounced, that is the counsel of the years:... GRACEFULLY SURRENDERING THE THINGS OF the past.
When you are young, surrender the things OF your childhood. When you are old, surrender the things OF your youth. Go on surrendering gracefully -- and remember the word "gracefully." Don't escape, don't run, don't avoid don't

close your eyes. That is not grace. That simply shows you are as ignorant as ever, just pretending to be holy. "Gracefully" means through understanding through real growing. Growing in age is not growing up, that is only aging. Growing up happens only when you go on renouncing the past every day, every moment really. Each moment die to the past that is no more. Come out of it so you can remain fresh, so you can remain clean, so you can remain clear. Only that clarity can encounter the ultimate truth.

"NURTURE STRENGTH OF SPIRIT TO SHIELD YOU IN SUDDEN MISFORTUNE."

THAT is THE ONLY MOMENT when you can see whether you have real intelligence or not, when there is something sudden. Otherwise you are always prepared. Even a stupid person can be prepared if he knows beforehand what is going to happen. That's why people want to life always in the familiar and in the known, because there they can have the joy of being intelligent. Sudden situations for which you don't have any ready-made answer in your memory store show whether you are intelligent, wise, or not.

A sergeant took his troop of new recruits to a nearby pine forest to practice tactics. "I want you to spread out amongst the trees," he said, "and when I give the signal, you freeze. Imagine enemy planes overhead looking for you -- one movement and they'll blast you all to bacon! Okay, men -- get to it!"

During the maneuvers the sergeant spotted, to his annoyance, a few fidgeting figures and noticed, very pleased, one promising young recruit so still he really seemed frozen. Hardly had the sergeant's beady eye moved on than the same young soldier was suddenly tearing through the forest as if being chased by a whole army. After rounding up the troop, the sergeant bellowed at the young recruit and demanded to know why he had suddenly bolted like a frightened rabbit after starting the exercise so well.
"Sorry, sarge," said the young offender. "You see, a pair of squirrels got up my trouser legs."
"That's no excuse, boy!" bellowed the sergeant.
"Even while sitting on an ants' nest, in the sight of the enemy, you have to be still!"
"But, sir," protested the soldier, "It was fine until I overheard one squirrel say to the other, 'Wow, look at these nuts! Let's eat one now and store the other for the winter!'

In sudden situations, how do you respond? Only that shows whether you have any intelligence or not.

"NURTURE STRENGTH OF SPIRIT..."

And what is strength of spirit? Intelligence.

"BUT DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF WITH DARK IMAGININGS."

The mind always enjoys imagining about misfortunes. The mind lives, feeds on misfortune, real or unreal.

The DESIDERATA says:

"DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF WITH DARK IMAGININGS. MANY FEARS ARE BORN OF FATIGUE AND LONELINESS."

So don't fight with yourself, otherwise you will be fatigued; you will be always tired, in a state of low energy. And then dark clouds will surround you, nightmares will happen to you and loneliness.
Loneliness is felt only by those who have lost the capacity to love, who have forgotten the language of love Then they are lonely -- lonely, fighting with themselves fatigued, tired, they can be enslaved by the establishment.
The DESIDERATA brings you a message of freedom, a simple but tremendously significant message. If you can follow it you will be a free man, you will know the joys of freedom. And they are the ultimate joys; there is nothing higher than that.

"BE YOURSELF."
Guida Spirituale
Chapter #10
Chapter title: Doubt is a Sword
4 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1

OSHO
WHEN MY CHILDREN KNEW I WAS COMING TO SEE YOU, THERE WAS NO REQUEST FOR GIFTS. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING THEY WANTED FOR ME TO BRING BACK SOME OF YOUR JOKES. THEY TOLD ME THAT ALL THE STUFF BETWEEN THE JOKES WAS GOOD FOR GROWN-UPS, BUT FOR THEM JUST THE JOKES. SO COULD YOU TELL US SOME JOKES FOR THEM? NATHAN, TWELVE YEARS; ANDREW, ELEVEN YEARS; ROSEMARY, TEN YEARS; AND BENJAMIN, FIVE YEARS. THEY ARE SUCH LOVELY INTELLIGENT PEOPLE, BUT I HAVE A SOFT SPOT FOR BENJAMIN BECAUSE HE IS QUITE CRAZY -- HE WANTS TO TAKE SANNYAS! AND MY WIFE IS ALSO QUITE CRAZY, BUT THE OTHER WAY. SHE HIDES MY RED TAILOR-MADE SUITS AND THREATENS TO CUT OFF THE SLEEVES IF I WEAR THEM, AND SHE HIDES YOUR PICTURES! FIRST THE PHOTOGRAPH FALLS DOWN, THEN IT IS BACKSIDE-UP, THEN IT IS ON A SHELF THEN SHE CANNOT REMEMBER WHERE IT IS. SO I WEAR PINK SHIRTS AND MEDITATE IN YOUR PRESENCE WITHOUT A PHOTOGRAPH. SO PERHAPS YOU COULD TELL HER A STORY TOO.

Ananda Prabhu,

EVERY CHILD IS INTELLIGENT far more intelligent than the so-called grown-ups. The grown-ups are only "so-called"; it is very rare to come across a person who is really a grown-up person. The most fundamental quality in a

really grown-up person is that he still keeps the innocence of the child alive, the wondering eyes of the child, the enquiring heart of the child; the purity, the clarity of the child will remain intact in him. He has defeated the society. He has not allowed anybody to destroy his intelligence. People only grow in age; they don't grow up. Growing up is something vertical, growing in age is something horizontal. You remain on the same plane; just time passes by. And of course time helps you to collect many experiences, knowledge, words, information, and you start thinking that you know. And that is the greatest calamity that can happen to any man: not knowing and believing that you know. It means now the doors for knowing are closed forever. Socrates is a grown-up person. He said: "I know only one thing, that I know nothing." His childhood is absolutely unpolluted. The time that has passed by has not been just dust gathering on the mirror. On the contrary, it has helped to sharpen his sword; it has not been like rust on the sword. Knowledge is rust: it destroys your intelligence and gives you poor substitutes -- knowledge is a poor substitute for intelligence.

Remember, one can be very intellectual and yet unintelligent. The child is not intellectual. He does not know anything about the great philosophers, the great scriptures; he is not a scholar. He knows nothing! But out of that state of not-knowing he functions. Hence he is always full of wonder and awe; he looks at the world feeling that it is a mystery. The more you know, the more you destroy the mystery.

The whole function of our so-called schools, colleges and universities is to de-mystify the universe. Even scientists

brag about it, that they are doing a great service to humanity by de-mystifying the universe. In fact, they are creating more and more boredom in the world.

No child is ever bored; he is always finding something or other which is immensely interesting for him. He can get absorbed in any small thing -- a butterfly, a flower, a stone, a rock -- anything will do. He immediately becomes aware of something extraordinary in it. That is insight, that is intelligence.

If we help children in every possible way to remain as intelligent as when they come into the world, then there will be many grown-up people. Right now you can count the grown-up people in the whole world on your fingers very easily -- because everybody has been manipulated, has been poisoned. It needs a totally different society, a totally different vision of life in which the child is respected.

For centuries we have respected the old man: the older the man is, the more we respect him. Why do you respect the old man? just because he has existed for a hundred years? Just existing is not enough for respect; living is a totally different matter. Existing is very ordinary; living has a totally different flavor to it.

Living means living out of AGNOSIA, living out of a state of not-knowing, living life as a mystery. That is the only way to live it. Others only exist, others only survive.

A grown-up person moves in a deep harmony. His body, his psychology, his spirituality are always attuned; they all move together. This does not happen to the people who only grow in age. Their bodies become older but their minds remain retarded.

At the time of the First World War, psychologists became aware for the first time of this fact, because for the first time on a large scale they tried to observe, experiment, to know how many people are really psychologically grown-up. And they were amazed, shocked: the average psychological age of human beings is only twelve years. The body may be eighty years old and the mind is lagging far behind. In fact, there seems to be no connection... the gap of seventy years or eighty years. And the eighty-year-old person pretends to know because he thinks he is eighty years old, and he stopped growing when he was only twelve years of age. Really he should be counted only as twelve years of age, not eighty. And as far as the spirit is concerned he may be still in the womb of the mother; he may. never have come out of the womb.

These three together, in deep harmony, create beauty, grace, light, love. When they are all in accord, life is an orchestra -- but they are in discord. The spirit is almost non-existent. Hence George Gurdjieff used to say, "I have come across very few people who have any soul." Ordinarily everybody believes that he HAS a soul because the religions have been telling for centuries that everybody has a soul. Everybody only has a potential for being a soul, but that potential is not actualized, not realized. It is Still a seed; it has not come to be a tree. It has not reached the point where spring comes and flowers open up and one feels fulfilled, contented.

A grown-up person is a flowering. His life is not divided; his life is an organic unity. He moves in a kind of absolute unity; nothing is lagging behind, nothing has gone far ahead.

And this disunity that we see in the world is multidimensional. The soul is in the womb; the mind, the psychology is somewhere hung up at the age of twelve, and the body is eighty or ninety years old. This is only one kind of discord; there are many kinds of discord.

The head goes on becoming bigger and bigger, and the heart goes on shrinking. They lose all synchronicity. And when the head becomes too much, man is a monster.

If you watch, if you observe within yourself, you can see it. I am only stating a fact. You will not feel any heart in you. You will see your head is heavy, full of junk, but your heart is only a word. You have read about it in poetry, in novels. It seems to be a fiction, a myth. In fact, physiologists say there is no heart. What you call the heart, from where the love arises, does not exist for the scientist. What exists is only a blood-purifying system. Your heartbeat has nothing to do with the heartbeat the poets have been talking about, the mystics have been praising; it is something else.

But scientists are right in a way, because the people they observe DON'T have any hearts. They have not observed a Buddha or a Meera, they have not observed Chuang Tzu or Kabir. They have never come across a man of the heart, so what they know is only about lungs.

The mystics are talking about something ELSE which is not grown-up in you. It is something behind your physical heart.which has not started functioning. It starts functioning only when you shower much energy on it, when your energy starts moving it. But your whole energy goes to the head.

Our structure of education is such that we bypass the heart. In fact, we try to ensure in every possible way that

nobody's energy should enter the heart, because once the heart starts functioning it becomes difficult for the head to take possession of you.

And the society needs only heads and hands. That's why the society is divided into two kinds of people: the heads -- the people who work with their heads, the so-called intelligentsia -- and the hands, the people who are laborers. The society does not believe in the heart because the heart has no utilitarian purpose. You cannot produce commodities out of the heart; you cannot make people rich; you cannot create bigger houses, sophisticated machines; you cannot reach the moon. So what is the purpose of it? Its purpose is totally different: it is non-utilitarian. It brings joy, but joy the society is not interested in. The society wants people who are efficient robots. A joyful person is not a robot. The society does not want you to be loving; it wants you to be calculating.

A lover is never a calculator; he is always risking. He is not a good businessman. He lives in a totally different world; he sees things from a different perspective. For him flowers are far more important than all your scientific gadgets, stars are far more important than all your political ideologies, rivers and mountains are far more significant than all your churches and temples.

The vested interests are against the heart, hence they have put it aside. They have created a shortcut: your sexual energy moves directly to the head without passing through the heart. That's why your psychological age remains nearabout twelve, because that is the time when sexual maturity starts happening -- twelve, thirteen, fourteen. That is when you become sexually mature and that is where the

society stops you, because once the energy is ready to move it starts moving it towards the head. That is the most important time in the life of a man, between twelve and fourteen. That is the time when either you move through the heart or you move through no-heart directly to the head. And every society takes care, before the energy starts working in the heart, to stop it -- to close that door completely, forever.

Psychologists have not been able to explain why the psychological age should be nearabout twelve -- this is the reason. They don't yet have any explanation for it, but this is the reason: because your sexual energy is the only energy you have got, and the moment it becomes ripe there is danger -- because it can become love. If allowed a natural course it is bound to become love; it will move through the heart. And, in fact, once it moves through the heart, once the heart opens up, the head can never be the master; it will remain a slave, because a higher value has entered in your being. Now logic can never be supreme, it will always be secondary. And it is good that logic should be a servant to love; then it is beautiful. But love is a dangerous energy. All the social institutions are afraid of love because the whole society depends on unloving institutions. Our society is rooted in marriage; marriage is an unloving institution. Marriage has been invented against love. That's why parents never like their daughter or their son to fall in love. They would like to choose the right wife, the right husband, for their son or daughter. THEY would like to choose, and how can they choose? They will choose through the head. They will say to the children, "You don't know. You have not experienced life -- we have experienced life, so we

know what is right and what is wrong." For centuries, all over the world, marriage was arranged by parents at a very early stage so the child was not even aware of it, what was happening.

My mother got married when she was seven; she was not aware of what was happening. My father must have been nearabout ten; he was not aware of what was really happening. He enjoyed the whole thing -- because he was riding on the horse and so many people were following him, so of course he enjoyed it! And when the marriage procession came to my mother's home she was puzzled because she was not allowed to come out and see what was happening there. And the whole crowd was there, the whole village was there; only she was not allowed. She could not understand: "What is the matter? Why can't I go?" Of course she was interested: "What is happening outside? Music, band, horse, procession!" It was enough to get interested in.

Now, marrying a girl of seven years is a very dangerous strategy of the society. If child marriages happen, love has been prevented forever. They will grow like brother and sister and they will start accepting each other and the convenience that they give to each other. They will LIKE each other, but never love. And liking is not loving; they are not synonymous. You may like a person very much, but you may not love them, and you may not like a person very much but you may love them. Love is a strange phenomenon; it is illogical. Liking has a logic about it: you can give reasons why you like a person, but you cannot give any reason why you love a person; it is irrational.

To prevent love, child marriages were prevalent all over the world. To prevent love, pseudo love was taught: "You have to love your mother because she is your mother!" But there is no necessity. She may be a mother; that does not mean that the child HAS TO love her.

That's what the DESIDERATA says: Never feign affection. But we have been doing that for centuries. You have to love your mother -- just because she happens to be your mother; you have to love your father -- just because he happens to be your father. You have to love your brothers and your sisters. And in a child these things can be easily forced -- he is helpless. And then you can force him to marry. And then, of course, the husband has to love the wife, the wife has to love the husband. This whole love is pseudo! It has never happened. You are simply fulfilling a formality.

That's why people remain retarded psychologically at the age of twelve, or somewhere between twelve and fourteen. The head becomes the supremost center. That's why there is so much misery in the world, because without love bliss is impossible. That's why there is so much irreligiousness in the world, because without love there is no God. Logic cannot prove God, only love proves God. Knowledge can never prove God, only innocence experiences it.

Ananda Prabhu, your children are beautiful. They have understood what is most important.

Another sannyasin has just asked: "I write questions, but the moment I have written the question I immediately see the answer, and then both the question and the answer

become unimportant. And I can never ask because they become unimportant. Why does this happen?" she asks.
This happens because you take life too seriously. You want your question to be very important. That will give you a reflected glory; that will make you important. You don't want to ask an ordinary question; you want to ask something very important. And of course you will never be able to ask one. Any question is bound to be unimportant; no question is important -- or ALL questions are important. If you are a child, if you have the innocence of a child, then all questions are important -- not only questions about God but questions about the dog also have the same value. A child can ask, "Why does the dog start barking when the moon rises in the sky?" Dogs are very much against the moon! On a full-moon night they will bark and bark their hearts out. They go crazy! A child can ask it; when you are a grown-up you cannot ask such a question. It looks so unimportant -- what has it to do with YOU? If the dog barks, let him bark! And what will people think if you ask such a question? It seems unimportant -- it seems unimportant because of the ego. You want to ask questions about God.
Hence, particularly in India, I have experienced people whose problems remain unasked, and they go on asking metaphysical questions because that gives them importance.

They will come and they will ask, "Does God exist?" -- as if that is something they are really interested
in! What will you do if he exists?

When I was traveling around the country, thousands of times I had to tell people, "Are you really interested in God? What will you do if he exists? Is it going to make any difference in your life whether God exists or not? Is it a life and death problem for you?"

They would say, "No, but we are curious whether God is or not." And sooner or later, when they became a little more acquainted with me, their real problems would come up: anger, jealousy, possessiveness. They are real problems, but they hurt the ego. To ask, "Why am I jealous?" is to recognize your jealousy, is to declare that you are jealous. Nobody wants that. Everybody is jealous, everybody is possessive, but everybody thinks it is not so. "It is not so with me -- it may be so with others."

Nobody wants to look at his real face; people avoid themselves as they avoid nobody else. That's why everybody else will be able to see your faults except you. You minimize your faults and you maximize others' faults; you have double standards. When it comes to your fault you rationalize it; when it comes to somebody else's fault you don't accept any rationalization. You magnify it as much as you can; you make it look as big as you can, because your fault brings your ego down. The other person has a bigger fault; the bigger it is the better, because that helps you to feel, "How nice I am! How simple, how humble I am! And look at these people -- they are all full of faults, they are all full of fallacies, superstitions, stupidities. I am not THAT bad!" That gives you a good feeling.

The sannyasin has asked, "Why does it always feel unimportant?" It is bound to feel unimportant, because you are asking out of your knowledge, not out of a real enquiry.

Ananda Prabhu, your children are far more intelligent. Children are always authentic because they are not worried about the ego; otherwise they would not have said this to you. They asked you, "When you come back, bring a few jokes."
A serious person cannot ask that. A serious person will ask, "Bring some great philosophy, great religion. Bring some truth for me." But children are simple and innocent. They simply open their hearts and they say whatsoever their real need is.
If everybody is like a child, the whole quality of human consciousness will go through a transformation. We can bring a new humanity very easily. Jesus is right when he says: Unless you are like small children you will not enter into the kingdom of my God.

First joke for Benjamin:
There's the story about the fellow who each day walked to work and passed a window where he saw a lady hitting a boy over the head with a loaf of bread. The fellow decided it was none of his business and walked on. He saw the same thing happen every day for five months. Each day the lady was hitting the boy with a loaf of bread.
Then one morning he saw the woman toss an entire chocolate cake into the boy's face. Astonished, he peered into the open window and asked why.
"Oh," the lady said, "it's his birthday!"

Second, for Rosemary:
Charlie the cat was scampering all over the neighborhood, down alleys, up fire-escapes, down cellars. A lady who

knew Charlie's little owner, Johnny, knocked on his door. "Your cat is running around like mad!"
"I know," said Johnny. "He has just been neutered and he is rushing around cancelling engagements!"

Third, for Andrew:
It happened in Naples. The teacher asked little Pierino, "Pierino, tell-a me, who was-a the first-a man?"
"I don't-a know-a nothing!" replied the little boy. "I didn't-a see nothing, and I will die before-a confessin'!"

And fourth, for Nathan:
Two children are playing, imitating the sounds of different animals. Suddenly Johnny says to his friend, "My grandfather is really good at imitating a wolf. Just listen!" He goes to his grandfather, whispers something in his ear, and the old man starts howling, "Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! " Astonished, the friend asks Johnny where his grandfather had learned to imitate a wolf so well.
Says Johnny, "Well, all I do is ask him how long it has been since he last fucked!"

And, Ananda Prabhu, as far as your wife is concerned, she certainly is crazy -- but she loves me. In fact, she is afraid of falling into my love. The love is there, but she is afraid also. Hence all her maneuvers -- hiding your orange clothes, hiding my photographs is nothing but an unconscious effort to hide herself from me. But she cannot hide for long!

There is a Sufi story:

A Sufi Master wrote a small book which was outrageous in many ways to the traditional, orthodox mind. And then he told one of his disciples, "Go to the IMAM, the greatest priest, and give this book to him as a present from me. And watch, watch carefully what happens. And come and report to me EXACTLY what happens, without any interpretation of your own."

This was a device, a double-edged sword. It was a device for the disciple to see whether he could report exactly what happened without changing it, coloring it, interpreting it. His commentary was not needed; he had to just be absolutely factual, a pure, detached observer, as if he was not concerned at all.

He went there very alert, he knew that this was a kind of test. He presented the imam the book; he was sitting in the garden. It was a winter morning and he was enjoying the sun. His wife was sitting there.

When he presented the book, the imam asked, "Who has written this?"

He told his Master's name. The imam suddenly became so enraged that he threw the book outside the gate and said, "This type of nonsense, this type of outrageous, irreligious, sacrilegious thing cannot enter into my house! Get out immediately and never come here again! Your Master is a danger to the society. He is creating chaos, he is destroying our religion!"

For a moment the disciple was losing his detachment, because great anger was arising in him, but he remembered that the Master had said that he had to be just a reporter; he had not to bring his emotions in, his sentiments in.

Just when he was leaving, the wife of the imam said, "You could have thrown it out a little later on when the man had gone. There was no need to be so enraged -- it doesn't fit you, your status. Or, you have such a big library in which there are all kinds of books -- you could have put that book there also. If you don't want to read it there is no need to read it. And I have seen all kinds of books -- religious, irreligious, belonging to our religion, belonging to other religions -- in your library, so why can't this book also be a part of the library?"

Again the disciple felt an emotion arising, that the woman was more compassionate, more loving, more human. But suddenly he became aware that he had not to bring his attitude into it at all; he had just to report. He came back and he just reported, but when he was reporting, at the last moment he forgot and he said, "One thing I must say, that the imam's wife is a very nice, beautiful woman, and she even seems to understand you. Maybe one day she can be converted to your path."

The Master said, "Wait! Who has asked about your commentary, about your interpretation? You should simply report. And as far as your commentary is concerned, it is absolutely wrong. If you ask me, then I will say this imam is sooner or later going to be trapped by me, but his wife will never be a part of our commune, NEVER, because his wife is indifferent. She says, 'YOU can put it in the library.' The imam HATES me -- hate can be transformed into love -- but the wife is just indifferent: she does not love me, she does not hate me. She is not interested in me at all. She says, 'There is no need to throw it out.' But the way the imam became enraged shows his emotion; soon he will feel

that it was not right. And I tell you: go again and see what has happened to the book -- the imam must have taken it back into his home, he must be reading it now. A man who becomes so enraged is already interested. He cannot avoid reading it -- he HAS to read it."
And the disciple went again. And wonder of wonders! The Master was right: the imam was reading the book....

Your wife may show anger, may show hatred. Don't be worried about it. She is already getting interested; she is not indifferent. She is a little upside-down, but that is not a big problem -- doing a headstand! We can put her right-side-up.

The fifth joke, for your wife:
Astonished to find the new nurse, Miss Flack, pursuing the patient down the corridor with a bowl of boiling water, the head of the hospital, Dr. Killcare, buttonholed the young intern on duty and asked what was going on.
"I told her to prick the patient's boil," the youthful sawbones said, "but that Miss Flack is such a dummy, she gets everything backwards!"

You get it?

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
WOULD YOU TALK ABOUT TRUST?

Anand Parinita,

TRUST IS A MYSTERY -- that is the first thing to be understood about trust. Hence it cannot be explained. I can give you a few indications of it, just fingers pointing to the moon, a few hints, but it cannot be described or defined.
It is the highest form of love, it is the essential core of love. Love itself is a mystery and indefinable, but love is like a circumference and trust is its very center, its soul. Love is like a temple and trust is the innermost shrine in the temple where God is situated.
Ordinarily people think that trust means faith; that is wrong. Trust does not mean faith. Faith is emotional, sentimental. Faith creates fanatics. Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, these are the people who have faith. Trust creates only a quality of religiousness. Trust never makes anybody a Hindu or a Mohammedan or a Christian. Faith is borrowed -- borrowed from the parents, from the society in which you are born. Faith is accidental. YOU live in faith out of fear or out of greed, but not out of love. Trust is out of love.
Faith is a conditioning, imposed; it is a bondage. The man of faith is a prisoner. He may know it, he may not know it. He may have been living in a very beautiful palace, but he is imprisoned in it. The prison may be very well decorated -- with Bibles and Korans and Vedas and Gitas -- it may be made out of beautiful doctrines, philosophies, ideologies, but it is a prison because you have not entered into it on your own; you have been forced to enter it.

I was a small child and my father used to take me to the temple, and I always resisted it. I would tell him, "I will stay outside the temple -- you go in."
He would say, "But why can't you come in?"
I would say, "When I feel like coming in I will come in, but I don't feel like coming in. It is so beautiful outside! Why should I go in? And I don't see any point in it at all! The trees outside, the birds singing outside, the sun -- it is so beautiful! I will wait here for you. If you choose to be inside and sit in that windowless, closed place, that is YOUR choice."

He would try to persuade me but he was never successful. Every parent tries, and the intention is not bad -- the intention IS good -- but unconscious intentions, even if they are good, they are not of much help. They hinder, they harm. An intention can be really good only when it is conscious, otherwise prisons are created, and you become attached to prisons. It is so difficult.
Even a man like Bertrand Russell, who does not believe in Christianity, has confessed that although he has dropped believing in Christianity, if somebody suddenly asks him, "Who was the greater man, Buddha or Christ?" somewhere deep inside he knows that Buddha is greater, but he will answer, "Christ." That Christian upbringing... the mind that has been dropped has left scars.
He says, "When I think about it, when I am alert, I can see the greatness of Buddha. Compared to Buddha what Christ says looks ordinary -- but that is when I am alert. When I am not alert, if you wake me up suddenly from sleep and

ask me, I will certainly say Christ. It hurts somewhere to put Buddha above Christ."
And I can understand his difficulty. The same will be the difficulty of a Buddhist. He may be convinced that Christ is far better, he may be convinced that Christ's sacrifice is greater than Buddha's, but deep down in the unconscious the training, the conditioning is there -- he cannot put anybody else above Buddha.

One Jaina scholar who was a disciple of Mahatma Gandhi wrote a book on Mahavira and Buddha and he showed me his manuscript. He told me, "I am trying to synthesize both the religions."
I looked at the title and I said, "You won't be able to synthesize them, you will not be able to bring about a synthesis. Just your title is enough!"
He said, "What can you know from the title?"
The title was BHAGWAN MAHAVIRA AND MAHATMA BUDDHA. I said, "Can't you call both Bhagwan?" "Mahatma" means a very great man but still a man, and "Bhagwan" means one who has gone beyond man. I said, "How can you bring about a synthesis? You have already discriminated! "
He was shocked and he said, "I have shown my book to many people -- nobody has indicated that. I have shown it to great scholars, pundits, and they have all appreciated it."
I asked him, "Have you shown it to any Buddhist?" He said, "No." I said, "Show it to any Buddhist and he will see the insult that you have done Buddha. Ask him what he would suggest. He will say, 'Write BHAGWAN BUDDHA AND MAHATMA MAHAVIRA -- change it!"

What is Mahavira compared to Buddha to a Buddhist? But to a Jaina, Mahavira is greater. Buddha comes very close, but close; a distance is still there. It may be only of one step, but that much distance has to be there. Our egos are involved.

Faith is egoistic, hence it is fanatic. Faith is borrowed, hence it is ugly. Faith is a bondage because you have been forced into it by subtle strategies. It is not trust. Trust is a totally different phenomenon, with a different flavor. It is your own growth that brings you to trust; it is your own experience, it Is your own knowing. Faith happens through conditioning and trust happens through unconditioning. One has to drop faith before one can attain to trust.

And the second thing to remember: trust is not belief either. Belief is again a trick of the mind to repress doubt. Man is born with many doubts, millions of doubts, and it is natural, it is a gift of God. Doubt is a gift of God, but it creates trouble for you. If you start doubting... and you can doubt EVERYTHING, and you have to live with people who believe. Your life will be in constant conflict, you have to compromise. If you are born amongst Christians you have to believe; if you don't believe you will be in trouble.

Why was Jesus crucified? -- for the simple reason that he refused to believe; he tried to experience. In the Bible the major part of his life is completely missing; eighteen years are missing. And in a life of thirty-three years, eighteen years iS a maJor portion. He is mentioned first when he is twelve and then he is mentioned when he is thirty, and by thirty-three he is crucified.

What happened between the ages of twelve and thirty? Where was he? In these eighteen years he lived with many Masters, he moved in many mystery schools. Particularly, he lived with a secret school, that of the Essenes; his whole teaching comes from that secret school. But all those eighteen years were of deep meditation, experimentation; he went to the deepest core of his being. When he arrived when he himself came to know what truth is, there was trust -- it was not belief.

Trust has to be deserved belief is a very cheap substitute. Belief means you are afraid of doubt, because doubt creates trouble, and doubt keeps you in a state of confusion. And you are not courageous enough to live in confusion, not courageous enough to live in a state of chaos, in anarchy -- and doubt creates that. So you immediately repress the doubt, and the way to repress is to believe.

The way to trust is DOUBT, and doubt to the very end. Go the whole way! Don't repress your doubt at any point, otherwise you will miss trust. Trust arises out of doubt, not by repressing but by experiencing doubt to its ultimate extreme.

When you go on doubting and doubting and doubting, a moment comes when all beliefs are destroyed by doubt, all faith evaporates in the heat of doubt, and all that is left is your being. Now there is nothing to doubt because you have doubted all and everything. When there is nothing to doubt, doubt dies, commits suicide, because there is nothing to keep it going on, nothing to nourish it any more. That has been my way. I have not arrived through belief, I have arrived through doubt. It is better to begin as a great doubter than as a believer, because the believer will remain

always pseudo; he will always remain superficial, shallow. Belief can never be more than skin-deep: scratch it a little bit and immediately the doubt is there. Trust needs a continuous hammering; doubt has to be used as a hammer. Until you reach to the rock bottom of it all...

An America tenor was making his debut in "Pagliacci" at La Scala Opera House in Milano. When he finished the exciting aria, "Vesta la Giubba," the audience applauded, and Carbogno, an elderly man sitting down front, stood up and exclaimed, "Sing-a it again!"
The tenor, delighted by the request, did an encore. Carbogno, the opera-lover, again leapt to his feet and implored, "Sing-a it again!"
After five encores, the tenor walked to the edge of the stage and said, "Thank you for your very gracious reception."
Once more the old man shouted, "Sing-a it again!"
"I'm sorry, sir," begged the singer. "We must go on. I cannot sing it again."
"Yes!" declared the opera fan. "You sing-a it again until-a you sing-a it right!"

One has to go on and on doubting -- until-a you sing-a it right!

Doubt is a sword: it cuts all beliefs, but it is a dangerous path. The path to truth is bound to be dangerous because truth is the ultimate peak. The higher you move towards Everest, the more you are entering into a dangerous arena. A single wrong step and you will be lost forever.

Truth liberates, but to reach truth you have to go through a very narrow passage, climbing towards the heights. It is dangerous. Hence millions of people decide to live in their dark valleys and they believe that "Everest exists and it is sunlit and there is tremendous beauty, because Jesus has reached there, Buddha has reached there.
We can believe in them. What need is there for us to go there? We can live in our dark valleys comfortably. There is no need to take any risk."
But without risk there is no truth, without risk there is no life. You have to learn to gamble, you have to be a gambler.
If you doubt and go on doubting, a moment comes when all that you have ever believed disappears, evaporates. It is almost a state of madness. One can fall any moment into the abyss that surrounds you. If one falls, it is a breakdown. If one keeps alert and aware, watchful, cautious, then it is a breakthrough.
Trust is the ultimate breakthrough: it helps you to know the truth on your own. And truth liberates only when it is YOURS; somebody else's truth cannot liberate anybody. It creates bondage and nothing else.

The last question

Question 3
OSHO,
I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU SOMETIMES MAKE UP QUESTIONS TO FIT YOUR JOKES. IS THIS SO? PLEASE BE TRUTHFUL!

Anand Nandan,

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT for me to be truthful. I don't believe in anything, not even in truth! I am not a serious person at all! I believe in playfulness. So... how does it matter whose question it is? And do you think when you write a question it is better than when I write a question? And do you think, Nandan, that when you are writing a question you are really writing or am I writing through you?
If I have to tell a joke tomorrow I can say something today and many questions will come tomorrow! There is really no need for me to write them -- I can create questions in you; there is no difficulty. Otherwise, how do these many many questions come?
But you seem to be serious. And I am serious only about jokes! I am not serious about anything else. That's why you never see me laughing at the jokes -- I am really serious! -- because jokes are not a laughing matter. It is not a laughing matter. It is not a joke! It is one of the most serious things in life, in fact, the only serious thing.

You ask me: I HAVE HEARD THAT YOU SOMETIMES MAKE UP...

Sometimes! Always, every day! because whenever I come across a good joke I cannot wait for tomorrow. Who knows? Tomorrow may come, may not come. I may not be here, you may not be here -- and the joke HAS to be told! Just look at these jokes: they cannot remain untold!

A Negro walks into the fishmarket and buys an eel for his dinner. He puts it into the pocket of his overcoat and decides to have a drink before going home. One drink leads to another and another...
Hours later he staggers home and stumbles into the toilet for a piss. Reeling backwards and forwards he fumbles inside his trousers and pulls out what he thinks is his johnny. He feels a warm tickle down his legs, then looks down and utters in wide-eyed disbelief, "I knew you was big and I knew you was black, but I sure as hell didn't know you had such beautiful, big blue eyes!"

A man walks into an optometrist's office holding a cardboard box. He hands it to the optometrist who opens it and upon seeing its contents exclaims, "WOW! That's the biggest turd I've ever seen!"
"Isn't it a beauty? I did it myself!"
"It must be at least two feet long!"
"Twenty-five and a half inches, to be exact!" boasts the man, "And four and three-quarter inches in diameter!"
"Incredible! How much does it weigh?"
"One and a half pounds!" comes the proud reply.
"That is simply amazing!" exclaims the optometrist, unable to take his eyes off this marvelous specimen. "But why bring it to me? I am an optometrist!"
"Well, you see, I have this problem: every time I do one of these monsters, my eyes water!"

Mary comes to the police station with her mother. She is sobbing loudly when she reports to the policeman that she

had been raped. The officer, concerned, asks her when and where all this happened.
"Well," says Mary, crying, "three days ago in the cemetery, the following day in the forest, and yesterday evening in Johnny's own room!"

You missed it! Perhaps you will get this...?

Dino was making pretty good time with Sally, the office steno. She agreed to go away for the weekend, provided he brought a sheath with him.
When they went upstairs to bed he admitted he didn't know how to wear it, so she rolled it down his thumb to show him. Then they put out the light and really went at it.
In a few minutes Sally said, "I'm really sticky. I think you broke that thing."
"No, I ain't," said Dino, switching on the light. "Here it is, still on my thumb!"

And you ask me: Is THIS SO? PLEASE BE TRUTHFUL!

Anand Nandan, even this question is invented by me! What more truth is needed to prove it? You have not asked it, but I have answered it!

Two Jews are walking. Ahead of them they notice Moishe walking like a duck along the footpath.
"I bet you he has hemorrhoids," says Saul, "that's why he walks that way!"
"No," says Mo, "his balls are enlarged, that's why!"

They catch up with Moishe and tell him of the bet they just made.
"You are walking this way because of bad hemorrhoids, right?" says Saul.
"No," replies Moishe.
"Aha!" exclaims Mo. "Then it is because of your swollen balls, right?"
Moishe stops and turns towards them. "I am sorry, but both of you lose. You see, I thought it was going to be just a good old fart, but..."

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #11

Chapter title: Beliefs are Lies
5 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1
OSHO,
IS THERE QUALITY IN NOTHINGNESS?

Anudeya,

NOTHINGNESS CAN EITHER BE just emptiness or it can be a tremendous fullness. It can be negative, it can be positive. If it is negative it is like death, darkness. Religions have called it hell. It is hell because there is no joy in it, no song in it, there is no heartbeat, no dance. Nothing flowers, nothing opens. One is simply empty.

This empty nothingness has created great fear in people. That's why in the West particularly, God has never been called nothingness except by a few mystics like Dionysius, Eckhart, Boehme; but they are not the main current of Western thinking. The West has always conceived nothingness in negative terms; hence it has created a tremendous fear about it. And they go on saying to people that the empty mind is the Devil's workshop.

The East has known its positive aspect too; it is one of the greatest contributions to human consciousness. Buddha will laugh at this statement that emptiness is the Devil's workshop. He will say: Only in emptiness, only in nothingness, does godliness happen. But he is talking about the positive phenomenon.

For Gautam Buddha, for Mahavira, for the long tradition of Zen Masters and the Taoists, nothingness simply means no-thingness. All things have disappeared, and because things have disappeared there is pure consciousness left behind. The mirror is empty of any reflection, but the MIRROR IS there. Consciousness is empty of content, but CONSCIOUSNESS IS there. And when it was full of content, so many things were inside you could not have known what it is. When the consciousness is full of contents, that's what we call mind. When consciousness is empty of all contents, that's what we call no-mind or meditation.

To create nothingness in you is the goal of meditation, but this nothingness has nothing to do with the negative idea. It is full, abundantly full. It is so full that it starts overflowing. Buddha has defined this nothingness as overflowing compassion.

The word "compassion" is beautiful. It is made out of the same word as "passion." When passion is transformed, when the desire to seek and search for the other is no more there, when you are enough unto yourself, when you don't need anybody, when the very desire for the other has evaporated, when you are utterly happy, blissful, just being alone, then passion becomes compassion. Now you don't seek the other because you are feeling empty and lonely; now you seek the other because you are too full and you would like to share.

The enlightened person also seeks the other just as the unenlightened person seeks, but there is a qualitative difference. The unenlightened person seeks the other because he feels a negative nothingness in him. Left alone he does not feel aloneness, he feels loneliness.

Remember, loneliness and aloneness are not synonymous, notwithstanding what the dictionaries go on saying. It is not a question of language; it is something existential.

Loneliness is negative -- you are missing something; aloneness is positive -- you have found something.

The unenlightened seeks the other because it is his need; he is needy and greedy. He grabs the other, he clings to the other. He is always afraid the other may leave. Husbands are afraid, wives are afraid, parents are afraid, children are afraid, everybody is afraid. Even your so-called religious teachers are afraid their disciples may leave them, so they have to concede and compromise with the disciples. Can you see the irony of it?

Jaina monks send messages to me saying, "We want to see you, but we cannot because our followers don't allow it. They become angry, they become antagonistic." Now the

teachers are afraid of the followers! What kind of teachers are these? They need the follower because without the follower they are nobody -- and that is the power in the hands of the follower. The follower really dictates the rules. He says, "Do this, say this, behave like this -- only then am I going to respect you. Of course I will respect you if you follow all the rules prescribed by me." It is a contract.

The so-called religious leaders go on following their own followers! And the followers, of course, in return pay great homage, respect. Both are satisfied. The follower needs somebody whom he can follow and the leader needs somebody to follow him. Both are fulfilling each other's needs, but both are dependent; both are clinging, possessive.

Just the other day I was reading a statement... one Christian organization in England has asked Sheldon Press -- because Sheldon Press belongs to that Christian association, it is one of the branches of the association -- why they have published my books. Sheldon Press has published seven of my books; the director seems to have fallen in love with me. The director has replied, "We have published the books because they are beautiful, and we have published the books because they come closest to the teachings of Jesus." But the head of the association and the members who possess the association are very angry; they may even throw this director of Sheldon Press out of his job.

They have asked one of my sannyasins who is a chaplain in Cambridge University, "Why do you, being a Christian priest, go on wearing orange?" And in the church Dynamic Meditation is being done! They have asked for an explanation; naturally they are afraid.

But the sannyasin is not afraid. He has written a beautiful letter to them saying, "I am doing the work of Christ -- and I am doing the work of a living Christ! And I don't see any difference." But ordinarily... now he can be thrown out, is bound to be thrown out. No organized religion can tolerate such individuals, such rebels.

The followers want you to behave the way THEY decide, the way the tradition decides, and if you need their respect you are bound to follow them. They will follow you, you follow them. Hence I say, religious or political, it does not matter: leaders are the followers of their own followers. And that is the criterion of whether a man is really a Master or not. The Master is one who does not follow the followers, who does not compromise in any way, because he has no need. Whether there are people or not doesn't matter; there is no question of greed.

The unenlightened seeks the other because he feels lonely. It may be the teacher-disciple thing, it may be the husband-wife trip, it may be friendship... it may be any kind of relationship. You seek the other out of your loneliness, and the other is also seeking you out of her or his loneliness. And two lonelinesses are bound to create hell, great hell, because both are negative. And when two negatives meet it is not a simple addition, it is a multiplication. The same is true about two positives: when they meet it is not simple addition, it is multiplication.

The enlightened also seeks the other. Jesus moved from one village to another -- for what? Mahavira traveled thousands of miles on foot -- for what? For forty-two years Buddha was going... he was always on the go. Even when he was very old, eighty-two, he was still moving from village to

village, for the simple reason that somebody had to be found with whom he could share. But now it was not a need, hence he will not compromise. It is not a need, hence he will not possess. It is not a need, in fact it is just the opposite of it: it is abundance.

He is like a raincloud full of rainwater: it wants to shower somewhere. If it can find a garden, good; if it cannot find a garden, then too it has to shower. It may shower even on the rocks; it does not matter, but it has to shower. When the flower opens up, the fragrance has to be released. Whether anybody comes to know of it or not is immaterial. It is not a need, it is overflowing joy. When there is overflowing love it is compassion.

Passion arises out of negative nothingness and compassion arises out of positive nothingness.

Buddha says that the real man of wisdom can be judged only by one thing: his compassion, his love. He will be radiating compassion. He wi!l be always ready to help people on the path. The people will be insulting him, the people will be in every possible way against him, the people will be angry at him, because the people are fast asleep and to put them on the path he has to wake them up. And nobody likes to be awakened because people are dreaming beautiful dreams. And you shake them and you wake them and you destroy their dreams, and that's all that they have got. Otherwise they are lonely, otherwise they are empty. So they are somehow filling their inner spaces with dreams, projections, imaginations.

And the function of the Master is to destroy all your dreams, to make you empty of all content. But when you drop all content consciously, deliberately, you are not

lonely: you become alone. And aloneness is beautiful, loneliness is ugly. Loneliness is like a wound, aloneness is like a flower. Loneliness is sick -- Soren Kierkegaard has called it "sickness unto death" -- and aloneness is life, abundant life. It is health.

The Sanskrit word for health is very beautiful; the English word also has its own beauty. "Health" means the wound is healed; it comes from healing. The person is no longer sick; the wound of negative nothingness is no more there it has healed It is beautiful, but nothing compared to the Sanskrit word for health. The Sanskrit word for health is SWASTHIA; it means becoming centered. It means coming to one's own self, realizing one's own self. SVA means self; SWASTHIA means getting rooted in the self. People are not rooted in their own selves, hence they are clinging to others. All clinging is an indication that you are afraid that if you are left alone you will not be alone, you will be simply lonely, miserable.

The West has yet to recognize this tremendously significant fact. The Western religions have remained confined to prayer. They have not touched even the periphery of meditation, for the simple reason that meditation means nothingness, and to them nothingness has only one connotation: that of loneliness, emptiness. And they start feeling that if you are nothing then you will start falling into an abyss, you will be lost.

But we have tasted a totally different quality of nothingness. We have tasted the hidden godliness in it, we have known the uttermost of bliss in it, we have known its benediction.

It is my own experience that there is no greater joy than to be alone; the joy of love is secondary. And the joy of love is possible only if you have known the joy of being alone, because then only do you have something to share. Otherwise, two beggars meeting each other, clinging to each other, cannot be blissful. They will create misery for each other because each will be hoping, and hoping in vain, that "The other is going to fulfill me." The other is hoping the same. They cannot fulfill each other. They are both blind; they cannot help each other.

I have heard about a hunter who got lost in the jungle. For three days he could not find anybody to ask for the way out, and he was becoming more and more panicky -- three days of no food and three days of constant fear of wild animals. For three days he was not able to sleep; he was sitting awake on some tree, afraid he may be attacked. There were snakes, there were lions, there were wild animals.
After the third day, the fourth day early in the morning, he saw a man sitting under.a tree. You can imagine his joy. He rushed, he hugged the man, and he said, "What joy!" And the other man hugged him, and both were immensely happy. Then they asked each other, "Why are you so ecstatic?" The first said, "I was lost and I was waiting to meet somebody." And the other said, "I am also lost and I am waiting to meet somebody. But if we are both lost then the ecstasy is just foolish. So now we will be lost together!"

That's what happens: you are lonely, the other is lonely -- now you meet. First the honeymoon: that ecstasy that you

have met the other, now you will not be lonely any more. But within three days, or if you are intelligent enough, then within three hours... it depends on how intelligent you are. If you are stupid, then it will take a longer time because one does not learn; otherwise the intelligent person can immediately see after three minutes..."What are we trying to do? It is not going to happen. The other is as lonely as I am. Now we will be living together -- two lonelinesses together. Two wounds together cannot help each other to be healed. Two blind people leading each other..." Kabir says, both are bound to fall in a well sooner or later, and more possibly sooner than later .

But, Anudeya, nothingness, meditativeness, no-mindness is a totally different phenomenon. Loneliness is natural. You are born lonely, and immediately the child starts searching and seeking for the other; for the mother he starts searching, he starts groping. He clings to the mother; he does not want to be left alone even for a few moments. He starts crying, he starts screaming; he makes much fuss so the mother comes back. He learns the language of how the mother can be manipulated. It is a very strange world! Even small babies become politicians. They know how to manipulate. They will start crying. they will start weeping. Once it happened:

I went to see a friend with one of my friends driving me. His small son had come with him -- not more than three years old. The friend went into some other person's house to enquire whether he was there or not. I was sitting in the back of the car and the child was sitting in front. The child somehow fell over and hit his head against the wheel. I

closed my eyes, as if I had not seen. He looked at me, remained silent. After ten minutes when his father came back he started crying.
I said, "This is not right! This is not fair! Why are you crying now?"
He said, "And then what to do? What was the point of crying? You were not even looking at me!"
I said, "Now it cannot be hurting. At that time it must have hurt, I know."
But he knows the politics because he understood immediately: "This man will not take any note of it. Even if I cry or weep it is useless. When my father is back, then!"

The child behaves differently when his mother is there. When the mother is not there he is far more grown-up, far more mature, because he has to be alert and cautious -- he is alone, the mother is not there. When the mother is there he can do anything; he can take risks.
From the very childhood we know the negative aspect, but the positive aspect has to be discovered. It is a lifelong discovery; one has to go on discovering it.
Meditation is nothing but the method of discovering the positive aspect of nothingness, the positive quality of it. Meditation means dropping the content of the mind very consciously, knowing that you are dropping it. And when you have dropped everything, suddenly you realize that everything has disappeared but you ARE and you are more full than ever because all those things, all that junk that you have been carrying all along was simply taking your space. Now the whole space, the whole sky is available, and your heart can open its petals. We call it in the East "the one-

thousand-petaled lotus." Now there is space. With all the junk that you carry in your mind, where is the space for the one-thousand-petaled lotus to open? You are not spacious enough. You are so full of junk, rubbish, that only weeds can grow in you, not roses. It is impossible for the roses to grow; they need a little spaciousness.

Nothingness is spaciousness, and to be spacious mean to be vast. The moment you feel nothingness in its positive quality you feel vastness, you feel infinity. You don't see any limit anywhere; you are unlimited. Even the sky is not the limit! That experience makes you enlightened. That experience makes you full of light, life, love, so full That you start overflowing, that sharing is now possible.

Only a meditator can be a lover. In the past, people have tried to be lovers or to be meditators; both have failed. The whole history of humanity is a history of failures, and th greatest failure has been this: lovers have failed because they were not meditators, and without meditation you don't have anything to share; before you can share something you HAVE TO HAVE IT. And the meditators have failed because instead of being nothing, instead of being nobodies, instead of being the experience of utter emptiness, SHUNYATA, they were full of mantras, chanting, praying, repeating any word constantly. But they were not nothing, they were not in a state of nothingness. Maybe they were not thinking of the market, not thinking of money, not thinking of politics -- but they were thinking of God. It does not matter what you are thinking: thinking as such keeps you away, far away from experiencing the beauty of nothingness. Whether mantras fill you or film songs fill you, it is all the same -- you are too full of

rubbish. Whether that rubbish has been collected through scriptures or through magazines like PLAYBOY, it does not matter; it is the same rubbish.

One has to be utterly empty of all PLAYBOYS, all Bibles, all Gitas. One has to be completely empty of all Korans, all Vedas. When you are in that beautiful space you will know what God is, what truth is, what freedom is. In fact knowing this, love is bound to happen as a shadow of it, as a consequence of it.

Meditators have failed because they were not real meditators; they were doing something else in the name of meditation. Concentration they were doing, contemplation they were doing, prayer they were doing, chanting they were doing, and a thousand other things they were doing, but not meditation. In fact they were avoiding meditation -- in a religious way. Ordinarily people avoid meditation in worldly ways, and your so-called saints avoid meditation through other-worldly ways, but it is the same: avoiding.

One has to discover the positive quality of nothingness. One has to be courageous enough to go into it. Once you have known it you have known everything that is worth knowing. Then you can share. Not only then can you share, but only then will you be able to understand the Koran, the Bible, the Gita, because those are expressions of people who had known the same positive emptiness, the same beautiful nothingness. You cannot understand Christ unless you are a Christ, you cannot understand Buddha unless you are a Buddha. Before being a Buddha you will be simply a parrot repeating the Dhammapada. Before being a Mohammed you cannot understand a single word of the Koran. That is impossible, because unless you have the

same consciousness and the same connection with the ultimate source of things, how can you understand Mohammed? No Mohammedan understands Mohammed, no Christian understands Christ, no Buddhist understands Buddha, no Jaina understands Mahavira. They are simply imitators, repeaters, just going on parrotlike, mechanically. And their whole effort is how to fill the negative nothingness. The negative nothingness has not to be filled; you have to be consciously aware of it, that "yes, it exists there."
The moment negative emptiness is joined with awareness, it becomes positive, the miracle happens. That very moment the alchemy transforms you. Let me repeat: negative nothingnesss plus awareness is equal to positive nothingness.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
WHY ARE THE SO-CALLED RELIGIOUS PEOPLE AGAINST YOU?

Somesh,

THEY ARE NOT RELIGIOUS they are only so-called religious, hence they are bound to be against me. The so-called religious people have always been against the religious people; it is nothing new. It is the most ancient thing in the world. They worship a religious person only when he is dead because then there is no problem.

Jesus alive is a problem. He disturbs you in many ways, in thousands of ways. In his presence you start feeling that all that you are is just holy cowdung, nothing else. It hurts, it hurts the ego. The so-called religious person starts looking so stupid. He is stupid, but when he is living with other so-called religious people he looks like a saint. He is a rabbi, he is a pundit, he is a priest; he is respected by people. The moment he comes close to a really religious person, immediately he is nothing. That negative nothingness is felt. Now he can see that he is like darkness.
Encountering a Buddha you are encountering a mirror, a perfect mirror.

I have heard about a woman who was very ugly. She was very much against mirrors, obviously, so much so that whenever she came across a mirror she would immediately destroy it -- even other people's mirrors! People were afraid to let her come close to their mirrors. She would immediately hit the mirror with anything available. And her logic was the same, her argument was the same.
She used to say, "These mirrors make me look ugly. I am not ugly -- these mirrors are wrong!"

Somesh, the so-called religious people are bound to be against me. The argument is the same: I am functioning like a mirror. The moment your mind disappears and you become a no-mind, you are a mirror. Whosoever comes to you is bound to see HIS reality. And people live such unreal lives, such unauthentic lives, that how can they forgive me? Impossible. They have to be angry.

They would like to destroy me the way they destroyed Jesus, the way they destroyed Socrates, the way they destroyed Mansoor. They would like to destroy me too, because once they have crucified me they will be at ease again. Again they are beautiful because there is nobody to reflect them. The mirror is no more there, so they can believe in whatsoever they want to believe.

They are against me because I am trying to expose them. I am trying to bring to their notice their real, original faces. They are hiding behind masks and I am pulling their masks away. And they are hiding because they feel their ugliness. They have found a cheap way to feel beautiful: to wear a mask. That is the meaning of the word "personality": it comes from PERSONA; PERSONA means a mask. You can wear a beautiful mask and you can deceive others. And slowly slowly, when many people are deceived by you and they start thinking this is your real face, you become auto-hypnotized; by your OWN deception you create a self-deception. First you deceive others, then their eyes reflect your face -- the mask -- then you think, "This is my real face."

When you come to a Master his work is to pull the mask away, to loosen the hold of the mask on you. And you have believed in it for so long, and you have rationalized in every possible way, "This is my real face, that whosoever is going to show you the real face, you will be angry with him. It is not accidental that ALWAYS it has been the same; it seems to be the very law of existence that people like me are bound to be crucified in some way or other.

I have to destroy much in you. In fact, that is not your reality, but unless your unreal is taken away you will not be

able to make any distinction between what is real and what is unreal. You will not be able to know what is essential and what is non-essential.
The DESIDERATA IS right: one should know exactly what is essential. But to know the essential as essential, first you have to become aware of the non-essential because that is where you are living: a non-essential life, a superficial life. You are acting, you are not really living. You are playing games; you are acting certain roles. You are not living a true life. Of course you have many ways to rationalize whatsoever you do; you have to rationalize it, otherwise you will become aware of its falseness. You have to give it all your support, all kinds of arguments.
The Christian will give a thousand and one arguments why to be Christian is right. Why is he so self-defensive? Why is the Hindu so self-defensive: "I am right! I am the only spiritual person in the world. My tradition is the greatest spiritual tradition. My country is the most holy country -- even gods desire to be born here"? And every country thinks in the same way and every religion in the same way. These are rationalizations, supports, props for something false. The real needs no support, no crutches.

And my work is to take away your crutches.

It was somewhat disconcerting to the minister's wife to hear him exclaim, "Oh, Jesus, sweet Jesus! " every time he reached orgasm, and she finally asked him about it.
"It is perfectly proper, my dear, and in accordance with the Bible," he assured her. "Don't you remember where it says, 'Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord'?"

People are ready to bring all kinds of rationalizations for whatsoever they are doing. You can always find something in the scriptures to support you.

The so-called religious are to be pitied. I feel sorry for them because they ARE thinking they are religious; they are pretending only. Going to the church, going to the temple has nothing to do with being religious.

Religiousness is sensitivity, it is awareness. How can you become more sensitive by going to a church and listening to some stupid priest or minister who knows nothing, who lives almost as double a life as you live, in fact even more, who wears thicker masks than you are wearing? Your masks are thin; sometimes your real faces even show. Your masks are very thin. But the priest, the saint, the rabbi, the pope, has to wear a very thick mask. He has to believe in himself and he has to live a double kind of life -- one at the front door, one at the back door. And the front door life is just hypocrisy -- he knows it.

That's why every so-called religious person feels guilty -- guilty because he knows that he is doing something wrong, but he cannot stop doing it because that something wrong is wrong only because others say it is wrong. He has not experienced its wrongness. He does not know on his own what is right and what is wrong. He has no light of his own. He has believed others that this is wrong, but his own biology says that this is right. NOW he 1S m a jam, a real jam. If he follows his natural instinct, guilt arises that "I am doing something wrong."

Even a man like St. Augustine says, "My Lord, help me, because I go on doing that which should not be done and I

never do that which should be done." Now, this simple statement is of tremendous significance. At least Augustine is sincere and honest; in many ways he was an honest man. If he had not been trying too hard to be a Christian he would have become enlightened. He missed enlightenment for the simple reason that he was trying too hard to be a Christian. Rather than being himself he was trying too hard to follow the Ten Commandments, to follow in the footprints of Jesus. And, of course, when you follow somebody else this is going to happen again and again: you will do something which should not be done, and again and again you will not be doing the thing that should be done. And that creates a division, a split.
If you do what should be done, what is told by the others, then your nature suffers. Then you have to repress, and nothing that is repressed is going to remain repressed forever. It will assert itself again and again, it will start surfacing, because it is accumulating momentum, energy.

Ruth was too shy to confess, so the priest offered his help.
"Did he do this?" asked the padre, kissing her.
"Yes, Father, and worse."
"YOU mean he did this?" he said, touching her breasts.
"Yes, Father, and worse."
Finally he had intercourse with her. "You mean that is what he did?"
"Yes, Father, and worse, too!"
"What worse could he do?"
"He gave me the clap, Father!"

The so-called religious person is bound to be repressive, and those repressions will create perversions. All sexual perversions are created by the so-called religious people. The amazing thing is that they are the people who are against all perversions -- and they are the creators! They are the culprits, the criminals. For example, they condemn homosexuality, and the source of homosexuality is religious, because religions always separated men and women. For monks there were different monasteries, for nuns there were different monasteries called nunneries, and they were not allowed to meet, mingle, merge with each other. Now if you put many people of the same sex enclosed behind walls for long periods... and there are monasteries in which you enter once and then you cannot leave; you enter for your whole life. Now, thousands of men living together and thousands of women living together without any way to transform their sexual energies, without knowing anything of Tantra, because they are afraid of knowing anything of Tantra....

Tantra is the only science which can transform your energy; there is no other science which can transform your sexuality. Just as when you want to know something about atoms you have to know physics and if you want to know something about chemicals you have to know chemistry, the same way, if you want to understand sex, without Tantra there is no other way, no possibility that there will ever be another way. Tantra has to be understood, but these people are afraid.

Because I have been talking about Tantra, the religious people are against me. They never told their people how to transform their sexual energy, so it was bound to be that the

nuns would become lesbians and the monks would become homosexuals. Homosexuality has its roots in religion -- it is a religious phenomenon.

Father Sanchez, a priest in Venezuela, went to the Caracas hospital with a stomach tumor. As a gag they told him he was pregnant and that his child had to be delivered by Caesarean section. He was given the baby of an unmarried girl who had died in childbirth.
The priest brought up the baby as his son. Years later, on his deathbed, Father Sanchez called the boy to him.
"There is something I must tell you," said the priest. "You have always called me father, but now that I am about to die I have to tell you the truth. I am not really your father, I am your mother."
"Then who is my father?" asked the boy.
"The Archbishop of Caracas!"

Because I call a spade a spade, the so-called religious people are against me. I can understand their anger and I have no reaction to it. I have only compassion. I can understand why Jesus prayed to God at the last moment on the cross, "Forgive these people because they know not what they are doing." The same is my feeling: they know not what they are doing. And they are so unconscious that they are bound to behave in this way.
And you all have to understand it, and you all have to be very compassionate, because what can they do? For centuries they have been told lies, for centuries they have been brought up on lies and they have accepted them as

truths. And I say it is not truth; what you are believing is a lie.
Every belief is a lie. Truth has to be experienced, not believed. Truth liberates, but it has to be your own experienced truth; anybody else's truth is bound to create bondage for you.
To help a prisoner who has lived always in a prison to be free is a difficult task, but it is a beautiful challenge too. I have accepted the challenge and I am trying to do whatsoever I can. And of course, the more I succeed in doing it, the more the crowd, the mob will become against me. But I have to do my work and I enjoy doing it. Even if I am crucified for it, that will be perfectly okay as far as I am concerned. That will be a perfect reward for my work!

The third question

Question 3
OSHO, DO YOU HAVE ANY WISH?

Maneesha,

I WISH I were Adam. If I pulled a joke, no one could say, "I heard that one before!"

The fourth question

Question 4
OSHO, WHY ARE YOU BEING COMPARED WITH RASPUTIN RATHER THAN WITH JESUS, KRISHNA, MAHAVIRA OR BUDDHA? AND ESPECIALLY

WHEN YOU ARE CONTINUOUSLY AND BITTERLY CRITICIZING PRESENT POLITICS AND POLITICIANS AND GIVING THE WORLD A DYNAMIC VIEW OF RELIGIOUSNESS?

Satya Veetrag,

DO YOU KNOW what they did with Jesus? Do you know what they did with Mahavira? Do you know what they did with Buddha? You are not aware. Of course, they could not have compared Jesus with Rasputin because Rasputin had not yet come into existence, but isn't the crucifixion enough proof that they were thinking that he wasn't a good man? that they were perfectly certain that he was evil? that he was doing the work of the Devil, not of God? that he was not the messiah? that he was a pretender? If they were not convinced that "He is a pretender and destroying our spirituality, our culture, our religion," why should they have crucified Jesus?

They tortured Mahavira in every possible way. They wounded Buddha; they did everything to kill him. Of course, they could not succeed. That's the difference between Indians and Jews: when Jews do something they succeed! Indians are Indians: they do, but they can't succeed.

Just a few days ago they had thrown a knife to kill me. Now in a twentieth-century world, trying to kill somebody with an old-fashioned knife... something very ancient it was, totally rusted. When it fell I thought it was a stone!

They could not kill Buddha or Mahavira; that simply shows Indian inefficiency, nothing else! And do you think they were very happy with Krishna?

Jainas have thrown Krishna into the seventh hell. Jainas believe there are seven hells: the seventh is the last hell where the greatest criminals are thrown. Now Jainas have thrown Krishna into the seventh hell. Even Adolf Hitler will be somewhere near the third! Genghis Kahn, Tamurlaine, Nadir Shah cannot go beyond the third. The seventh is reserved only for people like Krishna.

Jainas have thrown Krishna into the seventh hell. Why? I don't think they can throw Rasputin into the seventh hell; Rasputin may go, at the most, to the second, not to the seventh. Krishna seems to be a far more dangerous man. It was he who persuaded Arjuna to go to war; in that war millions of people died. Now the whole violence, that great massacre of people, was caused by Krishna. Arjuna wanted to renounce the world... the story is beautiful:

The war had to start. Both the enemies were facing each other, just waiting for the signal to be given so they could start killing each other. Arjuna, seeing the millions of people, became a little shaken. He thought, "This is stupid. Just for the kingdom's sake, just to be a king, killing millions of people is not worth it." The insight was so penetrating that he dropped his famous bow and he told Krishna -- Krishna was his driver, his charioteer -- he told Krishna, "Turn away the chariot. Take me to the jungle, leave me there. I want to renounce the world. I don't want this kingdom any more and I don't want to fight."

Krishna persuaded him, argued with him, convinced him that this was his duty, that he was being a coward, that this

was escapism. And finally he made him fight. Now according to Jaina philosophy Arjuna was right. He was really becoming a Jaina monk, dropping all violence. Krishna was the dangerous person who had given great logical rationalizations for him to go into the war.
He says to Arjuna, "It is decided by God -- the war is going to happen, it is inevitable. Even if you escape, somebody else will have to take your place, but the war is going to happen. So don't you be worried, you are just an excuse. You are not killing these people; God has already decided that these people have to be killed, and these people have to be killed to save religion. These people have to be killed for the sake of peace. You have to do it -- it is your duty!" And he gives great arguments. He says, "And remember, when you kill a person..." and this is the most dangerous argument. He says, "When you kill a person you only kill his body. The soul is not killed, the soul is eternal. So why be worried? He will be born again. He will have another body, in fact a new body. You take away an old model and he will be getting a new model, because the soul is eternal." This is a very dangerous argument according to Jaina ideology. This means you can kill, it is not a crime. This man is dangerous. They have thrown him into the seventh hell.

Satya Veetrag, you say: WHY ARE YOU BEING COMPARED WITH RASPUTIN RATHER THAN WITH JESUS?

Jesus was not thought to be a very nice fellow -- you don't crucify nice fellows! -- neither was Krishna thought to be a

very religious person. You don't throw religious people into the seventh hell. And Mahavira was thought to be utterly mad by the Hindus, by the Buddhists, because he was roaming naked. He was destroying the Hindu culture. He was not even behaving like a gentleman, what to say about an enlightened man? They chased him out of one village to another village. Finally he was poisoned in his old age -- he suffered for six months.

Hindus have so much anger against Mahavira that they have not even mentioned his name in their scriptures -- they have completely ignored him. Even to take note of him would have been giving some importance to him. His name is not mentioned in a single Hindu scripture. A man of such tremendous truth and even his name is ignored, deliberately, so that he can be effaced from history. And they knew that it could be done because there were very few followers and those followers could be destroyed or converted; the whole thing could be effaced as if it had never happened.

Buddha they had to mention in their scriptures because Buddha had millions of followers; it was almost impossible to destroy his name. So just out of sheer necessity they have mentioned Buddha, but in a very condemnatory way. They say Buddha came into the world to destroy religion, to destroy people's virtue, because hell was empty and the Devil was continuously nagging God: "You have made hell and hell is empty, and for centuries we have been sitting there doing nothing. Send us people! We have perfected every means to torture, but there is nobody to torture! And we are hankering! And people are so virtuous... Hindus are

so virtuous, so religious, so spiritual, ALL Hindus -- they all go to heaven!"

So God took compassion on the poor Devil and he said, "Okay. Now I will come to the world as Gautam the Buddha and I will destroy people's faith in the true religion and I will distract them from their path. I will make them go astray; then they will start falling into hell and you will have enough people to torture."

Hence Buddha is accepted by the Hindus as an incarnation of God, but for what? To fill up hell! Hindus are cunning people, far more cunning than anybody else.

Crucifying Jesus did not succeed in a way, because out of the crucifixion Christianity was born. But by accepting Buddha as an incarnation of God and yet giving him such a twist, giving such a condemnatory turn to the whole thing, India became completely non-Buddhist -- who wants to go to hell? Buddhism completely disappeared from India, totally disappeared. Even the temple in Bodh Gaya where Buddha became enlightened -- the temple was made in memory of him -- for centuries they could not find a Buddhist monk to be the priest in the temple. There is a Hindu priest in the temple. The temple stands as Buddha's memorial, but Buddhists disappeared so completely that even for a single temple there was not one single Buddhist to be the priest. Still the priest is a Hindu because now it has become a traditional thing. Now the temple is owned by Hindu priests, by brahmins. Strange, because Buddha is against the brahmins, against the Vedas! And the most sacred place for the Buddhists is possessed by the Hindus -- a brahmin priest!

Jews killed Jesus, but they forgot that the crucifixion would attract many people -- it would become a proof that he was a messiah, it would prove it, it would become historical; it would go deep into people's hearts. In fact, Jews themselves started feeling guilty afterwards. Judas immediately committed suicide -- just twenty-four hours afterwards he committed suicide, he felt so guilty. And in the Jews who had crucified this simple man, this poor man, of course a feeling of guilt was bound to arise. And when guilt arises, the only way is to cover it up by worshipping, by giving respect. The same Jews turned Christians -- they were the first Christians.

Hindus succeeded far more cleverly. They did not crucify Buddha, although they tried many times to kill him; they could not succeed. But philosophically, metaphysically they succeeded.

Satya Veetrag, do you think that when Buddha was alive people were thinking that he was a god? Then you are wrong. Do you think Mahavira was worshipped by the people as a god? Then you are wrong. Of course, he was accepted by a few disciples as divine, but the major part of the society condemned him. They condemned Buddha, they condemned Krishna, they condemned Jesus, in the same way they are condemning me. In fact, in a roundabout way they are putting me in the same category with Jesus, Krishna, Mahavira and Buddha, by calling me Rasputin -- because in their minds Rasputin is nothing but an evil spirit, a very powerful evil spirit. And of course, they are accepting one thing: that there is some power which is working here.

Just the other day I received a letter from a sannyasin saying that a few months ago a television company had made a film of the ashram, and now a Christian priest is doing the commentary on it. And the sannyasin has seen the commentary and the film, and the priest is just stating lies, absolute lies. He has never been here. The film was made by the television company; the priest has never been here and he is commenting on the film, he is giving a running commentary on the film. So when in darshan people are moved, and they are dancing and they are singing and they go ecstatic, his commentary is: "Look! This is black magic! This man is an incarnation of the Devil. What he is doing is hypnotism, mesmerism."

They are bound to compare me with Rasputin, just to condemn me. Once they have crucified me, the same people will worship me, but first they have to crucify me. And I am not in any way in a hurry -- that's why there are so many guards and security arrangements. Naturally, twenty centuries after Jesus I am a little more alert about what they can do! Jesus was not alert about this, that they would go to such lengths. I know they can go -- I know they WILL go -- but I would like to linger on a little more so I can infect as many people as possible!

So they will make every effort to destroy me -- but because they cannot destroy they become enraged. Then at least they can write in newspapers and spread rumors -- and I love it! I love all those rumors! Even respected newspapers, news agencies go on doing stupid things, but it creates sensation and they live on sensationalism. This is absolutely natural; it has to happen in this way. It can only happen in this way -- this is inevitable.

Only my people will understand what I am, and I don't care what others say -- not a bit! In fact, I would like them to create as many rumors as possible, because their rumors bring people to the ashram -- and once they are here I can always hypnotize them! Those rumors are bringing many people here. Once they are here their vision changes, their perspective changes. They start seeing that it is a totally different phenomenon: what is happening here is something totally different from what they have heard. What they have heard helps me because that becomes a contrast.

If you come to me thinking that here is a Rasputin, and then you see and you listen and you sit in silence with me, suddenly the contrast is clear: where is Rasputin? Here is a simple man. talking in simple language, pouring his heart and his love sharing his joy, neither interested in any politics nor interested in any organized religion, only interested in one thing -- how people can become more aware, more alert, more meditative.

The priests are afraid -- their business can be destroyed by me. The politicians are afraid because I can create, through creating consciousness, rebellious people. Hence they are going to conspire against me, but all their conspiracy is ultimately a help.

It is my observation that truth cannot be killed. You can kill me, but truth cannot be killed. You can crucify Jesus, but how can you crucify truth? In fact, the crucifixion becomes a background in which the truth shines forth more clearly, moTe definitively than ever. So I enjoy their rumors. I never say anything against their rumors.

Just a few days ago there was a picture in a German magazine showing that I have got two wives, one Indian,

one English. Because I was getting out of the car he had taken the picture, which is taken from behind Shiva, and Shiva sometimes makes his hair in such a way that his head looks like an Indian woman -- so Shiva is my Indian wife! Now I don't criticize and I don't say a single word. I loved the idea! Shiva is so beautiful, what is wrong in it? Good! In fact, I should have at least thirty wives, each wife representing one country. Why just Indian and English? Go on spreading the news that "He has thirty wives, one representing each country!" That will be far more right. I have got thirty mediums, you can use them as my thirty wives!

But these fools are bound to do such things -- this is expected. And I am not worried, because I have nothing to worry about. I have found that which is the fulfillment of my life. Now whether I am famous or notorious does not matter. Whether I am Rasputin or Buddha does not matter. A few people will think of me as Buddha, a few people, and the majority will think about me as Rasputin. That's beautiful.

One thing I am certainly interested in is that everybody should think something about me!

The last question

Question 5
OSHO, I AM VERY ANGRY THAT YOU ARE TELLING SO MANY JOKES ABOUT THE POLACKS.

Neerva,

I AM VERY SORRY but really the fault is not mine; I am not the culprit. I have got three librarians: Lalita, Gayan, Nandan. It seems one of them has fallen in love with some Polack this month, so they go on sending me beautiful jokes about the Polacks. And the jokes are so juicy that whether you are angry or not I am going to tell them! And this is also a beautiful way to find out how many Polacks are here, because they go on hiding. Nobody says, "I am a Polack," but this is how, Neerva, I find who is a Polack.
Now even by asking this question you have proved all those jokes true!

Did you hear about the tiger who cornered Mr. Aesop and then proceeded to eat him for his Sunday dinner?
"Go ahead, Aesop," said the tiger, "try and make up a fable about this!"

Naturally, tigers and wild animals must be angry about Aesop -- he goes on making up stories about them! So you... But I am not making up these stories, I am simply stating facts. You cannot improve upon the jokes -- those jokes are perfect!

Have you heard about the Polack who started saying intelligent things? He was born perfectly stupid and then had a relapse!

What would you suspect if a Polack started behaving in an intelligent way? Rather than suspecting, you could be sure that his mother was not faithful to his father!

Two Polacks go to see a Western movie. In the middle of the film a cowboy, mounted on a white horse, and an Indian, mounted on a black horse, begin to race each other across the plain.
The first Polack turns to his friend and says, "I'll bet you fifty dollars that the black horse gets to the river before the white horse."
"Okay, you're on!" exclaims the second Polack.
A few seconds later, the white horse and his rider splash into the river ten lengths ahead of the black horse.
"Listen," said the second Polack after a pause, "I can't take your money. I have seen this movie before and I knew that the white horse would win."
"Ah!" said the first Polack. "I have seen it twice before... but that black horse got off to such a good start THIS time! "

The sawmill foreman hired Sofronski, led him to a buzz saw and explained how it worked. He warned Sofronski that it was extremely dangerous, and left him alone. Sofronski, fascinated by the saw, reached out a probing finger toward it. One second later the finger was gone. Sofronski screamed in pain, bringing the foreman on the run.
"What happened?" he asked.
"Your saw cut my finger off."
"Well," asked the foreman, "what did you do wrong?"
"I don't know!" said the Polack. "I just touch it like this... ow! Damn, there go another one!"

A gorilla in the zoo died. His female companion, after a few months, began getting violent as her need for sex increased. The zookeepers decided to get a man to make love to her. They picked up a Polack down on skid row and offered him twenty dollars for the job.
They muzzled the she-ape, tied her arms to the bars, and let the Polack gingerly into her cage. When the gorilla saw the guy had an erection, she suddenly ripped her arms loose from the bars and began crushing him in her embrace.
"Help!" he shouted. "For God's sake, help!"
"Don't worry," the keeper shouted back, "we'll get an elephant-gun and shoot her."
"No! No! Don't shoot her. Just get her muzzle off -- I wanna kiss her!"

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #12

Chapter title: The Total Man

6 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1

OSHO,

IN REFERENCE TO YOUR ADVISING INDIRA GANDHI TO IMPOSE A STRICTER EMERGENCY AND SUSPEND ELECTIONS FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, Mid-Day CARRIES THE HEADLINE: "STICK TO YOUR RELIGIOUS PURSUITS, MR. RAJNEESH!"

DO YOU HAVE ANY RESPONSE, OSHO?

Krishna Prem,

I TEACH THE TOTAL MAN. One of the greatest problems that humanity is facing today is the fragmentary man. For centuries we have divided life into compartments. We have tried to make those compartments absolutely separate, so much so that one expert, one specialist knows nothing about anything else. He becomes very much informed, knowledgeable about one aspect of life at the cost of the whole. His vision becomes lopsided.

They define science as knowing more and more about less and less. The problem now is how to make all these experts understand each other, how to create bridges, because man is not compartmentalized; man is one organic unity. Life is not divided, but we look at it AS IF it is divided; that "as if" is a fiction.

A man is not only a father; he is also a husband, he is also a son, he is also an uncle, he is also a brother. He is so many things! You cannot define him by labeling him as father, as son, as brother. That will be absolutely unjustified and absurd. A man has a multi-dimensional being.

Religion, in fact, is not one-dimensional. Religion is a very comprehensive view of the whole of life.

I am not a politician, and I am sticking to my pursuit -- but religion is multi-dimensional, religion HAS to be all-inclusive. A politician may not be able to make any statement about religion, because he is working in a one-dimensional pursuit. Politics is one-dimensional, science is one-dimensional, art is one-dimensional, philosophy is one-dimensional. That's where religion is totally different from

all pursuits. It is not one of the pursuits; it is a vision that includes all. Hence a religious man has to be aware about the whole.

That's why sometimes I make statements about art, about science, about politics and about so many things. But up to now religious people have also thought that their pursuit is one-dimensional. After me they will have to redefine religion! I don't believe in that definition. And I would like to say that I am strictly sticking to my pursuit, but my pursuit is not ONE of the pursuits -- it includes all.

Religion is like a bird's-eye view: the hills, the rivers, the trees, the people, all are included. That's the beauty of religion: it is not a specialized field.

And that's why there is great hope that religion will have to be revived to its true nature, resurrected, because now sciences, philosophy, politics, they have all become so fragmentary that nobody knows what is actually happening. The physicist is not aware of what the chemist is doing, the chemist is not aware of what the mathematician is doing, the mathematician is not aware of what the politician is doing. That's how the atom bomb happened: the physicists went on pursuing, and they were doing right as far as they were concerned. To know about atomic energy is one of the great revelations.

Albert Einstein, the man who was most responsible for making us know about atomic energy, wrote a letter to the American president, not knowing anything at all about politicians. And his whole life he felt great guilt; he felt himself responsible for all that happened in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Of course, whatsoever he did he was not aware of the consequences. He was not at all conscious about the

politician, his mind, his cunningness. He wrote a letter himself, saying, "Why don't we make atom bombs? Now the secret is there, and America can use the energy in many creative ways. It can transform the whole scene on the earth. It can make man for the first time really rich, healthy; in every possible way atomic energy has the possibility to transform the whole earth into a paradise."

The American politicians immediately jumped on the secret, but what they did was totally different: the earth has not been transformed into a paradise; it has become uglier than it was before.

In fact, there is no justification at all for dropping atom bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima in Japan, because Japan was already losing its fight, they were losing the war. It was only a question of days; maybe two weeks or four weeks more the war would have continued without dropping the atom bomb. And American politicians were in a hurry: before the war ended they had to throw the bomb to see what power they had gained through atomic energy, whether it was worthwhile or not. Thousands of people died, innocent people. Even this justification was not true, that it was needed to end the war. The war was ending on its own; the German and the Japanese resources were finished. They were going to surrender; it was only a question of a few hours or at the most a few days. In a hurry the atom bomb was dropped on two cities and two cities were reduced to deserts, within seconds.

Albert Einstein felt the weight of the crime on his own heart his whole life; he remained sad. And when he was dying he was asked whether if he was born again he would

like to be a physicist again. He said, "Never, never again! I would like rather to be a plumber!"

Can you see the point of it all? The politician has taken over whatsoever science has discovered. The same has been done in America, the same has been done in Russia. Now the politician has become so powerful that there is every possibility any madman -- and they are all, almost all mad people -- can destroy the whole earth.

A scientist himself delivered the secret; it could have been prevented. But the scientific pursuit is one-dimensional. Now it is as if a man's hands are working on their own, his legs are working on their own, his head is working on its own; his heart is going towards the north, his head is going towards the south, his hands are going towards the east, his feet are going towards the west -- and man is falling apart! Who is going to keep man together?

Except for religion, nothing is capable of keeping man together. Hence every day the importance of religion will become greater and greater. And remember, when I say "religion" I don't mean Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism: I mean a quality of religiousness.

I am not a politician, but I can see what is happening in this country, and I can see better because I am not a politician. I have no vested interest in politics. I can observe more detachedly. I am just a witness. And because I have no vested interest, my vision is going to be more clear.

The more meditative you become, the more clarity is there and life is no more like a puzzle. Things which were not fitting before start fitting with each other like a jigsaw puzzle; all the parts start fitting with each other. A pattern arises, a gestalt arises.

I say many things about art; I am not an artist. Neither am I a cook, but I can say whether the food is worth eating or not, whether it is tasteful or not; one need not be a cook for that. I don't know even how to prepare tea! I have never done anything like that, but still I can say that this tea does not taste like tea at all. And you cannot say to me, "Stick to your own religious pursuit, Mr. Rajneesh! You have no right to say anything about tea because you don't know how tea is made. You have no right to say anything about spaghetti!" I have not even tasted spaghetti ever. Only once it was brought to me -- it was stinking! So I simply had to throw it away! That much I can do; for that I have absolute freedom.

I talk about music -- not that I am a musician, but I have got ears, and sensitive ears, and that's enough. I can talk about art because I have got eyes and my eyes can see what is beautiful and what is not. I need not be a painter to see the ugliness of Picasso's paintings! I need not be a sculptor to see the beauty of Konarak, Khajuraho or the Taj Mahal. I can see the beauty of Michelangelo's work. I am not a novelist but I can see Dostoevsky's great work; I can appreciate Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky. Nobody will say, "You are not a novelist so you cannot appreciate a novel like BROTHERS KARAMAZOV."

I am not a politician, that is true, but I can see man in his totality because I am deep down utterly silent and clear. And I can see not only that which is happening but that which is going to happen. I can see in the seed the flower, I can see the child in the womb. I can almost visualize what is going to happen, and it is not imagination because I

dropped imagination long long ago. It is not projection either because I have no desires left.

As far as I am concerned I am totally fulfilled. If I die this moment, herenow, there is no problem about it. You see? It always happens at the right moment! I can die absolutely blissfully, peacefully, because my life is fulfilled -- the flower has released its perfume. So now any moment will be right because nothing is incomplete.

I would like to say emphatically that experts are good, but we need a new, comprehensive way of looking at things which can think of the whole man and which can make connections between sciences which are falling apart.

It is very strange that whenever I have made any statement about politics, the journalists have always condemned me saying that being a religious man I should not make such judgments. But they never condemn the politicians who go on making judgments about religion! This is strange. Morarji Desai makes statements about religion every day. Just the other day he said, "I am serving the Almighty God." What does he know about God? And just a day before he had said, "I have not yet known God, I have not yet realized God." Then whom are you serving, and who is this Almighty? If you have not known God, if you have not seen God, how can you serve him? You are serving your own ego, but you want your ego to be puffed up. Even with the idea of God you want to decorate your ego. You are not doing ordinary work -- you are serving God, the Almighty. What service has Morarji Desai done for the poor God? His whole life he has been ambitious for himself. Does his life in any way give ANY indication that he has served the

Almighty? And he says, "I don't know, I have not yet realized."

But nobody will condemn him; they will appreciate him. They will say, "Look, our politicians are so religious!" And these politicians go to inaugurate religious conferences. What do they know about religion?

In fact, the politician is the lost person to know anything about religion, because religion needs simplicity, religion needs clarity, religion needs intelligence, and the politician lacks all these things. He is simply cunning, he is not intelligent. He is not even clever, just cunning. He is not intelligent, he is stupid. Otherwise, why should one waste one's life in just becoming a prime minister or a president? Morarji Desai says, "My first ambition was to be the prime minister. Now that that is fulfilled, only one more ambition is left: to know God. Now that is the last." The man who has wasted eighty-five years in becoming the prime minister, how can he suddenly know God? He will have to transform himself totally. And he is not yet out of politics. For a few months he remained silent, seeing that now there was no possibility of his coming back into power. But as the riots started and as people started creating chaos in the country, he came out. Again a hope has arisen that maybe in the next elections he can regain power. By the next elections he will be reaching nearabout ninety, but the desire never dies. It seems stupidity grows as you grow; it becomes more and more thick.

Just three days ago he said, "Now I am going to be active again because the country needs me." I have never come across a man who has said, "We need Morarji Desai." For what? What has he done? But whether you need him or not

he is going to serve God Almighty -- he is going to remain active in politics. Now he will be active in politics and still ambitious to realize God. He wants to have not only power here but power in the other world too; he wants to know God.

He said, "I have realized only a little bit of truth. I have not been able to know the truth in its totality." Now, except for me nobody in the whole of the country has criticized him. The truth is always known in its totality; truth cannot be known in parts, in fragments. Truth is indivisible.

And just to prove that he is right he says that even Mahatma Gandhi had not known the truth in its totality. So he becomes parallel to Mahatma Gandhi; that is his great desire. Mahatma Gandhi was called 'Bapu', BAPU means father. And whenever somebody addresses Morarji Desai as Bapu, that is the only time he smiles. So those who want to buttress his ego, they address him as Bapu, and then he is just as joyous as one can be. That is his deepest desire, to be put alongside Mahatma Gandhi.

Mahatma Gandhi also never knew the truth, because he was on the wrong track, as much as Morarji Desai is, because truth cannot be known the way Mahatma Gandhi was trying to know it. To know truth one needs meditation, but to know meditation is to get out of your mind. And then you cannot be a politician. That is the trouble: the politician has to be in the mind, constantly in the mind. Mind is a cunning mechanism. Mahatma Gandhi never knew anything of meditation.

One man who knew meditation had written to him, but he felt offended and insulted. That man was also in Poona -- Meher Baba. He had lived for thirty years in silence, in

absolute silence, not uttering a single word. He was one of the greatest mystics of all the ages, but he was a condemned in Poona in the same way I am condemned. Meher Baba, knowing that Mahatma Gandhi wanted to know truth, out of his compassion sent him a telegram. He was absolutely silent, but he used to make gestures, and the person, the one person who had remained with him for thirty years, had become capable of understanding his gestures. There had developed a communication, a deep, heart-to-heart communication, between Meher Baba and his secretary, Adi Irani.

Adi Irani had come to see me once and I could see that this man had a beauty -- such a beautiful space and such silence. It was bound to happen: to live with a Master like Meher Baba for thirty years, to drink his wine, his presence... And he was his interpreter. It was not from mind to mind, because Meher Baba's mind was put aside; it was a heart-to-heart message.

So he was given the message. He telegrammed Mahatma Gandhi: "If you really want to know truth, come here. Be here with Meher Baba for a few days. He feels great compassion for you because you are striving so hard to attain to truth, but that is not the right way, what you are doing."

Mahatma Gandhi felt offended, as anybody would feel offended. If I invite Morarji Desai, saying, "Come here!" he will feel offended. He felt very insulted. His secretary replied to the telegram, saying, "You stick to your own pursuits. I am trying to find truth my own way and I will find it in my own way. I don't want anybody's help."

The politician is so egoistic. Even if somebody is willing to help he will not take it. But these politicians go on talking about religion; Mahatma Gandhi went on talking about religion.

He wrote a commentary on Srimad Bhagavad Gita, the MOST childish commentary, because thousands of commentaries have been written on the Bhagavad Gita -- Mahatma Gandhi's is the most childish. It is the only commentary which can be made a text in the primary schools.

Now Morarji Desai has become a great commentator on Srimad Bhagavad Gita, and nobody says, "What right do these politicians have to say anything about the Bhagavad Gita? What can they understand about it?" But when a man like me says anything about politics they are immediately ready to jump upon it. It seems there is a great fear. But they don't understand my vision, my approach.

My approach is total. I am going to talk about art and painting and music and poetry, politics, philosophy, theology. I am not going to leave any dimension untouched. I am not an expert about anything.

Just as science is defined as knowing more and more about less and less, religion is defined as knowing less and less about more and more. Religion is concerned with the whole. It cannot know as much as the expert knows, but it has a very inclusive view, a very organic view. It thinks of the whole; the religious man takes account of the whole, hence he is the only person who can guide humanity. The experts are dangerous.

A scientist was helping at the accouchement of his wife, holding the paraffin lamp. When the doctor had produced not one but three fine babies, the scientist disappeared with the lamp.
"Here, come back with the lamp. I think there is another!" called the doctor.
"I will not!" called back the scientist. "It is the light that attracts them!"

The live-wire salesman walked into the factory and demanded an interview with the manager. "Look here, sir," he began energetically, "I would like to talk to your men and sell them my correspondence course on how to put fire and sparkle into their work."
The manager turned pale. "Get out!" he yelled. "This is a dynamite factory, you idiot!"

On a plane flight there was a lively child who nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the stewardess started serving coffee and he ran smack into her, knocking the cups of coffee to the floor. As he stood watching her clean up the mess she glanced up at the boy and said, "Look, why don't you go out and play?"

A little house is up for sale and the owner is showing around the philosopher who is going to buy the house. "The house is small," he says to the philosopher, "but very comfortable and cozy -- there is even an orchard. And the price is very low. There is only one inconvenience: every two hours there is a train which passes by just a few feet

from this window. But I assure you, after a week you won't notice it any more."
"Well," says the philosopher, "it means that for the first week I will sleep somewhere else!"

The engineer was standing underneath some scaffolding where he had been working. Looking up, the boss noticed him and yelled, "What are you doing down there? Why aren't you up there working?"
"Well," said the engineer, "I was up there, but when I was winding my wristwatch it fell."
A little puzzled, the boss told the engineer that the watch was gone and he had better get back to work.
"Ah, no, boss, you don't understand. The watch was ten minutes slow, so I have still got another three minutes to find it!"

The expert knows only his line, his dimension, and that is a very narrow one and it is becoming narrower every day, and he loses all contact with the whole of life. That's why we have destroyed the whole ecology of the earth. Our expertise is responsible for it, because ecology means thinking about the whole.
The carpenter is interested in wood, he knows about wood; he does not know anything about what the trees are doing. He is not aware that they attract clouds and rain, that they keep the earth together, that without them the earth will become a desert, that clouds will not come any more or even if they come they will pass without showering their rainwater. He is interested in wood, he knows about wood -

- the texture of the wood, the beauty of the wood -- but he is not interested in the WHOLE phenomenon.
So we went on cutting forests. Now we are suffering immensely, because trees are a must The whole climate is disturbed, not only the climate but the whole atmosphere, because trees breathe in the carbon dioxide that we breathe out and they breathe out oxygen which we breathe in. We need oxygen, they need carbon dioxide; we are interdependent. If trees disappear, oxygen disappears, and then the air becomes more and more polluted with carbon dioxide which is not needed by your hearts, by your lungs, by your bodies. Already there is too much carbon dioxide in the air, which is dangerous to health.
But the woodcutter or the carpenter has no vision; his whole interest is in the wood. The woodcutter is interested in how to find out more efficient ways to cut the wood. The person who knows about the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon dioxide knows nothing about wood and its texture; he knows nothing about the carpenter. He goes on working in HIS direction, the other goes on working in HIS direction, and they go on destroying the ecology.
Ecology means the interdependent cycle of existence. Everything depends on everything else; nothing is absolutely independent, cannot be. We are parts, very small parts, cogs in a wheel. Somebody has to know about the wheel; of course, the man who knows about the wheel will not be able to compete with any expert because he will know less and less about more and more.
And the ultimate state of Buddhahood is knowing nothing about all. And what will the ultimate state of the scientist, the expert be? -- knowing all about nothing. That is the

logical consequence. If science is knowing more and more about less and less, then what will the ultimate result be? -- knowing all about nothing! It is becoming narrower, narrower, narrower, and there iS only one point left: nothing, zero.

And religion is knowing less and less about more and more, and what will the ultimate state be? -- knowing nothing about all. That's what Dionysius calls AGNOSIA. That's why Socrates says, "I know only one thing, that I know nothing." But that does not mean that Socrates did not make statements about politics. He did, and he suffered for that!

And I know that I will suffer, but now nothing can be taken away from me. Even if my life is taken away, nothing is taken away from me. So I AM going to make statements about everything, and that's really sticking to my own work. I am not entering into anybody's field. I am not an active politician and I am never going to be. I am not going to paint, I am not going to compose poetry, I am not going to write a novel. But I will go on making statements about every dimension so that I can give you a total vision of how it looks from far above, from the clouds, like when you sit on a cloud and look at the earth.

The first man who walked on the moon, his greatest surprise was not the moon: his greatest surprise was to look at the whole earth as one single unit. For a moment he forgot that "I am American." For a moment there was no America, no India, no Russia. He shouted, "My earth!" The earth was whole. Of course, from that distance the earth is one; all political boundaries disappear because they are only on the maps.

In fact, every child should be taken to the moon and should be shown the whole earth as whole. That will be real teaching of geography. What you are teaching in the name of geography is politics, not geography. India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, this is not geography; this has nothing to do with the earth, this has something to do with politics. You are just teaching them nonsense. Let them go to the moon and from the moon let them see the earth as one whole. Of course, they will not be knowing much about India or China. As they go higher above, farther away, they will be knowing less and less about more and more, but they will have a comprehensive view.
I am looking from the moon -- my name means "moon." Mr. Rajneesh means Mr. Moon! And whatsoever I am saying I am going to continue because I have nothing to lose. I have no vested interest, so whatsoever happens is good.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
IS MORAL CHARACTER ABSOLUTELY USELESS?

Vadan,

MORAL CHARACTER simply means something imposed by others on you: it is not really religious. It is a form of domination, a form of slavery, because you have not come to the understanding of what is right and what is wrong; you have been simply told by others. You don't know really

whether what you are calling "moral" is moral or immoral. One thing is moral in one society and the same thing is immoral in another society.

Just look around the earth, have a little bigger vision, and you will be surprised: there are so many moralities. How can there be so many moralities? Right is right and wrong is wrong! There is no possibility of many moralities. There is no possibility of a Hindu morality or a Mohammedan morality or a Jaina morality, but there are different moralities. That simply shows all these moralities are inventions -- inventions by different societies to dominate the individuals which make up those societies. It is a strategy for imprisoning the individual.

The whole process is a very subtle trick. Now we have even found a shortcut to it. One great scientist, Delgado, has found that electrodes can be put into the human brain and you will not know anything about it, because the brain is the most insensitive part in your body.

It happened once, a bullet was found in a man's skull -- after eleven years. When he went for some other operation and an X-ray was taken, there was the bullet inside his skull. He had been in the army and for eleven years the bullet had been inside and he had not even been aware of it, because the brain has no sensitivity; it is absolutely -- insensitive.

An electrode, a small electronic mechanism just like a small button can be put inside your head, and you will never know that it is there. And you can be controlled from far away; you can be controlled by anybody who knows about that electronic mechanism inside your brain. He can have a small remote control unit: he can push one button on

it and you will be angry; he can push another button and you will be full of love; he can push a third button and you will become very quiet, and a fourth button and you will become utterly violent.

Delgado has proved it. He inserted one electrode in a bull's brain, and with his remote control unit he was standing there, the bull was let loose, and he pressed one button. The bull became so enraged that nobody had seen any bull so enraged, for no reason at all. And he charged towards Delgado. Thousands of people had gathered to see the experiment, and they thought the bull was going to finish Delgado, that this experiment was over. Their breaths stopped. The bull reached so close, just one foot away; one second more and he would have killed Delgado, but he pushed another button and there was a sudden stop. The bull stopped as if frozen, became just a statue -- just one foot away. All rage simply disappeared. He was standing there in a yoga posture, frozen, not moving at all!

And Delgado says the same can be done with man. Now Delgado, sooner or later, is going to deliver the secret to the politicians, just as Albert Einstein did, and then you need not wonder what will happen. Then it is absolutely certain that in countries like Russia and China, children when they are born will be immediately changed into slaves -- just a small operation in the skull. And from the Kremlin, from Moscow or Peking, the president of the country or whosoever rules the country can control the whole country. He can send waves and there will be great peace, and he can send other waves if he wants the country to fight some other country and people will be so violent, so murderous that one single individual will prove to be like ten or a

hundred murderers. This is going to happen because now the secret cannot be kept away from the politicians.
The same thing has been done by the so-called moralists down the ages, but their process was a bullock-cart process. This is a jet-set age. Delgado is saying that this is the way to control human behavior. There is no need to teach morality -- for what? Simply insert one electrode and let everybody be controlled.
That's what the priests have been doing for centuries, but of course they were not aware of such a subtle mechanism. They were creating conscience in you; that is also an electrode. Every child was being told, "This is right, this is right, this is right..." continuously, and what is wrong: "You have to do this and you have not to do that." This creates a conscience, an auto-hypnotic state. By the time the child comes of age they have created a certain idea of good and bad in him. Now his whole life he will be in trouble. If he follows the morality he will become a hypocrite, because the morality has never taken any consideration of HIS nature, of HIS uniqueness, of his individuality. No account has ever been taken of him, he has not been considered at all.

Some guy, Manu, five thousand years ago, decided what is right and wrong for the Hindus; it is still valid -- for the Hindus it is still valid. Still there are women who commit suicide by jumping into the fire at the funeral of their husbands, because Manu said that to be a SATI -- to die with your husband -- is the greatest virtue a woman can ever attain. STILL today, every day, almost every day, somewhere or other some woman commits suicide, burns

herself alive. And these women are worshipped by the Hindus; they are worshipped like saints. And all that they have done is to commit suicide.

It is illegal, it is a crime, because the Britishers who ruled India for two centuries could not conceive any morality in it; they could see that it was just suicide. Their mind was not created by Manu; their mind was created by Moses. And in the Ten Commandments there is no commandment which says that the woman has to commit suicide, so they were very much against it. They made a law against it; the law is still there. But in spite of it, every day the crime happens. And the woman who is committing suicide believes she is doing something really great, something belonging to the high order of values.

The Mohammedan has his own morality. Just a few days ago in Moradabad a riot happened, because a pig, an INNOCENT pig, entered into the sacred prayer place -- ID-GHAH -- of the Mohammedans; while they were doing their prayer the pig entered. Now some stupid person somewhere in their history has said to them that the pig is the most unholy animal on the earth. Pigs are just poor people, maybe a little bit Polack, but poor people and very innocent! How can a pig make the holy place unholy? That means the unholiness of the pig is far more powerful than thousands of Mohammedans praying in a holy place. Their prayer is not great enough to transform the pig! The pig changes their whole atmosphere.

They killed the pig and they killed the constable who was standing outside because they thought he had allowed the pig to enter -- because he was a Hindu. And the riot broke. One hundred and thirty people died, immediately. And this

is the official number; and whenever there is an official number given, multiply it by four -- then you will have the right number. At least six hundred people must have died, or more.

The Hindus believe in the cow, that it is the holiest animal in the world, even holier than many human beings. The SUDRAS, the untouchables, who constitute the major part of the Hindu society, are not as important as the holy cow. To murder a SUDRA, says Manu, is not a big crime; to murder a cow is the greatest crime one can commit. You can commit hundreds of other crimes -- it is nothing -- but to kill a cow... Now that is Hindu morality, and every Hindu believes that the cow is his mother. This has become his conscience. And the same is true about everybody. Morality is invented religion, not discovered religion. Discovered religion has to be your own, then certainly a great revolution happens in you. Then certainly your character has a virtue, but then it is not moral; it is religious, it is spiritual. Moral character has value to those who want to enslave you, but it is AGAINST YOU. You need a spiritual character, and spiritual character is not born out of moral education; it is born out of meditation. You need more awareness, not more moral education.

Vadan, that's why I am not emphasizing moral character at all; my whole emphasis is on the essential. If at the very center of your being some knowing, some clarity arises, your life will be different, totally different. It will have a beauty, a grace. It will not be Hindu because you will not live according to Manu; only stupid people do that. Living according to somebody else is stupidity.

YOU are not here to live according to me. I can only help you to find your own insight, that's all. I am not going to give you my insight -- that would be moral character if whatsoever I think is right I impose upon you. But one man's nectar may prove poison to another; something which is a medicine to one man may kill somebody else. So what is right for me, what is true for me, is only true for me. But I can help you to discover the source from where you can also see.

For example, a blind man can be helped in two ways. One is that you can give him detailed information: "Go a hundred feet forward, then turn to the left ninety degrees, then go two hundred feet, then turn to the right a hundred feet again," and so on in this way, in detail. This is morality. The blind man remains blind, but he starts functioning, starts moving.

To give meditation is to give a blind man eyes. Then you need not give him this detailed information: "First go right and then left and then this and that." There is no need; you have given him eyes. Now he can see where he has to go, where the path turns towards the left and where the path turns towards the right -- because life is such a complexity. YOU cannot guide the blind man forever. He is bound to stumble somewhere or other, he is bound to commit many mistakes, he is bound to forget many things. Every moment new situations go on arising, and he will be simply following your information that may not be true any more. Life goes on changing.

Chalecki, a traffic policeman, asked his friend Manzini if he knew of a bawdy house in town. Manzini gave Chalecki the address. The following day they met on the street.
"Well," asked Manzini, "did you enjoy yourself?"
"Nah," replied the Polack, "I find house okay, then I spend whole night waiting outside."
"Why didn't you go in?"
"I was waiting for the red light to change!"

Now a traffic policeman has become fixated! A red light means only one thing for him.

A smart New York career girl married Stefano, a handsome young Italian farmer. She was not too happy with his social manner and started trying to improve him immediately. Throughout the wedding reception she continuously corrected his mistakes, telling him what to say, which knife to use at the table and how to pass the butter.
Finally the celebrations were over and they were in bed at last. Stefano fidgeted between the sheets, unsure of himself, but finally he turned towards his new wife and stuttered, "Could you pass the pussy, please?"

That is bound to happen! That is inevitable.
A moral person remains stupid and unintelligent because he depends on others' guidance. And guidance that Manu gave five thousand years ago is no more relevant at all, the whole context has changed. The moral person lives according to the past and the meditator lives according to the present. The meditator responds to the real situation and

the moral person only goes on reacting according to ready-made formulas.
These puritans and moralists have stuffed your minds and your beings with rubbish. They have made you junk-yards!

A housewife adorned with a head full of curlers, puffy eyes, no make-up, covered in a tatty old dressing-gown and worn-out furry slippers runs out of the house with the garbage just as the garbage truck is about to move on. She rushes up to the truck and, panting, asks the garbage man, "Am I too late?"
"No, ma'am, just jump right in!"

Drop conscience and create consciousness, and then you will be living an authentic life. And to be authentic is to be divine. To be authentic is to know what God is all about. To be authentic is to be true to Tao, the ultimate nature. AIS DHAMMO SANANTANO, Buddha says: This is the ultimate law. Be conscious, be a light unto yourself.

The third question

Osho,
Question 3
I LOVE TO MAKE LOVE IN THE MORNING, BUT MY WIFE HATES IT. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Dayananda,

YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT as wives are always right.

Enrico Caruso was the matinee idol of the society opera world in the early 1900's. He was also privately one of the more active lovers of his time. The following remark is attributed to the great Italian tenor.
"I never make love in the morning," said Caruso. "It is bad for the voice, it is bad for the health, and, besides, you never know who you might meet in the afternoon!"

Listen to your wife -- she is right!

The fourth question

Osho,
Question 4
CAN YOU PLEASE SPEAK ON YOUR VISION OF AN INTELLIGENT PERSON?

Gyan Rasiko,

EVERY CHILD is born intelligent, and every grown-up person behaves like an unintelligent person. This is one of the strangest things, because intelligence is a God-given gift and he is not a miser. He gives to everybody out of his abundance, out of his overflowing intelligence, bliss, love. Everybody comes so rich and everybody becomes so poor! What goes wrong?
The society does not want you to be intelligent. The wants you to be mediocre because it is easy for the society to enslave the mediocre person. It is easy for the manipulators, and they' are many -- the priest, the politician, the pedagogue, the pundit, they are all

manipulators -- it is easy for them to manipulate you if you don't have intelligence, because you are bound to depend on them, you have to depend on them. You have to look up to them always for guidance. You will need leaders if you are unintelligent. You will need religious mediators between you and God if you are unintelligent. And you will always be afraid of powerful people because they know more. You will be continuously in fear.
The society functions in such a way: the whole educational system is created not to serve you but to serve the vested interests. From the kindergarten to the university they are serving the vested interests; they are making you more and more stupid.

It is said that when Henry Thoreau came out of the university, Emerson gave a great party to celebrate the occasion. And he told the participants, "I am giving this party not because Thoreau has attained great knowledge in the university but because he has been able to come back from the university and he is still intelligent. The university has not been able to change his intelligence. The university has failed, that's why I am giving this party! I respect this young man for the simple reason that he has escaped from the whole cunning strategy that our education is."

Intelligence simply means ability to respond, because life is a flux. You have to be aware and to see what is demanded of you, what is the challenge of the situation. The intelligent person behaves according to the situation and the stupid behaves according to the ready-made answers. Whether they come from Buddha, Christ or Krishna, it does

not matter. He always carries scriptures around himself; he is afraid to depend on himself. The intelligent person depends on his own insight; he trusts his own being. He loves and respects himself. The unintelligent person respects others.

And you can see the point. Why are the vested interests interested in creating stupidity? -- because that is the way they will be getting respect. No parents really want their children to be intelligent, because if the children are intelligent they are rebellious too, they are disobedient too. Obedience has been imposed on you as a great value; it is not a great value. It is one of the basic causes of the destruction of your intelligence.

I am not saying be disobedient. I am simply saying when you feel like being obedient, be obedient; when you feel like being disobedient, be true to yourself. Your only responsibility is towards yourself and nobody else.

An intelligent person risks. He will be ready to die rather than to compromise. Of course, he will not fight, as the Desiderata says, with unnecessary things, with non-essentials, but as far as essentials are concerned he is not going to be obedient.

And you have obeyed even about the essentials. What is your belief in God? You have simply obeyed. What do you know about God? You have simply obeyed; you have followed your parents, they followed their parents. And parents are happy with unintelligent children because they are obedient they have to be obedient. They know one thing, that whatsoever they do is bound to be wrong, so it is better to listen to the parents' advice.

For thousands of years every society has been telling children, "Respect your parents," because they are afraid of children -- they may not respect their parents. And I am not saying disrespect your parents. I am simply saying: the first respect has to be towards yourself. Out of that respect you can respect your parents, your teachers -- you can respect everybody. But if you don't respect yourself your respect for anybody else is going to be pseudo; deep down there will be hatred. Each child hates... deep down he knows that "The parents are my enemies." He can see how his intelligence is being cut.

Just the other day Laxmi was telling me that a few of our sannyasins had made a small drama, and Veereshwar, who is a Ph.D., was quoting me -- he was the chief actor. And Subhuti was there and he reported to Laxmi, "Of course he was quoting Osho, but when Osho says the same things they have a totally different flavor, and when Veereshwar was quoting, the words were the same, but the context was missing, and he made everything ugly." Subhuti felt almost sick; he felt like vomiting. What happened? Veereshwar was just quoting words, borrowed; of those words he has no experience.

Remember always: never be repetitive. Don't repeat anybody. Let your experience blossom.

And just the other night Vivek told me that the kids, the ashram kids, small sannyasins, did the same kind of drama and it was tremendously beautiful. Little Siddhartha was acting like Shiva, a samurai, and he did perfectly well. And they were absolutely unselfconscious; they were not worried about the audience. The place was packed, and the kids were enjoying themselves immensely.

A very proper English girl comes into the ashram -- because the ashram was being enacted -- and Siddhartha is standing outside like a samurai, and he stops her and says, "This is darshan time and you cannot go in! And first you have to leave your mind where the shoes are left!" And he was not worried about the audience, what was happening. He was enjoying himself. And the whole thing was far more intelligent.
And a reporter comes into the drama, a small kid with a camera, and he wants to take photographs of the Encounter Group and Leela and Tantra. And he says, "I am from the Times of India and I am going to write a beautiful article." And the samurais throw him out, and they enjoy the whole thing!
This was totally different. This has beauty.

A young mother says that after putting her two children to bed one night she changed into a floppy blouse and an old pair of slacks and proceeded to wash her hair. All during the shampoo she could hear the children growing wilder and noisier. Finishing as hurriedly as possible she wrapped a large towel around her head, stormed into their room and put them back to bed with a stern warning to stay there. As she left she heard the two-year-old say to his sister in a trembling voice, "Who was that?"

This is intelligence!
But the society is not interested in intelligent people. It is not interested in sannyasins, it is interested in soldiers. It wants to create soldiers. Soldiers are the most stupid people; unless you are stupid you cannot be a good soldier.

The greater you are in your stupidity the better, as far as being a soldier is concerned.

As the last soldier was about to jump from the airplane, he panicked, grabbed hold of his sergeant and said, "What happens if my second parachute doesn't open either?" "Don't worry," said the sergeant with a smile. "Just come back and I will give you a new one!"

Intelligence can be rediscovered. The only method to rediscover it is meditation. Meditation only does one thing: it destroys all the barriers that the society has created to prevent you from being intelligent. It simply removes the blocks. Its function is negative: it removes the rocks that are preventing your waters from flowing, your springs from becoming alive. Everybody is carrying the great potential, but society has put great rocks to prevent it. It has created China Walls around you; it has imprisoned you.
If you are a Christian you are imprisoned by the Christian priests. If you are a Hindu you are imprisoned by Hindu priests. Your prisons are different; maybe their architecture is different, the rooms are made differently, with different material. And maybe a few prisons are more comfortable than others, more sophisticated than others. Of course the American prison is better than the Indian prison, far better, more comfortable: the radio is available, the TV is available to the prisoner. The Indian prison is bound to be Indian. Indians are living in such an uncomfortable way, how can they provide television and radio and comfort to the prisoners? Impossible. They are there to be punished; they cannot be allowed to enjoy.

Christianity may be a little better prison than Mohammedanism, but a prison is a prison. And in fact a better prison is far more dangerous because you may start clinging to it, you may not like to get out of it; you may start loving it as if it is your home. But these are all prisons. And sometimes people get fed up with one prison and they change their prisons. The Hindu becomes the Christian, the Christian becomes the Hindu. Now there are many foolish Christians who have become Hare Krishna people -- the same stupidity but masquerading in a new form. There are many Hindus who have become Christians, but the same superstitiousness persists; there is no difference at all. I have seen those Hindus who have become Christians -- no change. I have seen those Christians who have become Hindus -- no change. They have just changed the prison. To come out of all prisons is intelligence -- and never to get into another again. Intelligence can be discovered through meditation because all those prisons exist in your mind; they cannot reach your being, fortunately. They cannot pollute your being, they can only pollute your mind -- they can only cover your mind. If you can get out of the mind you will get out of Christianity, Hinduism. Jainism, Buddhism, and all kinds of rubbish will be just finished. You can come to a full stop.

And when you are out of the mind, watching it, being aware of it, just being a witness, you are intelligent. Your intelligence is discovered. You have undone what the society has done to you. YOU have destroyed the mischief; you have destroyed the conspiracy of the priests and the politicians. YOU have come out of it, you are a free man.

In fact you are for the first time a real man, an authentic man. Now the whole sky is yours.
Intelligence brings freedom, intelligence brings spontaneity.

A little colored soldier tried to break out of camp and was stopped by the guard. Our hero challenged the guard with: "I've got a mother in Heaven, a father in Hell, and a girl in Harlem, and I'm gonna see one of them tonight!"

Must have been an intelligent person -- as if the whole army training has failed! YOU see his response.

Annalisa and Roberta, two Rome hotel chambermaids, were talking when the bell rang and Annalisa had to go up to the room of an American tourist. He pushed her down on the bed, took his will, and in less than five minutes she was back downstairs.
"What did he want?" asked Roberta.
"I dunno. I think he must-a forgot-a himself!"

People go on living in such an unconscious way. They become accustomed to things, when they don't see. They become accustomed to certain rituals; their whole lives are ritualistic. They go on making empty gestures; they don't mean anything. A stupid person behaves mechanically: an intelligent person behaves consciously.
It is only through meditation that it will be possible for you to get back, to claim back your intelligence. The society has repressed your greatest treasure; it has hidden your greatest energy from you. It has deprived you of your true being; it

has perverted you. And it goes on saying that it is done for your sake. Man has been exploited, oppressed in every possible way.
The time is ripe now for a great rebellion to destroy all these walls, all these rocks, to destroy all this repressed structure, because whenever anything is repressed... If intelligence is repressed it becomes stupidity. If sex is repressed then it starts moving into directions of perversion: it may become homosexuality, it may take some other forms, it may become greed.
Greed means now you feel excited only, sexually excited, with money -- money is your object of love. It may become politics; then power is your object of love. Then you are simply living an unnatural life, because power cannot fulfill your love, neither can money fulfill your love. But you have completely forgotten what has happened, why you have become so much interested in money. Why do people cling to money so deeply? Use the money, but don't cling to it. Why do people become so ambitious? And why is there so much sexual perversion in the world? It is because of repression. Every repression destroys something in you.

Gino went to an optometrist and asked for a new pair of glasses.
"But you just got a new pair last week."
"I know," said Gino, "but I got them-a broken in an accident."
"How?" asked the optometrist.
"I was kissing my girl," said the Italian.
"How the hell could you break your glasses kissing a girl?"
"She crossed her legs!"

Fitzgerald went to a bar for five consecutive nights and watched Manzini sitting over in a corner booth. It was an incredible sight. Good-looking, wildly-shaped girls, alone or in groups of two or three, would wander in and soon make their way to the weird-looking Manzini.
"I don't understand it," grumbled Fitzgerald to the bartender. "I don't see how the Eye-talian does it."
"Me either," says the barkeep. "I been watching him for weeks. He certainly ain't handsome, he is a lousy dresser, and he hardly never says a word. The guy just sits there, licking his eyebrows!"

Meditation can bring you to your nature. It can help you to drop all the perversions. It can make you intelligent, it can make you loving, it can make you spontaneous, it can make you responsible. It can make you a benediction to yourself and to existence. Except meditation there is no other method which can help. This is the key, the master key.
Let me repeat: intelligence is your nature. All that is needed is to discover it, because it has been hidden from you for certain reasons by people who are powerful and who want to remain in power. Of course they will not like it.
That's why they are against me. They CANNOT like it -- I am creating trouble for them. The more people become meditators, the more people become sannyasins, the less is the possibility of oppressing them, of exploiting them. And the orange people are spreading all over the world. It is an atomic explosion! Within six years thousands of people around the world have been transformed to a new vision, to a new lifestyle. They have been given back their

individuality, their authenticity, their intelligence. Now nobody can exploit them.
Hence it is certainly a rare phenomenon that I am condemned by Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Jainas, Sikhs, Parsis, Jews, everybody -- I am condemned by the religious, the so-called religious -- AND by the politicians, by the journalists, by the so-called intelligentsia, the writers, the critics, because they are all part of a conspiracy against man.
And I want to destroy that conspiracy totally. Only then can a new man be introduced on the earth. And the earth is waiting for the new man. The new man will be the salt of the earth. He will bring with him joy, dance, celebration.

The last question

Question 5
OSHO, I BET YOU ARE NOT GOING TO TAKE ME SERIOUSLY AGAIN. I MAY NOT REALLY WANT IT EITHER, BUT STILL ABOUT THOSE DOGS BARKING AT FULL MOON?

Uttama,

Those dogs must have been in their past lives either politicians or poets. Politicians love to bark at any excuse. The moon is just an excuse. Dogs love to bark; even in the dark night when there is no moon they bark. They were politicians in their past lives; they have become so accustomed to barking that they cannot forget it; it is a hangover. Or they may have been poets who praised the

moon too much in their past lives and are now taking revenge -- with a vengeance.
And Prem Pantha has asked, "Osho, what about police dogs?" They are perfect Polacks! That's why they have stubbed noses -- because they chase parked cars! Beware of dogs, and particularly Polacks -- they are more dangerous dogs. To chase a car while it is moving is one thing -- you can enjoy it. Just for the sake of running it is good exercise, but to chase a parked car is certainly far out! The police dogs must be not ordinary politicians but great politicians -- prime ministers, presidents, kings, queens, emperors, Alexanders, Napoleons, Hitlers, Stalins of the past lives.
No question is to be taken seriously. Uttama, I never take any question seriously, but each question has a certain meaning: it shows something about you. Howsoever ridiculous it is, howsoever absurd it is, it shows something about you. It shows something about your unconscious. Just because it has arisen in your mind it shows some quality of your mind. It shows your curiosity -- and curiosity is not a great virtue.
Watch out! If you are here just being curious you will miss the real point. You have to be here for deep enquiry, not for curiosity. You have to be passionately here -- it is a question of life and death. What is happening here is not anything ordinary; it is going to decide your whole future, your eternity.
So don't ask just out of curiosity. Ask because there is something that is really a quest for you. Unless it is a quest, don't make a question out of it. Only a quest can be allowed to become a question because then it has a certain

essentiality about it.

I will answer any kind of question; I will try to make something essential out of it. If I condemn the dogs for barking I am really condemning you for barking. You also have a dog inside you and sometimes you like to bark. Of course you bark like a human being, not like a dog, but when you bark something of the dog comes up in you. You have been all the animals in the past, all kinds of animals in the past. That's the beauty of the theory of many, many millions of lives: that means you contain the whole universe -- the dogs, the lions, the horses, the donkeys. You contain all of them within you, and you can bring anybody to the surface. You can behave like a dog, and you do many times. You can behave like a donkey like an ass, and you do that many times! Watch all these animals within you -- they constitute your mind. And unless you get beyond them, unless you transcend them, you will not be truly a human being.

A human being is born only when all the animals, even the shadows of the animals within him disappear. And to be human is the beginning of being divine.

These are the three planes: the animal, the human, the divine. Ninety-nine point nine percent of people live on the animal level; only point one percent of people get to the second, the human, and only a few people out of millions reach the third. And that is the goal of being a sannyasin. You have to be a Christ -- not Jesus but Christ. Jesus you cannot be, but Christ you can be. Christ is a quality. You have to be a Buddha -- not Gautam the Buddha. You cannot be Gautam; Gautam is a totally different individual. But

you can be a Buddha. Buddha and Christ mean the same: it is a state of ultimate consciousness when one realizes oneness with the whole, when one feels "I have come home."

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #13

Chapter title: Child of the Universe

7 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

"BEYOND A WHOLESOME DISCIPLINE, BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF. YOU ARE A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE NO LESS THAN THE TREES AND THE STARS; YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE HERE. AND WHETHER OR NOT IT IS CLEAR TO YOU, NO DOUBT THE UNIVERSE IS UNFOLDING AS IT SHOULD.

"THEREFORE BE AT PEACE WITH GOD, WHATEVER YOU CONCEIVE HIM TO BE. AND WHATEVER YOUR LABORS AND ASPIRATIONS, IN THE NOISY CONFUSION OF LIFE, KEEP PEACE IN YOUR SOUL.

"WITH ALL ITS SHAM, DRUDGERY AND BROKEN DREAMS IT IS STILL A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. BE CHEERFUL. STRIVE TO BE HAPPY."

WE HAVE COME to a beautiful end of the journey. These are the last sutras of the DESIDERATA. Each word of these sutras is pregnant with immense possibilities. Each

word has a multi-dimensional meaningfulness; hence it has to be meditated upon. Go slowly with each word.

"BEYOND A WHOLESOME DISCIPLINE, BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF."

What is a wholesome discipline? The word "discipline" comes from the same root as the word "disciple." It means learning. Remember, "learning" is a verb, not a noun. It does not mean knowledge; it means the constant process of knowing. Knowledge is a dead thing; you can accumulate it. Even a computer can have knowledge, but a computer cannot learn, cannot be a disciple. A computer can only reproduce whatsoever has been fed into it; it is mechanical. Knowledge is mechanical accumulation: learning is a conscious process. It is a process like a river, always moving from the known towards the unknown, always ready to explore. Knowledge stops: learning never stops. A man like Socrates is a man of learning. Even at the moment of death he is still learning. When he was given the poison, his disciples started crying and weeping. He said, "Don't miss this opportunity to learn something about death. It is one of the greatest events in life, in fact THE greatest even, because it is the culmination, the crescendo, the climax. Wait, watch, meditate over what is happening to me."

That's actually what HE did. The others were crying and weeping; they were not in a state of exploration -- as if they knew what death was. Nobody knows what death is, although you all have died many times; but you still don't know what death is because you missed the opportunity of

learning; you were not alert enough to learn. Hence, again and again you have died, again and again you have missed the opportunity. You have missed the opportunity because you go on believing as if you know what death is. You don't even know what life is, how can you know what death is?

Once a man came to me and asked, "What happens after death?"
I said, "Forget about it! First try to learn what happens BEFORE death. Have you learned that? Do you know what life is?"
He said, "I don't know."
I said, "You are alive and you don't know what life is -- how can you know what death is? You will know it only when you are dying. But if you don't know life, the same way you will miss that opportunity too."

Socrates remained alert to the very last moment. He went on telling his disciples to the very last moment what was happening to him. He was learning, he was teaching.
A real Master is always a disciple. A real Master is always learning. He never claims knowledge; in fact he claims AGNOSIA, a state of not-knowing. That's what Dionysius calls it: a state of not-knowing. Socrates has said: "I know only one thing, that I know nothing." This is AGNOSIA. One has to remain in a constant state of not-knowing; one has never to allow oneself to become knowledgeable. The moment you become knowledgeable the process of learning stops, you have come to a full point.

Socrates said to his disciples, "Listen, you can weep and cry later on, that can be done later on; that is not very essential right now. Right now something immense is happening. My feet are becoming numb, they are dying, but strange: although they are dying, I don't feel I am dying." Then he said, "My legs have gone absolutely numb, I don't feel them. They are dead, but I am still whole. Nothing is missing. As far as my consciousness is concerned, it has not even been touched by death." Then he said, "My hands are disappearing." Then he said, "Now I am even afraid any moment my heart will stop; it is sinking. But I am still as whole as I have ever been, so one thing is certain: that by the death of the body one does not die. Death happens to the body, not to the consciousness, because my consciousness is still intact."
His last words were, "My tongue is getting numb and I cannot say anything more, hut remember, even up to now I am as whole as I have ever been. Nothing has died in ME. Something has died around me, on the periphery, but in contrast the center is in fact more alive than ever. I feel more alive because the body is dead, all the life has become concentrated. It has disappeared from the body, from the circumference. It has become focused on a single point: I am."
These were his last words. This is the process of learning.

A knowledgeable person is always a stupid person; he is unintelligent. You will not find pundits intelligent; they cannot be. They know; the process has stopped long long before. The professors are almost always stupid people. It is very rare to come across a professor who is still learning.

They stopped the day they left their universities; the day they graduated, the day they became M.A.s or Ph.D.s or D.Litt.s they died.

Taoists in China have a saying that a man dies nearabout the age of thirty; then it is only a question of when you are going to bury him. You may bury him after thirty years, forty years, fifty years, that is another matter, but as far as life is concerned a person dies nearabout thirty.

This saying is certainly true. In fact, psychologists say that the average human being's mental age is only twelve years. That means the mind has become dead, has stopped functioning at the age of twelve -- not even thirty. That's why people go on behaving childishly.

And remember, to be childlike is totally different from being childish. To be childish is ugly: to be childlike is to be a sage. To be childlike means to be in the state of AGNOSIA, learning. To be childish means you already know. Only a childish person can think that he already knows, that there is nothing left to know.

The more stupid you are, the sooner you become knowledgeable. The more intelligent you are, the more difficult it is to become knowledgeable -- because to become knowledgeable means you have come to the very end of your intelligence. You are finished, you are spent. This is the first meaning of "wholesome discipline." Your priests, your IMAMS, your popes, your SHANKARACHARYAS are all dead people. They go on quoting from the scriptures like parrots, but if you just dig a little deep in them you will not find anything; you will find only rubbish. You will find them as ordinary as anybody

else. The only difference is that their egos are puffed up with borrowed knowledge.
A learner never depends on borrowed knowledge. He himself tries to experience life, love, death -- everything. He tries to explore every possibility. He never misses an opportunity; he never misses any challenge of life. He risks; he takes all challenges, accepts them, welcomes them. And whenever the unknown calls him he is ready, ready to go, to take a jump, to go into the uncharted, to go into the unmapped, to go into the unmeasured, unfathomable. It needs courage.
Otherwise, it is very easy and cheap to become knowledgeable. It needs no courage; any coward can become knowledgeable. But knowledge remains skin-deep -- not even that deep.

A wealthy jazz musician decided to go to church one Sunday. After the service he approached the preacher with much enthusiasm. "Reverend," he said, "that was a swinging sermon, man. I flipped my lid... that was the grooviest! "
"I am happy you liked it," said the Reverend, "but I wish you would not use those terms in expressing yourself!"
"I am like sorry, man, Reverend, but I dug that sermon so much!" said the cat. "In fact, it sent me so much, I flipped a C-note into the collection pot!"
The Reverend said, "Crazy, man, crazy!"

Just skin-deep! Just scratch a little bit and you will not find much difference. There is not any difference; the qualitative difference is non-existential. Maybe there exists

a difference that is of quantity -- you know less, they know more -- but it is of quantity. And a quantitative difference is not really a difference, not a difference that makes any difference. The quality is the same; you are moving in the same way. Between the rich man and the poor man the difference is not of quality, the difference is of having less money or more. With the ignorant and the knowledgeable it Is the same.
The real difference happens when there is a Buddha around; then you know the difference of quality. He functions from a different level altogether.
I have heard:

Hilary was on the last leg of his momentous climb. Just as he was about to reach the virgin summit of the highest peak on this earth, he saw a Hindu monk squatting in the snow ahead of him. Hilary was so astonished he could not utter a single word. But the Hindu monk, seizing the opportunity, said, "How much for your watch?"

"BEYOND A WHOLESOME DISCIPLINE, BE GENT1E WITH YOURSELF."

The discipline is wholesome, healthy, only when it comes not out of the mind but out of meditation. Mind is only a small part of you; whatsoever comes out of the mind is going to remain fragmentary. And we live in the mind; mind means knowledge -- borrowed, accumulated, not experienced. Experience happens only when you go into something totally, not only mentally.

You can know much about love. There are thousands of books in the libraries about love, but you will not know love that way. You have to be in love to know love. Knowing about love is not knowing love. Knowing about God is not knowing God. By knowing about God you will become a great theologian but not a mystic. You will not be a Christ or a Buddha or a Lao Tzu or a Zarathustra. You will be simply a pundit who has become capable of repeating the Bhagavad Gita, the Koran, the Bible, the Dhammapada, the Talmud, but the pundit knows nothing. He has not tasted God; he has not become drunk with the divine yet.

Mind is a very small fragment of your totality; its function is to know ABOUT. If you really want to know something, not only about... Remember, the meaning of the word "about" is around; about and about means around and around. One goes in circles but never reaches the center. And the real thing is at the center; it is the center that matters.

A man like Ramakrishna is absolutely unknowledgeable. You can even call him ignorant -- ignorant in the sense that he is not a scholar; he cannot quote scriptures. But there is no need for him to quote scriptures. He KNOWS God; he need not know God through anybody else. He knows God because he knows through totality; he contacts existence through his totality.

The discipline is wholesome, healthy, organic, when it happens not through a fragment but when you are intensely, passionately, totally involved in something. You cannot love through the mind; for that you will have to enter into the world of no-mind. That's what meditation is all about.

True learning happens through meditation. Meditation means putting aside the past and looking into the present, making an immediate contact with the now and the here -- because God is now, God is here. God is always now and always here. Mind lives in the past because it lives in knowledge. Knowledge means that which you have known, understood, learned. And existence is now and mind is then, existence is here and mind is always there. Mind looks backwards; it is like a rear-view mirror. If you are backing your car the rear-view mirror is okay, but if you are going forwards then it is dangerous to go on looking in the rear-view mirror. And if you become fixated on the rear-view mirror you are bound for an accident. You are in great danger, you are being suicidal. Life moves al ways forwards; it has no possibility of going backwards.

When the first Ford car was made it had no reverse gear -- that's how life is. The reverse gear was added later on -- from experience, because when you wanted to come back home you had to go miles around to do it. Then the thought happened that it would be better... even if you had gone just a few feet ahead of your house you could not come back; you had to take a long route. Maybe you had to go around the whole town, then you could come back. Then the reverse gear was added to it.

But God has not yet added any reverse gear. There is really no need to go back. The past evaporates -- there is no past. It leaves only traces in your memory system; otherwise it is not there. Existence is always present; past is only memory and future is only imagination. There is no future, no past. That which exists is the only real thing, and mind does not allow you to be in contact with it. How can you learn? How

can you experience? Your experience cannot be wholesome, healthy. It will be sick, it will be unhealthy. And it has turned every person almost into a monster. Your head goes on becoming bigger and bigger, and everything else has become so shrunken that it Is almost disappearing. People are just like heads, with small legs and hands just heads. This is a state of being a monster. Man HAS become a monster: he has lost all balance, all harmony. The head has exploited everything; it has destroyed your organic unity. It is like a parasite that goes on becoming bigger and bigger at the cost of your totality. The DESIDERATA says:

"BEYOND A WHOLESOME DISCIPLINE, BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF:"

IT IS BECAUSE OF this unwholesome state of affairs that discipline has taken on a very wrong connotation. It has become almost synonymous with control, and control means repression. And repression is not the way of learning, repression is a way of avoiding. The man who represses sex is avoiding sex, and he will never understand it. And that which is repressed is BOUND to take revenge because it is not finished, it is there. Unless something is experienced you cannot go beyond it, you cannot transcend it. The only way to transcend is THROUGH it, not by going around an repressing it, not by bypassing it, not by ignoring it. It will come and it will come with a vengeance; it will explode one day. Yes, you can win little battles, but you are going to lose the ultimate war. You are going to

lose in the race, finally. Maybe for the moment, for the time being, you can deceive yourself that you have succeeded. Repression cannot succeed because that which has not been lived, that which has not been experienced, remains in you in the unconscious. In fact, it goes deeper into the unconscious and it starts spreading there like a cancer. Humanity up to now has lived in a very controlled way; that's why humanity is suffering. Everybody is miserable, everybody is in anguish, tension, everybody is depressed, everybody is in a strange state, always falling apart, falling into pieces. Life seems to be just a struggle to survive somehow, not something to rejoice in, not something to dance about, not a song, not a celebration, just a drag. If you can go on holding yourself together somehow, that seems to be more than one can expect.

Why has this happened? Why has man become so sad? The trees are not sad, the animals are not sad, even the rocks are not sad. The whole existence, except man, is always celebrating. It is always a dance, a song. It is always alleluia! -- an unending celebration, a festival. What has happened to man? What has gone wrong with man?

The so-called religious people are responsible. They have taught humanity only one way, which is a wrong way: the way of repression -- repress yourself, control yourself. Mahatma Gandhi used to say... and he is quoted by his followers as if he had said something immensely significant. He used to say to his followers: "Be gentle with others, but never be gentle with yourself. Be HARD upon yourself, otherwise you will lose the battle."

What does he mean by being hard upon yourself? -- control, repress. He repressed many things his whole life,

and they all asserted themselves sooner or later; they came to the surface. He repressed his sex, and then at the age of seventy he became aware that what he had been doing had not succeeded. The sexuality had gone deeper; it had spread its roots to the unconscious realm of his being.

And at the last phase of his life he started experimenting with Tantra. That phase is not mentioned by his followers at all; they avoid. They don't want to say anything about it; they don't write about it. He started sleeping with a naked young girl, just to bring up to the surface what he himself had repressed for forty, fifty years continuously. Now he wanted to bring it to the surface so he could see what had happened. He was in a mess: a man who had repressed sex his whole life and had been AGAINST Tantra his whole life.

You will be surprised to know that he was the man who had suggested to the government of India that temples like Khajuraho should be buried under earth, that they should be covered with mud so nobody could see them: "Of course, don't destroy them, but let them be covered with earth, so once in a while if somebody wants to study, only for that purpose can they be uncovered, otherwise there is no need." He was so much afraid of the naked statues of Khajuraho! And finally he started sleeping with a young, naked girl. This shows what happens to a repressive person. In the last phase when all time was spent, when he was a spent force, the repressed sexuality started asserting itself.

He was a sincere man, but an utter failure as far as spiritual growth is concerned. He succeeded as a politician, succeeded greatly -- he was one of the most successful politicians ever -- but he failed spiritually. But he was a

sincere man -- that much must be said about him -- he was a sincere man. He confessed it: "In my dreams sex still enters. In my dreams I still go on seeing naked women."
But a repressive person has a totally different logic. Rather than trying to understand the message of the dreams, that it was a message from the unconscious... He never read about Sigmund Freud; he must have avoided Sigmund Freud. The man who wanted the temple of Khajuraho to be buried, how could he study Sigmund Freud? -- because he was digging out temples of Khajuraho in every person!
Thousands of years this repressing has gone on and on; it has driven humanity mad. He never read a single word of Sigmund Freud, which would have been of immense help to him; he must have been afraid. But he confessed that still sexual dreams, sexual fantasies floated in his dreams.
But the logic of a repressed person is totally different. If he had been a man of meditation he would have pondered over the message; he would have learned something. But he started repressing more. It is a vicious circle: you repress more, your dreams become more sexual; then you repress more, you become harder -- you think that you have not repressed enough.
He started cutting his sleep from seven hours to five, from five to four. He even became afraid of sleeping, because whenever you sleep the dreams will come, and the dreams were becoming more and more sexual. As he was becoming weaker, old age was entering into his body, the vigor of his youth was disappearing.
People think that when you are young it is very difficult to repress sex; they are wrong, totally wrong. The real difficulty comes when you are old, because when you are

young you have enough energy to repress, and when you become old that energy is no more there to repress. So whatsoever you have repressed starts coming up; it starts surfacing.
Control is not the meaning of discipline, repression is not the meaning of discipline. That is a very unhealthy attitude. Understanding, meditation is the meaning of discipline.

Rabbi Greenberg died and went to heaven. He saw only three people there, reading by a dim light. One of them was Madjibhai Morarjibhai Desai who was reading PLAYBOY, the second one was Ayatollah Khomaniac -- he was reading GALLERY -- and the third was Pope The Polack who was reading GENESIS. And they were all reading very religiously. He could not believe his own eyes. First he could not believe that there were only three people in heaven, and then he could not believe they were all religiously reading PLAYBOY, GALLERY, GENESIS -- and reading so religiously, as if they were reading the Gita, the Koran, the Bible.
He decided to see what hell was like. The rabbi got to the Devil's domain and it turned out to be a big nightclub with every kind of music being played. There was an eight-piece Dixieland band, a thirty-piece swing band, and all the people were dancing.
Rabbi Greenberg went back up to heaven and asked for an audience with God. "I don't understand it, Lord," he . said. "There are only three people in heaven and they are all reading, and they are all reading things which should not be read, and they are reading them so religiously. I am amazed! I am surprised! And down in hell everybody is

dancing and having a good time! And these three people look so sad and so ugly. Why can't we have some music in heaven, some dance in heaven?"
The Lord said, "I can't hire a band just for these three stupid people!"

Repression, control can only make you stupid. And remember, even if you go to heaven you will smuggle some old copies of PLAYBOY, GALLERY, GENESIS, because here you missed them. They are bound to go with you. Here you were reading the Gita, the Koran and the Bible; here you were repressing. It is easy to repress in a life of seventy or eighty years, but in heaven it is infinity. How long can you repress? How long can you sit upon a volcano? Sooner or later it is bound to erupt.
Remember, a wholesome discipline has nothing to do with control or repression. The DESIDERATA IS tremendously significant when it says:

"BEYOND A WHOLESOME DISCIPLINE, BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF."

Meditate, and meditate totally, and put your whole energy into it. Beyond that, be gentle with yourself.
Now the so-called religious people have never been gentle with themselves. In fact, we call a person a saint only when he tortures himself, when he is masochistic. The more masochistic, the greater a saint he is. The more he tortures himself, the more followers worship him. That's how we have been deciding who is a real saint.

I am condemned in India, and also condemned outside India, for the simple reason that I am not an ascetic, for the simple reason that I am not masochistic, that I don't torture myself and I don't tell you to torture yourselves. I am neither a masochist nor a sadist, and for centuries religion has been sado-masochistic.

The saint tortures himself and teaches others to be like him, and he creates guilt in you if you cannot torture yourself -- and no intelligent person can torture himself. Hence ALL intelligent people have been feeling guilty. Only stupid people can torture themselves. That's why in the faces, in the eyes of your saints you will see nothing but sheer stupidity.

You can go around India and you can see so many saints, and you will be surprised: no intelligence, no sharpness. They are not like swords, sharp; their swords are all full of rust, covered with dust. They have lost ali their sensibility, all their awareness. They have become fixated on one thing: torture yourself more and more. And intelligence will not allow it so they have to repress intelligence, they have to become stupid, they have to be almost dead! They don't teach you how to live; they teach you how to commit slow suicide. And all the religions have been doing it, more or less.

Hence the so-called religious cannot think of me as religious, they cannot think of me as holy. But to me, to be whole, to be wholesome, is holy.

"... BE GENTLE WITH YOURSELF."

I agree with the DESIDERATA. Love yourself, respect yourself, be gentle with yourself. Unless you are loving towards yourself you cannot be loving at all. Unless you care about yourself you will not care about anybody else; it is impossible.

I teach you to be really selfish so that you can be altruistic. There is no contradiction between being selfish and being altruistic: being selfish is the very source of being altruistic. But you have been told just the opposite up to now, you have been taught the contrary: that if you want to be altruistic, if you want to love others, DON'T love yourself -- HATE yourself in fact. If you want to respect others, don't respect yourself. Humiliate yourself in every possible way, condemn yourself in every possible way.

And what has happened out of such teaching? -- nobody loves anybody. The person who condemns himself cannot love anybody. If you cannot love even yourself -- because you are the closest person to yourself -- if your love cannot even reach to the closest point, it is impossible for you to reach towards the stars. You cannot love anything -- you can pretend. And that's what humanity has become: a community of pretenders, hypocrites.

Please try to understand what I mean by being selfish. First you have to love yourself, know yourself, BE yourself. Out of that you will radiate love, understanding, tenderness, care for others. Out of meditation arises true compassion, but meditation is a selfish phenomenon. Meditation means just enjoying yourself and your aloneness, forgetting the whole world and just enjoying yourself. It is a selfish phenomenon, but out of this selfishness arises great altruism.

And then there is no bragging about it; you don't become egoistic. You don't serve people; you don't make them feel obliged to you. You simply enjoy sharing your love, your joy.

"YOU ARE A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE NO LESS THAN THE TREES AND THE STARS..."

THE DESIDERATA SAYS: Don't condemn yourself -- you are a child of the universe. You belong to this beautiful existence. This existence has NEEDED you, otherwise you would not have been here. And it needed you the WAY you are, otherwise it would not have created you the WAY you are.
So don't try to be somebody else.
If existence needed another Jesus it would have created another Jesus. If it can create one, why can't it create millions? Just as we create cars on an assembly line... millions of cars, similar cars go on coming out of the factory, every second a car comes out of the Ford factory. God could have done it, existence can do it. If Ford can do it, do you think God cannot do it? Just an assembly line: only Jesus Christs or Gautam Buddhas. But then the world would be very ugly.
Just think of a world of Jesus Christs... it will lose all enrichment because it will miss variety. And who will crucify Jesus? It will be very difficult! He will go on carrying his cross on his shoulders and he will not find anybody to crucify him because he will find other Christs who are carrying their crosses -- nobody to crucify, nobody to teach. To whom will he say, "Blessed are the meek..."?

They all will say, "Shut up! We know it already. Of course, blessed are the meek!"
Just think... all Gautam Buddhas sitting under trees. Who will feed them?
The day Gautam Buddha became enlightened, a beautiful girl called Sujata had brought him sweets, food. In fact, Buddha remembered these three persons very respectfully: the woman who raised him -- because his mother died immediately, his mother's sister gave him her breast -- he respected her tremendously; and Sujata, because before he became enlightened she had fed him, she had brought nourishing food for him -- he had fasted for many days and she nourished him; and the man who gave him food, the last food before he died.
He said these three people were immensely fortunate, blessed, because to give your breast to a Buddha or to nourish him just before his enlightenment or to give him food, the last farewell food, is serving existence in a very invisible way. Because with every Buddha, with every enlightened person, with every awakened human being, existence starts reaching towards higher peaks. It takes a jump with every Buddha.
But existence never repeats anybody. if there are all Buddhas, then there will be no Sujata. Who will feed these Buddhas? Who will serve them? Who will follow them? Who will listen to them? Who will they transform? They will feel utterly bored! They will not have anything to do. Their lives will be just empty.
No, existence needs everybody the way he is. Never try to be somebody else. The DESIDERATA says: Be yourself -- because existence needs you the way you are. You fit

exactly as you are. You see the tremendous message! The DESIDERATA is saying: Accept yourself.

"YOU ARE A CHILD OF THE UNIVERSE NO LESS THAN THE TREES AND THE STARS; YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO BE HERE."

You belong! You are not a stranger. You are not accidental; you are intrinsically needed. Remember, the greatest need in life is to be needed, and if you can feel that the whole existence needs you, you will become tremendously cheerful. You will be turned on! You will feel the most significant experience, you will become ecstatic if you can feel that the whole existence needs you, that you will be missed, that if you are not here there will be a gap, you Will be missed. You are not unnecessary, you are not superfluous; you have tremendous significance.
Hence, love yourself. You are needed as much as the trees, as the flowers, as the birds, as the sun, as the moon, as the stars. You have to be here and you have a right to be the way you are. Assert yourself as you are; never feel guilty. All the religions have created guilt in you, and that's how they have been exploiting you. They create guilt in you, then you are bound to go to the priest; you are bound to go to the church, to the temple to pray, because you are feeling guilty, a sinner. They go on telling you that you are a sinner. And why are you a sinner? Why does God go on creating sinners? If this is the way he works then HE is at fault!
Why did God create Adam and Eve the way he created them? Why did he tell them not to eat from the tree of

knowledge? If he had not told them I don't think they would have discovered the tree of knowledge; in the great, vast Garden of Eden they would not have been able to discover it. By saying to them, "Don't eat from the tree of knowledge," he made them obsessed with the idea. Now it was very difficult for them not to eat from it. He was responsible, nobody else.

A man was traveling along a road when he suddenly felt an urgent need to shit. He happened to be passing a huge mansion, so, driven by his urgent need, he went up to it and rang the bell. When the maid answered, he told her his plight and asked if he could use the bathroom.
The maid said, "Wait a minute, sir, and I will ask the Madam."
She then came back and said, "The Madam says you may use the bathroom, but on NO account are you to press the fourth button!"
So he was shown to a most luxurious bathroom with gold fixtures and wall-to-wall carpeting. With great relief he shat in the toilet. Then noticing the buttons on the wall he pushed the first one -- and a spray of warm, soapy water sprang up and washed his bottom clean. Fascinated, he pressed the second button -- and cool, perfumed water arose to rinse him. In great delight, he pushed the third button -- and a hand bearing a soft towel appeared and gently patted him dry.
It was too much! He could not resist the temptation. He pushed the fourth button. Wham! Bam! Excruciating pain... he woke up in a hospital. The Madam of the house was

standing by his bed. "I told you, I warned you not to press the fourth button," she said.
"Wh-what wa-was the fourth button for?" he stammered weakly.
"That," she said, "is my tampon remover!"

Drop all guilt. Otherwise, beware of the tampon remover!

"AND WHETHER OR NOT IT IS CLEAR TO YOU, NO DOUBT THE UNIVERSE IS UNFOLDING AS IT SHOULD."

It is the most perfect universe. Don't try to improve upon it. Do you see the beautiful message of the DESIDERATA?

"THEREFORE BE AT PEACE WITH GOD..."

THERE IS NO NEED to be worried about God; there is no need even to seek him, there is no need even to search for him. Just be at ease, at home in this universe, and that is the way one finds him -- not the seeker, not the searcher, but one who is at home, one who is at rest, one who is relaxed with existence, one who knows the beauty of total acceptance.
The word of Buddha for it is TATHATA -- suchness, acceptance. Buddha used to say again and again this is the way things are and this is the way they are supposed to be. Don't get into unnecessary troubles trying to improve upon them.
And that's what your missionaries go on doing, and your social reformers and your so-called politicians: they are all

trying to improve upon the world. And all their efforts to improve are simply making things worse; it is creating a mess in the world. If somehow these social reformers, these do-gooders, can be stopped doing their good, the world can be at ease, at peace with God.

"THEREFORE BE AT PEACE WITH GOD WHATEVER YOU CONCEIVE HIM TO BE."

And it does not matter how you conceive God. Don't quarrel about it; it does not matter. You can conceive him as having one thousand hands. He has really millions of hands, otherwise how can he create so many trees and so many people and so many stars? With just two hands it will be too difficult.
If you want to conceive him as a trinity, perfectly good, because really existence can be understood as a trinity. Even physicists will agree with you. Their names will be different, but not very much different either. They call those three elements electron, neutron, positron. Nobody has seen them and nobody will ever see them, so physicists cannot say that believing in the Christian Trinity -- God the Father and Jesus the Son and the Holy Ghost -- this is nonsense because nobody has seen them. Who has seen electrons, neutrons, positrons? They are all Holy Ghosts! And the physicist knows nobody will ever see them; all that we see is the consequences of them. We don't see electrons, neutrons, positrons, but we see something which can only be explained if we accept those three; otherwise existence becomes unexplainable. So it does not matter: you can

conceive God as the Trinity, or as Hindus conceive him, as TRIMURTI -- three-headed.

Just the other day somebody asked me, "What do you say when you meet a three-headed monster?"
"Of course you say, 'Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!'"

So how do you conceive? It doesn't matter! Three times "hallo." You go round and say, "Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!" to all the three persons.
How you conceive, the DESIDERATA says, does not matter. Those are all possibilities. But if it helps you to be at peace with existence it Is good.
You will be surprised to know that Buddha has defined truth as "that which works." A strange definition, but I think perfectly right: "that which works." Whether it is a lie or a truth does not matter; if it works it is a truth!
You see a rope in the dark and you think it is a snake and you run away. And you are huffing and puffing, and you fall down, and you have a mild heart attack. It is a truth! For you at least it has functioned as a truth.
Buddha says: Whatsoever works is true, whatsoever helps is true, whatsoever leads you towards more understanding is true. It is all hypothetical. That is the meaning of "hypothesis": that which helps you to understand.
The DESIDERATA says: Don't get into arguments about God because that is unnecessary. And Christians and Buddhists and Jainas and Hindus and Mohammedans are continuously arguing, barking like dogs at each other, always at the throat of the other, trying to cut it, trying to prove themselves right.

The person who is continuously trying to prove himself right simply says that he is afraid of his not being right. Deep down somewhere he doubts, and he tries to convince others that "I am right." He is trying through others to convince himself that "Yes, I am right." And the other is also trying the same way. The Christian is not interested in Christ, remember, neither is the Hindu interested in Krishna, nor is the Buddhist interested in Buddha: their interest is in trying to prove themselves right. But the trouble is, there are many others who are saying different things, so first they have to prove them wrong, only then can they be at ease. But it is impossible to prove anybody wrong. How can you prove that the other is wrong if his hypothesis has worked for him?
Mahavira attained to truth, to the ultimate, to peace -- the peace that passeth all understanding, the peace that transcends all understanding. So whatsoever his hypothesis is does not matter; it was only a jumping-board. No need to argue, just look at Mahavira -- that is enough proof.
Jesus reached home, so by what route he reached, whether that route is the shortest or not, does not matter. There are people who enjoy the longer route.

I had one friend; just a few days ago he died -- a beautiful man. While I was traveling around India, sometimes he used to accompany me. He loved to travel by passenger trains. I said, "What nonsense! We can reach from Bombay to Calcutta in one hour's time by plane. Why waste forty-eight hours on the train? -- and that too if you catch an express train. A passenger train in India, it is as if one goes on and on for eternity! If you travel in passenger trains in

India you will start believing in eternity. It really feels eternal, non-ending!
But he said, "At least once you should come with me."
So I said, "Okay."
We traveled by passenger train from Jabalpur to Jaipur. We reached in four days. But he was also right, because he had always been traveling by passenger trains.... At each small station it stops, and you can get out and it stays for hours, and you can have tea and you can go out of the station. You can even have a trip around the village and come back! It was a beautiful experience! And because he was traveling always by passenger trains he knew where you could get the most delicious tea, at what station, where you could get the most beautiful food, where you could get what. He knew everything, and everybody knew him because he was always traveling, so he was acquainted with everybody.
And he said, "Look, almost the whole country knows me! And nobody knows you! How can people know you if you just fly over them? They will never forgive you!"
And I really never knew that there were so many beautiful stations and so many beautiful trees and so many beautiful people, and he had so many friends. I understood his idea. I enjoyed that journey.

So don't condemn anybody; let them follow whatsoever they feel fits with them. And no two persons are the same, hence no single path is applicable to everybody, no single hypothesis.
That's why I speak here on Jesus, on Buddha, on Mahavira, on Krishna, on Lao Tzu, on Chuang Tzu, and Dionysius and Heraclitus, and I have been speaking on almost all

kinds of mystics. And people think I am eclectic -- no, I am not. I am simply making you aware of the millions of paths to truth, because I see something beautiful on each path which the others miss; they each have their own beauty. You have to choose your own path -- you have to CHOOSE. Millions of alternatives are available, and it is good that you can choose.

When Ford made his first cars they were all black, and he used to say to his customers, "You can choose any color provided it is black." Then what choice is there left? -- "provided it is black."

It is good that existence has so many flowers of different colors, different shapes, different sizes, different fragrances. It makes it multi-dimensional.

"... WHATEVER YOU CONCEIVE HIM TO BE."

The DESIDERATA does not say anything to you about God; it simply says be at peace with existence. And whatsoever hypothesis helps you to be at peace, it is good.

"AND WHATEVER YOUR LABORS AND ASPIRATIONS, IN THE NOISY CONFUSION OF LIFE, KEEP PEACE IN YOUR SOUL."

THESE WORDS have to be understood: "AND WHATEVER YOUR LABORS..." When a woman gives birth to a child we say she is in labor. That's exactly the meaning of the word "labor." You should not call an the laborers laborers; only the creators know what labor is. A Van Gogh knows what labor is, a Michelangelo knows

what labor is, a Dostoevsky knows what labor is. Labor means giving birth to something, sharing with existence by creating something.

The only way to worship God is to be a creator in some way, whatsoever you can create. You can create a garden, you can create a statue, you can paint, you can compose a song, you can play upon the guitar or the flute, or you can dance. Whatsoever you can contribute, be a creator. To be creative is the only real prayer, all other prayers are just empty rituals. If God is the creator, then the only way to know God is to be creative. That is the only way to participate with him, to be a participant in his life, in his work, in his being.

Here my sannyasins are taught only one prayer: that of being creative. If you can act, be an actor. If you can design clothes, design clothes. If you can do some woodwork, do woodwork. If you are a jeweler, be a jeweler.

"... WHATSOEVER YOUR LABORS AND ASPIRATIONS..."

Ordinarily we call the creative person the inspired person -- that is not right -- we should call him the aspired person. Why? The DESIDERATA has chosen "aspiration" instead of "inspiration." Inspiration means taking something in; when you breathe in it is inspiration. When you breathe out it is aspiration. Inspiration means taking in; aspiration means sharing, giving out. Aspiration simply means exactly what the word "education" means: bringing something out -- the flower out of the seed, the water out of the well -- making the potential actual.

Because for thousands of years you have been told that inspiration is good, you go on following others. You become inspired by Christ; then you become a Christian, an imitator. You become inspired by Buddha; then you become a Buddhist, something pseudo. A Buddha is beautiful, a Buddhist is ugly. A Krishna has tremendous beauty; but the Hindu is just a fanatic. Don't be inspired by anybody because by inspiration you will become only a follower.
Become afire with aspiration, with the joy of creation. Then you will know that there is pain in giving birth, but there is immense ecstasy too. And because of the ecstasy, the pain of giving birth is transformed into a sweet pain. Then even thorns are beautiful because they come with roses. Then even nights are luminous because they are part of the days. Then darkness is beautiful, velvety, because light cannot exist without it. Then all is acceptable; then nothing is rejected. In that total acceptance one can live peacefully at the center.

"... IN THE NOISY CONFUSION OF LIFE, KEEP PEACE IN YOUR SOUL. "

Then it becomes very easy to be always at peace. If you are at peace with existence, if you are at peace with yourself, then nothing can disturb you, nothing can distract you. Then you remain centered, rooted, grounded in your being. Even in the marketplace where it is all noisy and all confusion you remain clear.
But be a follower, be an imitator, and you will lose all peace of your being, because you will be trying to be

somebody else, which you can NEVER be. You can never succeed in being somebody else. Hence you will remain in anguish and you will remain in confusion; and you will remain split, you will remain schizophrenic. You will go from insanity to more insanity. Your life will become a hell.

I would like nobody to be a follower, an imitator. My sannyasins are not my followers, they are my friends -- lovers but not followers. They are not inspired by me, but they learn aspiration. They are not to function LIKE me, they are not to be LIKE me; they have to be themselves. I teach them freedom, not following. I teach them individuality, uniqueness, not imitation. Hence they are at peace.

Whosoever comes to this commune, even the people who are against me, even they feel that something is totally different. It is not the same atmosphere as it is outside the gate. The moment they enter the gate they can immediately feel a different energy field. It is because my people are at peace with themselves; they are not trying to improve upon anything. They are just being themselves,, they are sharing whatsoever they can, and they are perfectly happy. There is no desire to be more, there is no desire to be somebody else. There is no guilt, there is no goal. They are at rest. That creates this tremendously peaceful atmosphere.

"WITH ALL ITS SHAM, DRUDGERY AND BROKEN DREAMS, IT IS STILL A BEAUTIFUL WORLD."

REMEMBER, never forget. Yes, you have traveled long in a way which was not true to your being; hence you have

felt as if you are dragging yourself and life is a drudgery. People are deceivers -- because they have deceived themselves, how can they resist the temptation of deceiving others? If you deceive yourself... and what is a Hindu doing? -- trying to deceive himself. What is a Christian doing? -- trying to deceive himself. He knows nothing of Christ, but he is trying to imitate.

One of the greatest Christian books is IMITATION OF CHRIST by Kempis. "Imitation"?... the very word is ugly! But Christians have loved that book very much. In fact, next to the Bible that is their most cherished document. Every religion wants people to be imitative, and the total result is that it creates boredom. Life becomes a drag, not a dance. And because you deceive yourself, you try to be that which you are not; naturally, when you can deceive yourself, if you are not even honest with yourself, how can you be honest with anybody else in the world? You become totally dishonest.

And you have lived in dreams, and all dreams are bound to be broken. So that has to be accepted; it is nothing to complain about. To live in a dream means you will have to suffer; sooner or later the dream is going to shatter. No dream can be made permanent. You have loved in your dreams, you have been ambitious in your dreams, you have been greedy in your dreams. You have wanted this and that, and always more and more, but in your dreams! -- and they have all to be shattered. In fact, it is good that they are all shattered sooner or later, because unless they are shattered you will never wake up; you will remain fast asleep.

Your dreams are like intoxicants. You can drink alcohol, but how long can you remain in it? Tomorrow you will be

back, and all the worries and all the anxieties will be back, and you were trying to escape from them. There is no escape, there is only understanding which helps. Escape does not help at all; your troubles will go on increasing. But that's what we are doing with our dreams. All our dreams are our ego projections.

A majestic elephant is in the jungle eating lunch when he sees a little mouse eating some seeds near his foot.
He says grumpily, "Go away, you little runt! You are ugly and too little to be in the big jungle!"
Shyly, the little mouse looks up at the elephant and squeaks, "It is just because I was sick when I was small!"

Nobody accepts himself. Everybody is trying to be big. Even the mouse has its own rationalizations! Then, of course, how long can you go on believing in something which is false? Your life becomes a long series of broken dreams, but it is because of your own stupidity. It is not because life itself is a drag. Life is a dance! If you are falling out of the dance, it is up to you. Life gives you freedom to be IN step with the dance or out of step. It is your choice. If you fall OUT of the dance, of course you will feel everywhere as if you are unwelcome. The simple thing is, you are not harmonious with the whole -- it is YOUR decision. The whole is always ready to welcome you; the whole CARES about you. Because it cares about you it has given you freedom.
Freedom to be oneself is the greatest gift of existence to every person. You can misuse it, and when you misuse it

you suffer. You can live in a sleepy way, you can live like a drunkard; that's how people are living.

Two men went duck hunting one cold morning. One of them produced a large bottle of whiskey and proceeded to keep himself warm with the spirits, getting drunker and drunker, much to his companion's dismay.
Finally, one lone duck came over flying very high, too high to be taken. The drunkard fumbled for his gun, got steadied, and finally pulled the trigger. The duck tumbled to the ground.
"An amazing shot!" exclaimed his companion.
"Nothing really," said the drunk. "I usually get two or three out of a flock that size!"

What you are seeing may not be there at all; it may be just a projection, a dream. You are not in your senses! You are not conscious, you are not alert, you are not aware.

Siwicki, about to be married, mentioned to a buddy that he was planning to take only two days for his honeymoon because he was so busy at the office.
"That's too bad," said his friend. "You won't have much time. How far did you plan to go?"
"Oh," said Siwicki, "all the way, naturally!"

People have become stupid, and out of their stupidity they act, they understand; they try to work out, figure out what it is all about. And of course there is confusion.

The Nagorskis were driving to Fort Lauderdale in a brand-new car. As they drove along, he put his hand on her knee.
"We are married now," she said, "you can go a little further."
So he went to Miami Beach.

Because of your sleep you remain retarded, you remain childish.

Joey, age six, and Suzy, age seven, decided that they would marry and had a meeting with their parents to break the news.
Joey's father asked, "Where will you live?"
"Well, we thought that we would live one week here and one week at Suzy's house," replied Joey.
"And what about money?" inquired Suzy's mother.
"Well," said Suzy, "I get one dollar a week and Joey gets one dollar a week, and I have always heard you say that two can live cheaper than one."
"And what about children? Have you thought about having children?" asked Joey's mother.
"Oh, we have decided to wait a little while with that one," said Joey. "And if Suzy should lay some eggs, I will step on them!"

"WITH ALL ITS SHAM, DRUDGERY AND BROKEN DREAMS, IT IS STILL A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. BE CHEERFUL."

Have laughter in your heart. Take life playfully.

"STRIVE TO BE HAPPY."

IF YOU ARE MISERABLE it is your own work, it is your own creation, it is your own decision. You can instantly change; you can drop it all. It is not natural. To be miserable is an unnatural state; to be blissful is just natural. So there is not much of a problem. Once you understand it, that somehow you have lived in a state of unconsciousness, that's why you have created all kinds of anxieties around you.... If you wake up those dreams will evaporate. Meditation simply means waking up -- it is time. It is always time. Wake up!

Being a sannyasin simply means that you have decided to remain in an unconscious state no longer. And the moment you wake up, all misery disappears. Suddenly you find all is joy, all is bliss, all is benediction. Your very being is the kingdom of God. Jesus says again and again, "The kingdom of God is within you," and you are seeking it outside; that's why you are miserable. It is inside and you are seeking outside -- you will never find it.

Hence the broken dreams, the drudgery, the boredom, the fed-upness, the tired, exhausted feeling, and the constant complaining, grumbling mood. You are surrounded by nos. You can live as a yes, and to live as a yes is to be religious To say "Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" to existence is to be religious.

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #14

Chapter title: The Only Miracle

8 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1
OSHO,
WHAT IS SURRENDER? I USED TO THINK I KNEW. NOW IT IS A MYSTERY.

Prem Prabhat,

THE FALSE KNOWLEDGE de-mystifies existence; the true knowledge re-mystifies it. Knowing, if authentic, makes life more of a mystery than it has ever been before. Knowledge certainly covers your eyes with dark clouds, creates a wall of thick smoke, and you start feeling you know. In fact, you are going deeper into ignorance. To be knowledgeable is to be more ignorant than even the ignorant ones.
The Upanishads have a tremendously significant statement. They say: The ignorant man is lost in darkness, but the knowledgeable is lost in deeper darkness than the ignorant -- because the knowledgeable lives in an "as if" world. He thinks he knows, but he knows not. He only believes; he has not seen. He believes in God, he believes in love, he believes in surrender, but belief is always a cover-up. Your wound is covered, but it is not healed that way. In fact, the more you cover it, the less is the possibility of its ever being healed. Expose it to the sun, to the wind, to the rain -- expose it to the healing forces that surround you.

Mahavira standing naked under the sky is simply saying, making a silent statement: "Be naked! Drop all your clothes! Don't hide! " And we are not only wearing clothes on the body -- they are not that important -- we are wearing clothes and clothes, layers and layers of knowledge, which are really hiding our truth from ourselves.

To be really naked before God is to know, but that knowing is totally different from knowledge. It is closer to feeling than to knowledge. It is closer to love than to logic. It is closer to experiencing than to believing. It is existential. The blind man believes in light; the man of eyes sees it. And when there is seeing, no question of believing arises only the blind believe; the seers have no need to believe -- they know! But to know life is to know that it is unknowable. To know life is to know that it is an unfathomable mystery, immeasurable.

The word "matter" means the measurable; it comes from "measure." Science is wrong because it thinks that life can be measured, fathomed, de-mystified. Knowledge believes that life can be divided into two departments: the known and the unknown. That which is known today was unknown yesterday; that which is unknown today will become known tomorrow. The unknown will go on receding, the unknown will go on disappearing. The known will go on becoming bigger and bigger, and one day all will be known.

The Buddhas, the awakened ones, have divided life into three planes: the known, the unknown and the unknowable. The known and the unknown are not different, not very different. They belong to the same category: they are

measurable. That is the world of matter. The unknowable is the world of life, consciousness, love, light, truth, God.

It is beautiful, Prem Prabhat, that you say: WHAT IS SURRENDER? I USED TO THINK I KNEW. NOW IT IS A MYSTERY.

This is the beginning of real knowing, when all life becomes a mystery, when you come to a state of not knowing at all -- AGNOSIA in the words of Dionysius.... Or remember the words of Socrates: I know only one thing, that I know nothing. Or the words of the Upanishads; the Upanishads say: The person who thinks he knows, knows not; the person who knows he knows not, knows.
To enter into the unknowable is the greatest adventure, the greatest ecstasy, but one feels afraid; one feels that one is losing something. You can lose only that which you have not got. Let me repeat. You can lose only that which you have not got. You can never lose that which you have got; there is no way to lose it, that which you have got. If your knowledge has disappeared, that simply means it was not real knowing.
Now is the beginning -- ATHATO BRAHMA JIGYASA -- now begins the enquiry into God.
Surrender is the quantum leap from mind to no-mind, from ego to egolessness. And in a single step the whole journey is contained. It is not a long journey from you to God, it is a single-step journey. It is not a gradual phenomenon; it is not that slowly slowly, gradually you come to the divine. It is a quantum leap! One moment you were in darkness and

the next moment all is light. All that is needed is to put the ego aside.

Zusya, the great Hassid mystic, was dying. His old uncle came to see him and said, "Zusya, have you made peace with God?"
Zusya opened his eyes, laughed, and said, "How many times have I said to you that I have never been in conflict with him? I have never fought with him, so why should I make peace with him? For what? There is no reason for it! I have always been at peace with him."
Nobody had ever seen him praying -- there was no need for him to pray. Nobody had ever seen him going to the synagogue -- there was no need for him to go! No one had seen him reading the scriptures -- there was no need for him to. He had done the real thing: he had put his ego aside.

And the moment you put the ego aside, the curtain disappears. God is not hidden, only your eyes are closed. Open your eyes!
Surrender means opening your eyes. Surrender means dropping a false idea that "I am separate from the whole." It is a false idea, so in fact you are not dropping anything. You are calculating wrongly: you are doing some arithmetic, two plus two is four, but you are putting five. The moment you realize that two plus two is NOT five but four, are you dropping something? Are you renouncing something? Are you losing something? Will you feel that it is a loss? -- it was five and now it is only four. No, it is not a loss because it was never five; it was ALWAYS four.

When you were thinking it was five, then too it was four. Not even for a single moment was it five. You were in a delusion.
Ego is a hallucination. You are not separate from the whole -- trying to be, of course, hence the whole misery. Trying to do something which is not possible, which is impossible, is bound to create misery. Misery is unnatural; it is your invention. Misery does not exist; it is your hallucination. It is a nightmare created by you. It is your great work!
Bliss is natural. Bliss is the very nature of the way things are. Ais DHAMMO SANANTANO, says Buddha: bliss is the way things are. But you are trying to be something which is not possible: you are trying to be separate, you are trying to be an island, and you belong to the continent, the vast, infinite continent of God or godliness.
Surrender means seeing that "I am not separate" -- just SEEING that "I am not separate." Nothing is surrendered, nothing is dropped; just a nonsense idea, a dream is no more there because you are awake.

Two young couples had decided to spend their honeymoon at the same hotel. The first morning the two young men came into the hall at the same time and met at the elevator. One turned to the other and said, "Say, where's your wife?"
"Oh, she's in her room, smoking. Where's yours?"
"Oh, she's hot too, but she's not smoking!"

Just a misunderstanding.

An Irishman, on the night that his wife was confined in childbirth, went out a bit prematurely to celebrate the

addition to his family, with a few chosen cronies. He did not return home to his family until three o'clock in the morning.
He was barely in the house when the nurse rushed up and uncovered a bundle of blankets, showing the bewildered Irishman triplets. At this very moment the clock struck once, twice, three times.
"One, two, three... sure, an' I could count 'em myself, small thanks to ye," Pat addressed the clock solemnly. "An' one thing more -- I'll be thanking the good God I didn't come home at twelve!"

Ego is a state of blindness, of drunkenness, of dreaming. Just waking up is surrender. Either wake up and surrender happens, or surrender and you are awake. They are two sides of the same coin.
But the moment you are awake, the whole becomes a mystery. Suddenly all knowledge evaporates like dewdrops in the early morning sun. For the first time your eyes are full of wonder like a child. It IS a second birth! In India we have called the man who comes to know the mystery of existence, DWIJ -- twice-born.
Jesus says to Nicodemus, "Unless you are born again you will not enter into my kingdom of God." He also says, "Unless you are like a child you will not enter into my kingdom of God." What does he mean? He simply means that a rebirth is needed. The way you have lived is the way of the ego. You have to drop that whole life-style. You have lived believing that you are separate from the whole. It is like a leaf on the tree believing that it is separate from the tree, although believing makes NO difference in reality

-- it is still part of the tree. But its belief will create much misery for it because the moment the leaf starts believing "I am separate," it starts dreaming of separate aspirations of its own. It starts thinking in terms of achieving something. It becomes ambitious; it has to reach some goals. It starts deciding its own goals -- which are not possible, because when the wind comes and the whole tree sways and dances, this small leaf wants NOT to dance. Now there is frustration. It HAS to dance with the whole tree.

Hence the proverb: Man proposes and God disposes. God really never disposes. The problem is you, the problem is in you; the problem is in your very proposal. The leaf is proposing that I want to be still, and the whole tree is dancing. Now, it is not possible. The leaf of course will think the leaf proposes and the tree disposes. And then what can the tree do? The tree is part of the earth, of the sky, of the sun. The tree cannot exist without the sun, without the wind, without the rain -- it is PART of it. What can the tree do? The wind is blowing, it is swaying with the wind. The tree is part of a bigger phenomenon. Everything is part of something bigger. Ultimately we are part of one organic unity; we are rooted in existence.

But our whole effort, our whole education, our whole so-called religion, culture, they all give us the idea that "You are separate." Even the so-called religion which goes on talking about dropping your ego on the one hand, on the other hand goes on nourishing and feeding your ego. "Be virtuous and you will be respected," they say. You will be respected, remember. "Be virtuous, be knowledgeable, and you will be respected -- not only here but even after death, in the other world too. You will go to paradise, to heaven.

And those who are not virtuous will fall into hell." As if we are separate!

Buddha has said: "The moment I became enlightened, the whole existence became enlightened with me." Now, there is something of tremendous significance in it. What does he mean by this statement? Certainly you are not enlightened, but he is saying, "The moment I became enlightened I came to know that I am not separate. And if I am enlightened, the whole existence is enlightened, because there is no separation anywhere, there is no demarcation. Either the whole is enlightened or I am not enlightened; there is no other possibility."

And Buddha is right; the same is my experience. I see you all as enlightened -- not only you but the trees and the mountains too. The whole existence is enlightened! But man has one privilege: he is free to choose, he is free to believe. He is free to forget who he is, he is also free to remember it.

Think over the word "remembering." It really means becoming part again of the whole, becoming a member again of the family that existence is: "re-member." It means that we suddenly learn the language that we had forgotten. It is like a name forgotten: you see somebody on the road, you recognize him, you feel that you know who he is, but you cannot remember his name. You have forgotten, although you can remember this much: that you have known him before. You say, "His name is just on the tip of my tongue." But if it is on the tip of your tongue, then why is it not coming? You feel absolutely certain, the name is just on the tip of your tongue. And then you try hard: the harder you try, the more difficult it becomes, because

whenever you try to do something very hard you become tense, you become closed. Your consciousness becomes narrower and narrower. And it becomes more and more difficult in such tension, in such anxiety, to remember. Then you drop the whole project, thinking that it is not possible. You forget all about it. You start listening to music or you go into the garden and you sit under a tree, or you start doing something else, sipping tea or talking to somebody... and then suddenly from nowhere the name surfaces.

This is the whole secret of enlightenment: it happens in relaxation, it happens in a deep state of rest. Surrender means relaxing. Ego means tension, carrying a load of anxiety, and unnecessarily.

I have heard that one woman, an old woman, was traveling on a bus, and she was trembling and continuously asking what stop it was.

The stranger sitting by her side said, "Relax, don't be worried. The conductor will go on announcing what stop it is, and if you are too worried I will call the conductor. You can tell him where you want to get off so he can keep a note of it. And you relax!"

He called the conductor and the woman said, "Please remember. I don't want to miss my stop. I have to reach somewhere very urgently."

The conductor said, "Okay, I will make a note of it, although even without your asking I will be announcing it. But I will make a note of it and I will come to you particularly and tell you whenever your stop comes. But you relax. Don't be so worried about it!"

She was perspiring and trembling and looked so tense. So she said, "Okay, you note it down -- the bus terminus."

Now if it is the bus terminus, why should you worry? How can you miss it? There is no way of missing it!
The moment you rest, the moment you relax, you know that existence is already going, moving, reaching towards higher peaks. And you are part of it. You need not have separate ambitions. You need not think of yourself in terms of a person. You are not a person.
This is surrender: relaxing, resting, dropping all private goals, dropping the whole achieving mind, all the ego projections. And then life is a mystery. Your eyes will be full of wonder; your heart will be full of awe. And to me that is authentic religiousness: wonder and awe. The man who is full of wonder and awe is the only religious person -- not the Christians, not the Hindus, not the Mohammedans. They are too full of knowledge; they are too full of rubbish, junk. They are simply repeating scriptures like parrots. Hindus go on reciting the Gita. Of course, if you go on reciting the Gita you will become acquainted with words, but not with meanings. You can go on repeating them for millions of lives, but the moment of understanding will never come. In fact, the more you repeat, the more mechanical you become. The more you repeat, the more you lose the quality that can bring you closer to awakening. Repetition helps you to fall asleep.
That's the whole secret of lullabies. Every woman knows it, every mother knows it. She simply sits by the side of the child, tucks him underneath the blanket, and starts a monotonous lullaby -- just one line again and again and

again. Of course the child falls asleep -- he HAS to fall asleep. It is so boring! He wants to escape somewhere and there seems to be no way out, so he escapes into his sleep. The lullaby is the ancientmost form of hypnosis.

And there are methods for grown-ups too, for example Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Transcendental Meditation. It is just a lullaby -- a little sophisticated. It is meant for grown-ups, for adults. It is a process of auto-hypnosis. The mother is no more there and your wife certainly is not going to sing a lullaby to you. She can freak out, but she cannot sing a lullaby! She can throw pillows at you, but she cannot sing a lullaby! She will say, "I am not your mother!" And you cannot ask her either, "Please sing a lullaby," because that will hurt your male chauvinist ego.

So you start repeating a mantra. It has to be in some dead language which you don't understand -- Sanskrit, Arabic, Latin, Greek, Chinese, anything that you don't understand. If you understand you will not get into it. If you understand, doubts will arise. If I say, "Just repeat 'Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola, Coca-Cola'," you will repeat it two or three times, and then you will say, "What nonsense I am doing!" But a Sanskrit mantra is just like "Coca-Cola," nothing special in it. But you don't understand so you believe that there must be some secret in it, some great mystery in it, and you go on repeating it. You are singing a lullaby to yourself; soon you will fall into sleep.

Transcendental Meditation and methods such as it have become more important in the West for the simple reason that the West is losing the art of how to fall asleep. People are suffering from sleeplessness more and more; they have to depend on tranquillizers. Transcendental Meditation is a

non-medicinal tranquillizer. And nothing is wrong if you know that you are using it as a tranquillizer, but if you think that you are doing something religious then you are stupid. If you think this is going to lead you to meditation you are a fool, an utter fool, just a simpleton.

It is not going to take you into meditation because meditation means awareness. It is taking you towards just the opposite of awareness: it is taking you towards sleep. I am not against sleep -- a good sleep is a healthy thing. And I prescribe TM for all those who suffer from sleeplessness, from insomnia. It is perfectly good, but remember that a good sleep has nothing spiritual about it. It is good for the body, it is good for the mind too, but it has nothing to do with the spiritual dimension. The spiritual dimension opens up only when you are awake, fully awake. And the only way to be awake is to drop all sleep and all dreaming.

The ego is the center of all your sleep and all your dreaming. If you can put the ego aside... seeing that it is a false thing, why go on carrying it? -- put it aside. In fact, there is no need to put it aside -- seeing that it is false, it drops of its own accord. And the moment it drops a tremendous explosion happens in you. For the first time you are awake, fully awake, totally awake. There is no unconscious in you, there is no darkness in you. All becomes light; hence the word "enlightenment." You are pure light, made of light, eternal light. And when you open your eyes and look at existence, the whole existence is made of light!

This is the only point on which physicists and mystics agree, the only point where science and religion meet. Physicists say matter is made of light -- electrons in their

jargon; mystics say, in a more simple way, that everything is made of light. This is the only meeting-point, but from this meeting-point much more is possible. It can become the triggering-point for a deep communion between science and religion in the future. It is pregnant with immense possibilities.

But neither the mystics have recognized the point yet nor the physicists. One can forgive the physicists because they exist on a lower level, they exist in the valley. But one cannot forget and forgive the mystics: they are on the top of the hill, they are on the peaks -- from there they can have a more inclusive view of things, from there they can see far more; the valley is included in their vision. The physicist may not be able to see the peak. He may be too occupied with material, objective investigations. He may be looking at the earth too much; he may not look at the peak at all. He may even be afraid of the peak.

There is an Arabian saying that camels don't like to go near the mountains, that's why they exist in the deserts. Obviously, no camel would like to go to a mountain, because seeing a mountain for the first time he feels utterly humiliated. In the desert HE IS the mountain! Standing by the side of a mountain he is just like an ant, utterly reduced, disgraced. His ego feels hurt.

Man does not want to look at the peaks. That's why persons like Friedrich Nietzsche say God is dead -- not that God is dead, but Nietzsche is an egoist. The very idea that God exists is not acceptable to him, because if God exists then the camel is standing by the side of the Himalayas. Then who is Nietzsche? Then nobody is anybody in particular. Then you have to drop the ego; then you cannot go on

carrying it. It becomes utterly futile, foolish. It is better to kill God. Nietzsche is speaking for your egos; he represents your egos.

I have heard that somewhere on the earth there are two graves with two tombstones. On one is written: "God is dead," signed "Friedrich Nietzsche"; and on the other is written: "Nietzsche is dead," signed,"God."

But it is too late: Nietzsche went mad. That is the logical consequence of going to the very end of the ego. He is very representative: he represents the contemporary mind, the twentieth-century mind. He is far more representative of this age than anybody else. One hundred years ahead of you he had said God is dead -- and now everybody feels it. You may not say so because you may not have the courage to go to the logical end of your argument, but that's what is really happening in smaller degrees to everybody; the difference is only of degrees. Nietzsche is a stubborn person: he follows the track to the very end, where the road ends; he goes to the very point where the abyss has to be encountered... and he goes mad.

More and more people are going mad, more and more people are becoming insane, more and more people need psychotherapy. More and more people are just on the brink, for the simple reason that that is ego's ultimate result: you go insane, you go mad.

Surrender's ultimate result is: you go sane. In fact, for the first time you know what sanity is, what wholeness is, what health is. Your wounds are healed. It is a mystery.

It is a good beginning, Prem Prabhat. Don't shrink back. Go on moving into the mysterious. It is the mysterious which will melt you, merge you like a river moving into the

ocean. It is the mysterious which will transform you and will make your darkness luminous. It is the mysterious which will open your one-thousand-petalled lotus of consciousness. Allow it to happen.

People are very much afraid of the mysterious, because the mysterious means the unknowable -- not only the unknown but the unknowable. People are even afraid of the unknown, what to say about the unknowable?

The religious person needs guts; it is only for the courageous few. Religion is not for the cowards. Religion is not a mass phenomenon; it is not for the crowds. The crowds can only be Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans; the crowds can never be religious. Only very courageous people like Jesus, Zarathustra, Lao Tzu, Buddha -- only very courageous people can be religious. It is not for the cowards.

Cowards create a pseudo religion for themselves, a toy religion; they go on playing with it. They go every Sunday to the church and they think it is enough -- a Sunday religion! The church is not more than a club. A few people go to the Rotary Club, a few people go to the Lions Club, a few people go to the church. It is not very different -- it is a social affair. It is something formal. It is good: it functions like a lubricant, it makes you more adjusted to the crowd. The crowd feels good that you belong to it, you feel good that you belong to the crowd. The church is just a meeting-place where You talk sweet nothings -- beautiful things, but they are meant only for the church. They don't change your life; they don't transform you. In fact, they prevent transformation.

Encountering the mysterious is the beginning of religion, the beginning of God.
You are blessed, Prem Prabhat. Go on. Buddha says: CHARAIVETI CHARAIVETI -- go on, go on. Never stop, because life is a constant movement, a continuum, a process. It is not a noun, it is a verb.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO, DO YOU EVER GET FRUSTRATED WITH US BECAUSE WE ARE CONTINUOUSLY MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES AND PLAYING THE SAME GAMES OVER AND OVER AGAIN?

Sheela,

I REALLY ENJOY IT! There is no way for me to get frustrated. You cannot do anything that can make me frustrated, because frustration happens only when there is expectation. I don't expect anything. I have no expectations from anybody. I accept you the way you are. If I have some expectations then, of course, in the wake frustration is bound to happen. I accept you as you are because for me you are all enlightened. What more can happen? There is nothing more. As far as I am concerned, all that has to happen has already happened. Now it is up to you how long you want to go on playing the games -- the games of hide-and-seek. It is up to you! If you are enjoying it, why should I get frustrated? If you are not frustrated, who am I to be frustrated with your games? It's perfectly okay! In fact, I

enjoy and giggle. Seeing you falling in the same ditch again, I am amazed!
There is a Persian saying: Man is the only animal who can fall in the same ditch again. Even donkeys will avoid it! You cannot force a donkey to fall in the same ditch again -- he will resist, he will fight, he will protest, because he Knows the ditch, he has suffered it. It is only man.... Man is a strange animal, the most absurd of all the animals.
And this is a zoo! I call it Buddha Hall, but as far as you are concerned it is Noah's Ark! All kinds of animals are here. And when one is in a zoo one enjoys. In fact, I am the only person who is enjoying it to the full!
You are unconscious. How can I be frustrated with you? Whatsoever you are doing is bound to happen. Nothing else is possible right now unless you become conscious.

The hanging party made its slow and solemn way through the pouring rain to the place of execution a few miles away. The executioner remarked, "Well, you're not very lucky with this storm and mud today, are you?"
The sentenced man replied smilingly, "Oh, but you've got to go all the way back through it again!"

You are so unconscious! You are not aware of what you are doing. You are not aware of what is happening to you. You are not learning anything.

Mrs. Brickman, aged eighty-nine, lived in a retirement center. Despite her age the old woman still had a great spirit. "Tonight, Ida," she told another senior citizen, "for

fun I'm gonna run through the dining room without my clothes on!"
"What!" shrieked her friend. "You gonna go naked in the dinner room?"
"That's right!"
That night, without a stitch of clothing on, ancient Mrs. Brickman dashed through the dining room. Two elderly men spotted her. "Was that Mrs. Brickman?" asked one.
"Yeah," said the other. "And whatever she's wearing, she should at least have it pressed!"

Who is aware? Who is looking? People's eyes are closed!

Boy: "I'm tired of this fooling around. I'm coming over to your apartment tonight and I'm going to throw you down on the couch and pull off your pants...."
Girl: "Oh, no, you're not!"
Boy: "And I'm going to screw you so hard you won't be able to walk straight!"
Girl: "Oh, no, you're not!"
Boy: "And what's more, I'm not even going to wear a condom! "
Girl: "Oh, yes, you are!"

The third question

Question 3
OSHO, WHAT DO YOU TALL A CLEAN, HARD-WORKING, KIND, INTELLIGENT POLITICIAN?

Nirmal,

A failure!

The fourth question

Question 4
OSHO, THE OTHER DAY THERE SUDDENLY AROSE IN ME A DEEP DESIRE TO TAKE YOUR SANNYAS. IT WAS JUST A FEELING. I THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS NO ONE REASON FOR DOING IT -- NOT REALLY ONE REASON, AND SO, WHY? MAYBE AS A GIFT FOR MYSELF?

Laura,

SANNYAS IS NOT TAKEN for any reason. The person who takes sannyas for any reason at all is taking it for a wrong reason. Any reason is a wrong reason! Sannyas is taken out of sheer joy. Yes, it is a feeling; it is not logic. It is a love affair! You don't fall in love for certain reasons. If you fall in love for certain reasons soon you will fall out, because no reason can remain there forever.
Reasons are like shifting sands. Today it seems rational, tomorrow it may seem irrational. Reasons go on changing like the climate. Mind is never the same even for two consecutive moments, and mind supplies the reason. And sannyas is not taken by the mind. How can mind take sannyas? Sannyas means dropping the mind! Mind cannot take sannyas because that will be suicidal to the mind.

Sannyas is something that arises in the heart. That's why it is like a feeling, a love affair, for no reason at all. A desire arises in you, a longing of the heart.
That is the difference between ambition and longing: ambition is goal-oriented, longing is source-oriented. Ambition means there is something to achieve THERE. It depends on a goal, there is a motive, hence you can be rational about it. You can figure it out, whether it is worth achieving or not. You can be rational about it. It is not a question of feeling; it has to be calculated. You have to move in a certain direction cautiously, because the world is very cunning and everybody is trying to achieve the same goal -- maybe power, money, prestige -- but millions of people are running, rushing towards the same goal. There is competition. You have to be very clever and very cunning. You have to be very cautious. You have to be very political, diplomatic.
Longing has no goal, but it has a source. The heart is the source.

Vincent van Gogh, one of the greatest painters ever, one of the great masters, was absolutely misunderstood in his day. Not even a single painting was sold, because people could not understand what he was doing, what his paintings were all about. They looked absurd. For example, he would always paint his trees so big that they would go BEYOND the stars. The stars would be small, the sun and moon would be small, and the trees would be so huge...
Somebody asked him, "Are you mad or something? Who has ever seen such trees? Such trees don't exist! Why do you go on painting such big trees? And why do you paint

the stars so small? Even the sun is so small, and the tree goes beyond it! The sun is so far away that even for light to travel to the earth it takes almost ten minutes. And light travels really fast: it travels in one second one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles -- in ONE second. Sixty times more in one minute and ten times more than that in ten minutes. And it is not possible for any tree to transcend the sun. And what to say about the stars? The closest star is four light years away; it takes four years for the light to reach the earth. And the farthest star is millions and millions of light years away -- and your trees go on transcending the stars! What nonsense is this?"
And Van Gogh would laugh and he would say, "I know! But I know something more too of which you are not aware: trees are longings of the earth to transcend the stars. I am painting the longing, not the trees. I am more concerned with the source, not with the goal. It is irrelevant whether they reach the stars or not. And I belong to the earth, I have no obligation to the stars. I am part of THIS earth and I understand the longing of the earth. This is the longing of the earth: trees go on reaching for the stars."

Longings are irrational, and I agree with Van Gogh. Only the longing can think of God, not ambition, because for ambition God will look absolutely impossible. But for a longing everything is possible, nothing is impossible, because there iS no question of reaching anywhere -- it is enjoying the source of longing itself.
If your love has any motivation it is a false love. When your love has no motivation at all it is true, it is authentic.

Laura, you say: THE OTHER DAY THERE SUDDENLY AROSE IN ME A DEEP DESIRE TO TAKE YOUR SANNYAS.

Yes, this longing arises suddenly and it comes from nowhere. It simply possesses you. And if you start looking for reasons you will miss, because looking for reasons is looking in a wrong place, not from where the longing has arisen.

Look deep into your heart. Listen to the still small voice within. And remember one thing: life is fulfilled only through longings, never through ambitions. Life becomes blissful only through the heart, never through the mind. Mind creates science, the heart creates religion. Mind can give you better technology, better gadgets. The heart gives you the real, ultimate values: love, bliss, truth, freedom, awareness, God. And a life without these values is valueless.

That's why millions of people feel meaningless. Millions of people feel as if they are just accidental, they are not needed. But the DESIDERATA says you ARE needed: you are fulfilling some immense need of the existence.

Respect your longings. To respect your longings is to respect the voice of God within you. And remember, if you start thinking it was just a feeling, there is already condemnation: "It was just a feeling." As if there is something wrong! As if when something is just a feeling it is not enough; there has to be a reason.

If you go on doing only rational things in your life you will miss the real mystery of life. You will miss the treasure, you will miss the kingdom of God. You will live

comfortably, but you will live meaninglessly. You may have many possessions, but you will be worthless. You won't have any worth, you won't have any sense of worth. Listen to the heart if you really want to grow. Don't call it "just a feeling," because a feeling is a higher thing than knowing. There is something still higher -- that is being. These are the three planes. The lowest is knowing, the highest is being, and between the two is feeling. Feeling functions as a bridge. It functions as a link between knowing and being, between this shore and the further shore. It is a bridge. Remember, the bridge is not a place to make a house on: you have to pass it, but you have to pass through it. You cannot avoid it. If you avoid it you will remain clinging to this shore; you will never go to the other shore. You will remain on the outside; you will never go into the interiority of your existence. And there is real beauty. Jesus says: The kingdom of God is within you. And the heart is always calling you forth, but the head is very noisy and the head never allows you to listen to the heart. It is fortunate that at least you listened. At least you heard something arising in you: A DEEP DESIRE TO TAKE SANNYAS.

But then the mind immediately interfered. It said, "It is just a feeling." But a feeling is a higher phenomenon than knowing. Love is higher than logic. Nobody can live only logically, and if he does his life will be useless. Only love opens the windows towards the beyond.
Please, Laura, don't condemn anything as just a feeling.

And you say: I THOUGHT THAT THERE WAS NO ONE REASON FOR DOING IT.

There is none! That's the beauty of it. It is a jump out of reasoning, so how can there be a reason for it? The mind cannot support you, the mind can only hinder you. The mind cannot nourish your longings; it has its own projections, ambitions. It wants you to put your total energy into the ambitions. It wants you to go ahead with all your dreams; they have to be fulfilled. Of course they are never fulfilled. All dreams are bound to be broken, they are doomed to fail, but the mind is immensely inventive. One dream fails, it creates another. In fact, even before the other has failed it has already created a few more dreams. It keeps them ready in case there is a gap and in the gap you start hearing the heart. It never gives you a gap. It keeps you running faster and faster. It goes on telling you, "This dream has failed -- that does not mean that all dreams are bound to fail. If not today, then tomorrow you will succeed. You have failed because you did not put your totality into it."

And nobody can put himself totally into a dream. A dream is a very small thing. How can you enter into a dream totally? One can enter more intensely, more passionately into a feeling; even then one is not total. Totality happens only when you enter into being, but feeling is closer to being. Feeling is like a door of the temple. The moment you stand at the door, both are the possibilities: you can run out, you can run in.

And this is my observation: that the poet and the mystic both stand at the same door, because both are in the world

of feeling. Neither does the mystic think nor does the poet think. The poet and mystic stand at the same door, but there is a great difference. The poet still goes on looking outwards. The door is the same, the space is the same, but the mystic looks towards the inner world, towards the shrine, inside the temple, and the poet looks outside. So sooner or later the poet is lost in the outside world. He again and again comes to the door and again and again loses the door, because he never looks in. If he takes a one-hundred-and-eighty-degree turn, then only will he be able to run in.

And the moment you run in... the miracle, the only miracle there is. The moment you know who you are....

Sannyas is not motivated by any reason; there is no "why" to it. That's why the worldly will call it mad. But they also call Jesus mad; even today, after two thousand years, psychoanalysts think that he was insane.

Buddha was thought to be mad -- of course, it is so obvious: he was going to be the king and he dropped out, he escaped into the jungles to meditate. He went out of the boundaries of his father's kingdom because he knew that his father would start searching for him and he would be caught, so he escaped as fast as possible to the neighboring kingdom.

But he was wrong in thinking that there he could not be caught. The neighboring king was a friend of his father. His father informed him that "My son has escaped, my only son, and maybe he is hiding somewhere in your kingdom because I have searched my kingdom -- he is nowhere. So look...."

And the friend searched for him and found him. And the king came and told him, "It's perfectly okay: if you are not happy with your father, forget all about it. I have a bigger kingdom than your father and I have no son, only a daughter. So get married to my daughter and this kingdom is yours! Forget all about it! And of course, finally your father's kingdom is going to be yours, so you will have both the kingdoms. Your father is old, seventy, he is sick, any day he will die."

What a beautiful offer! And Buddha laughed. He said, "So I have to escape from your kingdom too! I was thinking that here I would be safe. It is not a question of any quarrel. I have not quarreled with my father, I have no quarrel," he said. "I have simply seen that the way I was living was absurd. I am in search of a deeper way of life. I want to live, but authentically, sincerely. I don't want to exist as a hypocrite. And unless I have found the truth I am not going back. Yes, I will go back when I have found the truth. I will go, and if my father is alive I will share my joy with him. I respect him and love him, but he has lived in misery and I don't want to repeat the same story again. I know my wife will be suffering, my child will be suffering, but they were suffering anyway. They were suffering with me, they will suffer alone.

"There is a possibility that I may find the truth. Then I can go and share it with my wife, with my child."

And after twelve years he went back. His wife was of course angry, very angry, enraged. She started shouting. Twelve years of accumulated anger -- you cannot blame her, neither did Buddha. He stood there silently, allowed her to cathart. She cried and screamed and wept...

Finally Buddha said, "Please look at me. I am not the same man who had left you. I am a new being! Just wipe your tears and look at me. I have come to share. Forgive me, but the moment you know what I have brought for you you will not blame me; you will be happy that I did it."

His wife looked, and, of course, this was a totally new man -- so radiant, so graceful, so blissful. The fragrance was unmistakable. Something of godliness surrounded him, some aura of the unknown. She bowed down to him. And she brought her son who was now twelve years of age, and she told the son, "Ask your father for your heritage."

And Buddha initiated, immediately, first the son, just a twelve-year-old boy, Rahul was his name -- he initiated him into sannyas. He gave him his begging bowl and said, "Now you are a sannyasin and I will teach you meditation."

Then he initiated his wife, then his father. They all felt... when their anger was spent, thrown out, Buddha did not react to it at all. He simply stood there like a mid-wife, helping them to go through the pains. And then he shared his joy.

Sannyas had happened to Buddha himself by seeing the utter stupidity of the way we are living. A desire, a deep longing came to him: "This is not what life should be -- something is missing." And this can be felt only by the heart, that something is missing, because the heart is a more sensitive part of you than the mind. Mind is always thick; even the best mind is thick. The heart feels first, and then there is no reason.

Laura, you say: MAYBE AS A GIFT FOR MYSELF?

That is far better. Yes, take it as a gift. Rejoice with me, celebrate with me. Participate in this great happening, in this ecstasy, and forget all reasoning, and you will for the first time touch something deeper in yourself. And then there is a possibility: if you stand at the door of feeling, you can move into the temple.
The temple does not exist on the outside; they are all false temples -- Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Jaina -- they are all false temples. The true temple exists in you and the true God is waiting there for you. This is his voice that you have heard. Follow from where it is coming, move towards that source, and immense will be your experience. You may never have tasted anything like it -- it is pure nectar.

The last question

Osho,
Question 5
PLEASE CAN YOU TELL US WHEN THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END?

Sant Maharaj,

TODAY 8th of September 1980, at lunchtime! Meditate over this story, a story by Roger McGough:

When the bus stopped suddenly to avoid damaging a mother and child in the road, the young lady in the green hat sitting opposite was thrown across me, and not being one to miss an opportunity i started to make love with all my body.

At first she resisted saying that it was too early in the morning and too soon after breakfast and that anyway she found me repulsive. But when I explained that this being a nuclear age, the world was going to end at lunchtime, she took off her green hat, put her bus ticket in her pocket and joined in the exercise.

The bus people, and there were many of them, were shocked and surprised and amused and annoyed, but when the word got around that the world was coming to an end at lunchtime, they put their pride in their pockets with their bus tickets and made love one with the other. And even the bus conductor, being over, climbed into the cab and struck up some sort of relationship with the driver.

That night, on the bus coming home, we were all a little embarrassed, especially me and the young lady in the green hat, and we all started to say in different ways how hasty and foolish we had been. But then, always having been a bit of a lad, I stood up and said it was a pity that the world didn't nearly end every lunchtime and that we could always pretend. And then it happened...
Quick as a crash we all changed partners and soon the bus was aquiver with white mothballbodies doing naughty things.

And the next day
and everyday
in everybus
in everystreet

in everytown
in everycountry

People pretended that the world was coming to an end at lunchtime. it still hasn't. although in a way it has.

But, Sant Maharaj, if by any chance it does not end today, see you tomorrow!

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #15

Chapter title: Kiss or Kill

9 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1

OSHO,

THERE IS DEEP IN MYSELF A YEARNING FOR THE PERMANENCY OF LOVE. IS THAT STUPID?

Prem Anna,

LOVE CAN EXIST in two dimensions: either as horizontal or as vertical. We are acquainted with the love which is horizontal. That is also the dimension of time; the vertical is the dimension of eternity.

The yearning in the heart is not for permanency; there you have misunderstood. But that misunderstanding is almost universal because we know only one plane: the horizontal,

the dimension of time. In that dimension there are only two possibilities: either something is momentary OR permanent. But the permanent is nothing but many moments; that too begins and ends. Permanency is not eternal, it cannot be. Nothing can be eternal in time. That which is born in time is bound to die in time. If there is a beginning, there is an end.

And your love begins; it begins at a certain moment in time. Then it is bound to end. Yes, it can end sooner or later. If it ends quickly you call it momentary; if it takes a little longer time to end you call it permanent. But permanency also is not going to fulfill the heart, because the heart longs for that which does not end at all, which is forever. It is the longing for God. God is another name for eternal love.

Jesus says: God is love. And that is one of the greatest statements ever made. Love becomes synonymous with God. If you can know the eternal love you have known God. Nothing is left, all is fulfilled.

But the mind knows nothing of eternity. The heart yearns for the eternal, but the heart is continuously being interpreted by the mind. And mind knows only either a very short-lived love or a little long-lived love. But even if love lives a little longer the fear will always be there that it is going to end. And your fear is right -- it is going to end. In fact, it will be longer if you are unintelligent. If you are very very thick and very very unintelligent it will take a long long time for you to understand the futility of it all. If you are very intelligent it can end quickly because you will see that there is nothing much in it.

The more intelligent a person is, the more short-lived will be his love -- love as you know it. That's why as humanity is becoming more intelligent, love is becoming a short-lived phenomenon. In the past it was almost permanent; there was nothing like divorce. In uneducated countries still there is nothing like divorce. The more a country becomes educated, cultured, sophisticated, the rate of divorce increases, in the same proportion, for the simple reason that people can see that they get bored with each other. Then there is no point in dragging it on; then it is better to finish it.

But the mind can finish one thing and immediately substitute another illusion, again and again. Mind is a non-learner. Even the intelligent person remains a non-learner. And the mind has become so powerful that anything coming from the heart never reaches you, your being, uninterpreted by the mind.

The heart says eternity and the mind interprets permanency. That's where you are missing the point. The yearning of the heart is for a vertical dimension; that is the dimension of meditation. Mind lives horizontally; hence the mystics of all the ages have realized the fact that mind and time are not two different things: mind is time. Mind cannot live vertically; mind lives in the past, in the future. For the mind, present is non-existential. From the past to the future mind goes on moving. The present seems to be only a passage from the past to the future.

I have heard:

A hunter was going to the jungle to hunt. A friend wanted to accompany him; he also wanted to be a hunter, but he

was very unskillful, amateurish. The hunter said, "Okay, you can come along."
The hunter brought him to a place where tigers used to pass and lions used to pass, because it was close to the pond and they are bound to come to the pond when they feel thirsty. So they were hiding in a bush. The hunter gave him indications, hints that "When it is going to happen, be alert and shoot immediately."
A tiger passed. The hunter was amazed because the friend remained almost frozen; he didn't even move, he didn't do anything to shoot him. He asked, "What happened? "
The friend said, "It went so fast that I saw him only when he was out of sight."

That's exactly what the present is: you see it only when it is out of sight; when it is already past, then only you see it. You never see it as present. Mind is not that quick. Mind is not alert, not aware. Mind is dreaming. It is always surrounded by past and future, and the small, atomic moment of the present goes fast. It must be moving faster than the light itself, because we never catch hold of it. By the time we are aware it is already gone. The time that we take in becoming alert is enough, and it is gone. You always know it when it is out of sight. So all that you are aware of is the past which is no more and the future which is not yet. You live between these two non-existential things.
The dimension of the vertical is a totally different phenomenon: you jump out of mind. That's what meditation is all about: you get out of the mind, you get out of the past and the future, you get out of time. You are no

more thinking, you are no more dreaming, you are no more desiring. There is no memory, no imagination. All is silent. Then you can see the present, and you can see there is only present and nothing else. And present is eternal. In fact, present is not part of time at all; present is part of eternity. It is always now, it is never otherwise. And that is the yearning of the heart.

Anna, you are not being stupid because of the yearning of the heart, but you are misunderstanding it. You want a love which is born out of meditation, not born out of the mind. That is the love I continuously talk about. That is the love Jesus is speaking of, that love is God. It is not your love; your love cannot be God. Your love is only a mind phenomenon; it is biology, it is physiology, it is psychology, but it is not eternal. Eternal is of the essential being.

The DESIDERATA will call my love essential and your love non-essential. The non-essential cannot become eternal. Even if you try to make it permanent you can manage, but it will die sooner or later. You can even befool yourself that it is still there; you can pretend at least as if it is there.

Millions of couples around the world are living as if it is there. They are living in a world of "as if." Of course, how can they be joyous? They are drained of all energy. They are trying to get something out of a false love; it cannot deliver the goods. Hence the frustration, hence the continuous boredom, hence the continuous nagging, fighting between the lovers. They both are trying to do something which is impossible. They are trying to make their love affair something of the eternal, which it cannot

be. It has arisen out of the mind and mind cannot give you any glimpse of the eternal.

Anna, my suggestion is, if you are really ready to fulfill the longing of the heart, then forget all about love. First go into meditation, because love will come out of meditation. It is the fragrance of meditation. Meditation is the flower, the one-thousand-petalled lotus. Let it open. Let it help you to move in the dimension of the vertical, no-mind, no-time, and then suddenly you will see the fragrance is there. Then it is eternal, then it is unconditional. Then it is not even directed to anybody in particular; it cannot be directed to anybody in particular. It is NOT a relationship; it is more a quality that surrounds you. It has nothing to do with the other. You are loving, you are love -- then it is eternal. It is your fragrance. It has been around a Buddha, around a Zarathustra, around a Jesus. It is a totally different kind of love: it is qualitatively different.

You are asking only for a little more quantity -- not one day but two days, three days, four days; not one life but a few lives -- but anyway it is going to end. And the longer you stretch it, the thinner it will become, the more boring it will become, because it wants to die and you are stretching. And sometimes it dies but you are not able to drop it; you go on carrying the corpse. It stinks! Once it was a beautiful phenomenon; now it is simply dead and it stinks.

There is a beautiful story in the Indian scriptures about Shiva. His wife, Parvati, died, and he carried the corpse of his wife for twelve years all around the country, hoping that somewhere some physician may be of some help. Slowly slowly, limbs of the dead body started falling, but he continued his journey in search of a physician; some

alchemist, some magician, some miracle-maker may do it. Crying, weeping, he went around the country.
There are in India twelve sacred places. It is said that these are the places where the parts of the body of Parvati fell. Wherever a part fell it became a sacred place.
You can carry the dead body -- but you cannot find the physician.
This is far truer than the story of Jesus reviving a dead man, although it looks impossible that a man like Shiva will carry a dead woman. But my own observation is that I have seen millions of people carrying dead love affairs which have gone dead long before, but carrying out of fear, clinging -- just clinging with the known, with the familiar, although it is just misery and nothing else, but clinging. When love dies, it dies. In time one has to accept death and one has to say goodbye, with no complaint. no grudge, because when something ends what can you do? In time that is the nature of things: they begin and they end. Buddha says: Everything that happenS in time is bound to die. So accept -- it is the suchness of things.
But if your heart is really yearning for something eternal, then I can show you the way. Then drop the idea of love. Before you can give you must have. You are trying to give something which you don't have; you are trying to get something from somebody who has not got it in the first place. Then how can it be eternal? Sooner or later the disillusionment IS BOUND to happen. How long can you carry it? How long can you remain in a deception?
That's why I say the more intelligent you are, the quicker it slips out of your hands. Only stupid people can live a married life, thinking that it is something permanent.

Intelligent people cannot live the so-called married life, or if they live it then they will have to change their partners many times in their life. But each time the same thing will happen.

The mind goes on finding other causes, but never looks at the real cause. It cannot, because to look at the real cause means suicide of the mind. It will find a thousand and one faults in the woman, in the man you have been living with -- that's why the love has failed. Not that the love in time is bound to fail, there are faults in this woman. You have chosen a wrong woman, you don't fit with her, you are not made for each other, and so on, so forth. But one day you were thinking you are made for each other, and you have completely forgotten it. Remember those days, the beginning days of the love affair... and you were thinking, "This is going to last forever!" You had even promised to each other that "This is going to last forever."

Just a few days ago, Aneeta and Anubhava wanted to live together. My suggestion was that they should live separately and continue to meet. But lovers are lovers -- fools are fools. That's why it is called "fooling around"! They wanted to live together. Aneeta even gave in writing that "We will never separate, and I promise. And we are absolutely certain that we want to live together, twenty-four hours a day together." So I said, "Okay, then it is up to you."

And not two months have passed, and yesterday I received Aneeta's letter that "We want to separate." Just two months! She has forgotten that she has given in writing that "We will never separate," that "We will always live together."

It happens to everybody. This is an illusion, a mirage. And you want to make a mirage permanent? How can you make a mirage permanent? How can you make a dream permanent? The morning will come and you will have to wake up. and once you wake up you can close your eyes again and go on trying to find the dream, where it has gone. You want to continue it, but you cannot continue the dream again. It is lost forever. Once you are awake it is broken forever; you cannot find the thread again. It is un-mendable, remember.

You cannot mend a broken love -- a broken mirror, maybe. Ways can be found: it can be again melted and again it will be one. But a broken love there are no ways no possibilities. Hence the fear. The fear shows that deep down you are aware it is slipping out of your hands, so you want to make it permanent. Now the way is to go to the court and get married. These are the ways to make it permanent. Make it a legal phenomenon so that the court and the police and the magistrate and the law and the state will hinder in every possible way. If you want to separate they won't allow you to separate.

It is good that Aneeta has given it in writing to me, not to the court! She need not be worried -- the day she gave it I threw it away because I know there is no point in keeping it -- sooner or later it is going to end. And I don't want her to feel embarrassed! I have thrown it. She can separate... but she will do the same thing again, that is the problem. And you believe me, she can write it again, just after two months.

Now she wants to be absolutely alone; she does not even want to live with anybody -- finished! She is awakened!

But this will happen again and again. At least a few times more it is going to happen, because I can hear her snoring so I know she will dream again! And no dream can be permanent, and your love is a dream. And mind can only dream; it cannot give you the reality.

Get out of the mind. Forget all about love. You don't have any understanding of love -- you CAN'T have any understanding of love. Only through meditation will you change the dimension of your being. From horizontal you will become vertical. From living in the past and the future... Now, why this permanency? Permanency means you are trying to figure it out even in the future. You want it to remain as it is even in the future -- but why? In fact, it must already have flown away; then only one starts thinking about permanency.

When two lovers are really in the illusion they don't think about permanency. Ask any two lovers in their honeymoon days -- they don't care. They know that they are going to be together forever.

But the moment it starts slipping out of your hands, then the mind says, "Now cling. Make it permanent. Do everything to make it permanent. Don't look at the cracks that are happening. Don't look, avoid, forget all about them. Go on covering them up -- somehow manage it."

But you are asking for the impossible.

I can teach you meditation, and out of meditation a different quality of love will happen. Then it is not fooling around. Then it is wisdom, not foolishness. Then you don't fall in love, you rise in love. Then love is a quality to you. Just as light surrounds a flame, love surrounds you. You ARE loving, you ARE love. Then it has eternity. It is

unaddressed. Whosoever comes close to you will drink out of it. Whosoever comes close to you will be enchanted by it, enriched by it. A tree, a rock, a person, an animal, it does not matter. Even if you are sitting alone... Buddha sitting alone under his tree is radiating love. The love is continuously showering around him. That is eternal, and that is the real longing of the heart.
Don't misunderstand it -- but mind can ONLY misunderstand. Understanding is possible through meditation alone.

The second question... it is not addressed.

Question 2
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I FEEL ABSOLUTELY FREE AND UNCONDITIONED: FREE TO BE MYSELF EVERY SECOND WITHOUT ANY COMPROMISING. AND I REALIZE THAT THE ONLY EFFORT I HAVE TO MAKE IS TO BECOME AWARE. CAN YOU SAY SOMETHING ABOUT AWARENESS? BY THE WAY, I LOVE YOU.

Anand Matthias,

"BY THE WAY," hm? By the way you love me? And you don't know what awareness is. And yet you feel:

ABSOLUTELY FREE AND UNCONDITIONED: FREE TO BE MYSELF EVERY SECOND WITHOUT ANY COMPROMISING.

The only thing missing is awareness. This is far out! That's why he has not even addressed the question, because addressing me maybe creates some disturbance in his freedom; maybe it shows some kind of surrender; maybe it shows that still he is not absolutely free, he is not absolutely himself.
And love is never "by the way."

The scene: the maternity ward of a large New York City hospital. Ralph is anxiously waiting for the arrival of his first-born child. He is pacing up and down the aisles of the waiting room, nervously glancing through the twelve magazines he has read three times each and, of course, chain-smoking.
Out of the corner of his eye he sees a doctor leave the surgery with a tiny, newborn babe in his arms and walk towards the waiting room. Since he is the only expectant father in the room, Ralph is sure that this must be his baby. He is overjoyed!
He runs out to meet the doctor, but to his horror he now sees the doctor is throwing the baby up in the air and catching it by the leg as it comes down. Ralph is shocked! He runs to get his baby before some tragedy occurs, but just as he is about to reach it, the doctor once again throws the child high into the air and misses grabbing hold of the leg on the way down. The baby crashes to the floor with a soft thump!
"My baby! My baby!" Ralph screams. "What have you done to my baby?"
"Take it easy," replies the calm doctor. "He was dead anyway!"

By the way, you love me? It is dead anyway! And without awareness there is no freedom. Without awareness how can you become unconditioned? Who has ever heard of such a thing! Don't deceive yourself. At Least be a little more attentive to what you say. Be a little more observant of what you ask. This is sheer madness!

Awareness happens first, then unconditioning. Unconditioning is the outcome of awareness. Awareness functions like a key; conditioning is a lock on you. The key of awareness unlocks you; it brings you out of your prison. And then there is freedom; but without awareness you can only dream about freedom. You can dream about unconditioning, you can start even believing in this.

And the way you say, "NOW I AM FREE TO BE MYSELF EVERY SECOND WITHOUT ANY COMPROMISING," shows that you have not understood what I have been saying. What to say about unconditioning and freedom? They are far, far away from you. You have not even understood, you have not even been intelligent enough to understand what I am trying to relate to you.

One is free only when one is not. One is oneself only when one is not. Freedom does not mean that you become more of a self. Your statement that "I am free to be myself" is egoistic. It is ego now trying to decorate itself with freedom. If you become deceived by it you will fall into a far deeper ditch than you have ever been in before.

The ego wants to claim enlightenment, and when you hear me saying that you are all enlightened your ego feels very joyous. So inside you say, "That's really what I have been telling to myself -- that I am enlightened!"

Anand Matthias has not even addressed his question. How he can address it? It will be difficult. He has become enlightened! He cannot call me his Master; he cannot call me Bhagwan. He has become absolutely free!

Freedom happens not for the self. Freedom really means freedom from the self, not of the self. When you are unconditioned the self disappears, because your self is nothing but conditioning, layers and layers of conditioning. It is the onion. When you start peeling it, what are you going to find in the end? When the whole onion is peeled, nothingness is left in your hands -- not a self but a nothingness, SHUNYATA, ANATTA -- no-self, absolute emptiness as far as ego is concerned.

But the ego is very clever. If you throw it out from the front door it comes from the back door, but it goes on grabbing you again and again. Now this can become your conditioning. Remember, even the idea that "I am unconditioned" can become a conditioning. Conditioning is a very subtle process.

I have heard about one man who was a disciple of the famous Russian psychologist, Pavlov. Pavlov has found the theory of conditioned reflex, and the whole of Russian psychology depends on that, because Pavlov tries to explain everything through conditioning. Pavlov says everything is conditioning, and he is ninety-nine point nine percent right, because he is wrong only about the Buddhas; otherwise he is right. Only a Buddha lives a life of unconditioned consciousness because only a Buddha lives a life of no-mind and no-self.

But the people we come across are ALL conditioned. The Christian is conditioned in one way, the Hindu is

conditioned in another way, but they are all conditioned. Their ideas are different, their philosophy is different, their mythology is different, their superstition is different. They have different types of cells in which they live, their prisons are made in different ways, but they are prisons. Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, Jaina, Buddhist -- all are prisons.

Buddha is not imprisoned, Jesus is not imprisoned, but Jesus is not a Christian. Do you think Jesus was a Christian? He had never heard of the word even! Do you think Buddha was a Buddhist? These are the other people who become conditioned.

This Pavlov's discovery is of immense value as far as the ordinary, unconscious human being is concerned. And the whole discovery was made by observing dogs! Pavlov had hundreds of dogs; he continuously was experimenting with dogs. But there is not much difference between a dog and an unconscious human being, so whatsoever he has found about dogs is true about human beings. He is a Behaviorist. He says man has no soul, only behavior, and behavior can be conditioned. You can make a Jaina out of a man, you can make out of the same man a Christian. All that is needed is a little reconditioning, but no question of unconditioning. You have to put another conditioning; you have to replace your old conditioning. You believe in Buddha, you start believing in Jesus, but you remain a believer.

One of his disciples also tried one experiment with a dog, just as the master was doing. The master has proved logically that the behavior can be conditioned. You can make a man moral, immoral; it is only a question of

punishment and reward. If you reward some behavior it becomes rooted, because nobody wants to suffer. If you punish the person for a certain behavior it becomes uprooted.

In fact, not only in Russia, all over the world we are doing the same. What are you doing with the criminals? -- punishing them in the jails. This is Behaviorism! You are trying to punish them for a certain behavior so that they don't do it again, but the outcome is totally different. When you send a criminal to live in a jail for twelve years he becomes conditioned to living in a jail; he starts, in fact, enjoying it. Rather than taking it as a punishment he starts reconditioning himself; otherwise it will be impossible for him to live for twelve years. Hence the repetition.

Once a person is in jail for a few years he is bound to come back again and again to the jail, because the outside life does not look comfortable to him. In the outside world you have to search for a job, you have to find some employment, you have to earn your bread and butter, and thousands of worries. And a man who has lived for ten or twelve years in a jail has become completely free of all these worries of employment, working, finding jobs, earning money. He lives, he pays no rent for the room, everything is given to him. At the right time he gets his lunch, his supper, his breakfast, his tea. Life is not very comfortable in a jail but, in a way, unworried. Insecurity is not there; there is absolute security. He becomes conditioned to it.

Pavlov was continuously trying experiments. He would give food to a dog and would ring a bell. The dog would eat his food and.the bell would be ringing. After fifteen days he

would simply ring the bell and the dog would react as if the ringing of the bell is something like food. His saliva would start flowing, his tongue would start hanging out. Now, ordinarily if you ring a bell no dog will behave like that. What has he to do with a bell? But if you give him food for fifteen days and continuously ring a bell, they become associated.

So this disciple of Pavlov was trying an experiment on his own. He brought a dog from a friend and he tried to condition the dog. He wanted the dog to bark standing on his two legs -- only then the food will be given. To teach him the lesson he kept the food in his hand, and the dog had to stand on two legs; and to teach him that he has to bark the man will also bark. After two weeks he waited for the dog to bark, but he didn't bark. In fact, he became so tired: he gave him the food, but the dog didn't eat the food, he rejected the food -- unless the man barked again! He became conditioned to that! For fifteen days you bark and give the food, and now suddenly you don't bark. The dog rejected the food. The man HAD to bark! Now this has happened -- a new conditioning.

Listening to me, beware. You may start having a new conditioning that you are enlightened.

Just a few days ago I talked about Somendra. Yesterday I received his letter. He says, "Yes, Osho, it has happened to me that now I can be a Master on my own. There is no need of having a Master -- although I don't know what enlightenment is. So I dropped the mala.

"But one day, after eight or ten days working in the group, such great energy happened that I wanted to stand up, but I

went on falling. Something strange was happening, and suddenly I heard some voice saying 'Put the mala back.'"
He must have become frightened. "What was happening?"
He must have become frightened. He does not write about fear, that he could not get up. He was doing some energy work on people in a group and he fell on the floor rested on the floor, tried to get up and could not get up so he asked his assistant. Thrice he heard the voice. That is nothing but his own unconscious, because I have not spoken to him. He thinks he has heard my voice, "Bring the mala back! Put it on again!" It was just out of fear, he must have become frightened of what was happening. It was going beyond his control; he could not control even his own energy. So he asked the assistant, "Find my mala -- it is somewhere in the bag." The mala was brought, and then he felt calm and quiet and the energy settled.
But still something of that experience has left a mark on him. Now he is wearing the mala again and saying to people, "I am a sannyasin," talking about me, has forgotten about his being a Master; but he ends the letter -- it must be a hangover -- "With great gratitude I touch your hand." Not feet -- "your hand"! This is a hangover! Now some day he will get into trouble again. Then he will write, "I touch your feet, Osho, I heard the voice."
He says he knows nothing about enlightenment. Then how you can be a Master if you don't know anything about enlightenment? But these ego trips are bound to happen to many people.
Matthias, beware -- you can become conditioned. And I am here to uncondition you, not to recondition, remember. My work consists only of unconditioning you and then leaving

you alone. But my work is my work; how you will take it depends on you.

A madman whispers to his friend, "I am going to run away!
"
"How?" asks the friend.
"I am going to run through the keyhole!" he replies enthusiastically.
After a few minutes he returns to his room with blood gushing from his forehead.
"What happened?" asks the friend.
"Well," the madman replies sulkily, "the key was still in the lock!

Matthias, nothing has happened yet. When I say you are enlightened, that is MY vision of you, not YOUR understanding. The day it becomes your understanding you will not ask, "What is awareness?" because without awareness it cannot happen at all.
So forget all about your absolute freedom, unconditioned freedom, that you have become totally free, that you are yourself every second without any compromising. This is just bullshit!

The third question

Question 3
OSHO,
MANY OF YOUR JOKES I DON'T GET. WHAT TO DO?

Anand Magdalena,

YOU MUST BE trying too hard to get them. You must be too serious. When I say that I am very serious about my jokes I am joking! You should not listen to me at all! Be alert, be watchful. I am not a man to be relied upon always. There is no need to get the joke -- the joke will get you! You simply relax -- you simply relax! You are trying to find some significance, some hidden meaning, something esoteric in it. It is simply a joke!

But that's how we have been conditioned for centuries: to take everything seriously. I want to destroy your seriousness. That's why I have to search for all these stupid jokes, just to destroy your seriousness! In fact, it is very troublesome for me. It will be easier for me not to tell you any jokes, but then you will become very very serious. Even telling you these jokes you go on clinging with your seriousness. You are trying to find some meaning.

Life has no meaning. Rejoice! It has no meaning. Dance, sing, enjoy! It has no meaning. You need not be serious. It is a cosmic joke! What is there to get? But the achieving mind is always trying to get something, even out of a joke. Can't you relax at all? Can't you simply listen and laugh? Do you have to understand it and its significance and its esoteric meaning then you will laugh? By that time the joke is finished -- you have missed the point.

The point is simply to relax; but you will be very serious about it, you must be.

I have heard... Jesus, I have lost it again! I have not heard anything, not a word! Do you see? Even without a joke people are getting it! So if you want to get it you get it, joke

or no joke! I have not heard. I have not told you, and you have got it!
It is a question of relaxing!

The fourth question

Question 4
OSHO,
WILL I ONLY RECOGNIZE YOU WHEN I AM ENLIGHTENED?

Prem Ketan,

RECOGNITION IS POSSIBLE even before enlightenment, but it will remain vague; it will remain hidden behind a mist. Just as in the early morning, a winter morning, you can see that somebody is coming, but who he is you cannot exactly say. Something you can figure out, that a man is coming or a woman, but the mist is thick and it is difficult to figure out who the person is exactly.
This type of recognition is possible; without it there will be no possibility of a Master and a disciple. How does one become a disciple? A vague recognition, a fragrance that has touched you, a love that has moved your heart, something of the beyond. It is a feeling, it is not knowing. You cannot be absolutely certain about it; it is mysterious. As you become more and more meditative you will become more and more clear about it. It is a faraway call of the cuckoo -- yes, exactly the call of a cuckoo -- a distant call. You hear it and it is no more there, but it lingers around you, it hangs around you for a while, as if in a dream. But

this much as possible, and only this much is possible. If you ask more than that, in a state of unenlightenment, then you are asking for the impossible.

You cannot be absolutely certain who I am unless you know who you are. But the moment you are absolutely certain, you don't need me. You need me only because you are not absolutely certain. But something in you is triggered, something in you starts growing.

When the first leaves come out of a seed above the earth you cannot be certain what kind of flowers will follow, but you can be certain that something has started growing, something is on the way. That's the state of the disciple: he can feel in himself something has started. It is like when the child in the mother's womb is six weeks, eight weeks old, and she starts one day feeling the new life. She cannot be certain whether it is a boy or a girl, who is going to be born -- an Albert Einstein, a Gautam Buddha -- what is going to be his potential or her potential, whether the child will be beautiful or ugly, whether the child will be born alive or dead; even of that she cannot be certain. But she starts feeling the presence of a new life in her, and not only that, she starts feeling certain things that the new life starts triggering in her.

Sometimes a mother becomes sad for no reason at all and she wonders why she is sad. The reason is, the new life inside is sad and that affects, that creates a shadow, and the mother is bound to be affected by that shadow. Sometimes she becomes cheerful without any reason; the new life within her womb is in a cheerful mood. But she is not capable of making a distinction what is what, what belongs to her and what belongs to the new life.

That's the state of the disciple. The disciple is exactly in the womb of the Master. Many times you suddenly feel a tremendous wave of energy arising in you. You don't know from where it comes -- from you, from the Master, from the field, from the other fellow-travelers -- from where it comes you are not absolutely certain, but it is coming. Sometimes a wave of joy and sometimes a wave of sadness. Sometimes you feel very calm and quiet and sometimes very excited and ecstatic. And you become aware about one thing certainly: that you are not alone, that things which don't belong to you have started penetrating you. The beyond has started communicating with you. But it is all vague -- it is bound to be so.

Hence the need of trust. Otherwise, there will be no need to trust. Trust is needed because in this vague state, if you cannot trust you cannot move ahead. If you doubt, you will shrink back. Doubt disconnects, trust connects. If you can trust, the mist will disappear, the sun will start shining. You will come closer to the Master; if you doubt you will create a distance. Doubt creates distance, trust destroys distance.

Ketan, but if you mean by recognition absolute knowing, then it can happen only when you are enlightened.

That's why even a man like Sariputra, Mahakashyapa or Moghalan, the great disciples of Buddha, when they became enlightened still remained disciples. Again and again they had been asked, "Now you are enlightened -- why are you yet a disciple? You are a Master on your own!"

This is a strange thing that happens: the ego wants to be a Master as quickly as possible; the ego wants to be on its own. It hurts to be a disciple.

Just a few days ago one sannyasin wrote to me, "I am going to the West. How to behave there? -- because I cannot say to anybody that you are my Master, that I am somebody's disciple. That I cannot say."

Why can't he say that he is a disciple if he is a disciple? And if you cannot even say to others that you have a Master and you are a disciple, then forget all about it. You are not a disciple, you don't have a Master! Either you have or you don't have. Forget all about sannyas!

Now he is asking me to be allowed to remain hidden from the public, he should be allowed to hide his mala, he should be allowed to wear other clothes so he is not in an embarrassing situation where people ask, "What has happened to you?" Then forget all about sannyas!

Here being a sannyasin is easy, in fact it can be very ego-fulfilling because thousands of sannyasins are here. In fact, not to be a sannyasin here is VERY difficult. You feel awkward; you feel out of tune, out of step. You feel a stranger, an outsider. So even those who are non-sannyasins here, they wear orange just at least to feel a part, so they don't feel like strangers, so they can participate more easily.

The real difficulty is when you are in Berlin or London or Tokyo or New York, where people will ask, "What has happened to you?" And if you cannot accept your disciplehood there, you have not accepted it here either. YOU were just deceiving yourself.

A disciple rejoices in being a disciple, rejoices that he has found a Master. But the ego wants to be quickly a Master, as quickly as possible so that you are finished with being a disciple. Just the paradox of it.

Manjushri, Sariputra, Moghalan, Mahakashyapa became enlightened and remained disciples, still touching the feet of Buddha -- not touching his hand!

And people asked them... even Buddha has asked Manjushri, "Why do you touch my feet? There is no need. Now you are as much a Buddha as I am! You are absolutely free."

And tears came to Manjushri's eyes. He said, "Never say again to me, 'You are free.' Now is the point when I can really bow down to you, because now I can recognize you absolutely. In those dreamy days I had only a vague sense; the doubt was also lingering somewhere in the unconscious: 'Maybe he is enlightened, maybe he is not. Maybe I am just projecting. Maybe it is only my desire to find an enlightened Master that has created the whole illusion. Maybe I am living out my dream. Because my need to depend is so much I may have projected the whole thing on this person. He may not really be enlightened.' It remains because the vagueness is there, so it remains somewhere lingering around on the periphery."

Manjushri said, "Those days I have touched your feet, but it was not total. I had touched your feet, I had tried in every possible way to trust you, but there was effort involved. Now has come the moment I can really bow down to you and touch your feet with absolute knowing that you are the one that I have been seeking for many many lives.

"And my enlightenment is nothing to brag about. I am grateful to you -- it has happened through you. Although you go on saying that you have nothing to do with it, I know it has happened through you. You may not be the

cause of it, but you triggered the process; your presence triggered the process."

This is what Karl Gustav Jung calls synchronicity. The Master is not the CAUSE of your enlightenment because the cause cannot be outside. Enlightenment cannot be caused from the outside, otherwise it will be something caused by the outside. If it is caused by the outside, then it can be taken away also from the outside, it can be destroyed by the outside. If the Master wants one day to make you unenlightened again he can make you unenlightened! If the cause is in his hands, then the process can be reversed.
But no Master can do that. Even if the Master wants to do it, it is impossible. It cannot be done because the Master is not the CAUSE of your enlightenment. He is only what Jung calls a catalytic agent. Yes, it has happened in his presence, but his presence was only a catalytic agent -- not a cause but a synchronicity. You saw the Master and something started growing in you, something clicked. But it happened inside you; the outer Master was just a mirror. You saw your original face in the mirror. The mirror has not caused the original face; the original face was ALWAYS there inside you. The mirror has only made you aware of it. But without the mirror you may not have become aware for millions of years or millions of lives still. Hence Manjushri says, "Now I can bow down, I can touch your feet in totality. You may go on saying, 'Don't touch my feet, there is no need,' but as far as I am concerned I am going to touch your feet. I am going to worship you, because in those days my worship was not total. Now the

moment has come when I know you are the one I have been seeking and searching for, and through you I have also become the one that I have been trying to become and was not able to become because there was nobody to reflect my original face."

Prem Ketan, right now you cannot recognize in that sense. You will have to become enlightened. To know a Buddha one has to become a Buddha, to know a Christ one has to become a Christ. Knowing will happen only in the end, but feeling can happen. Feeling is the beginning. Remember, I am not saying knowledge, I am saying knowing. Knowledge is of the mind, feeling is of the heart, knowing is of the being. Feeling is closer to knowing; it is half-way between knowledge and knowing. You drop out of knowledge, you enter into the world of feeling.

This is the beginning of disciplehood. Then one day you drop out of feeling and you enter the world of being. You become enlightened. That is the end of the disciplehood, in a sense, and the beginning of a real disciplehood, in another sense. The old disciplehood disappears; now you are no more dependent. And remember, only the dependent person wants to be independent. One who is independent, why should he hanker to be independent? Only the person who is not free wants to be free. One who is free, why should he want to be free?

I can understand Manjushri's standpoint, that "There is no need to touch your feet, there is no need to be a disciple." Buddha is right, and Manjushri is also right. He said, "There is no need to cling, but there is no need either to drop out of this love affair now that it has blossomed, now that I have come to the highest peak. There is no need

because I am free, so there is no NEED to be free. I know I am freedom, hence all hankering for freedom has disappeared."
In your state of mind it is bound to be either knowledge -- then you are not a disciple, you can at the most be a student -- or a feeling: then you are a disciple. When you become enlightened you become a devotee; the Master is no more needed.
The Master says, "If you meet me on the way, kill me," but you cannot kill -- there s no need! You can kiss, you cannot kill. From Buddha's side it is perfectly okay. He says, "If you meet me on the way, kill me."
But one of my sannyasins wrote to me, "Osho, I cannot kill you. When I will meet you on the way I am going to kiss you! " I can understand her standpoint also -- that's perfectly right. But in killing the same happens as in kissing. Why does Buddha say, "Kill me"? -- so that there is not any more duality. The same can happen through kissing: there is no more duality, you become one. That's what is needed: either kill or kiss!
In your state, Prem Ketan, it seems you are still living in the world of knowledge, otherwise this question would not have arisen. YOU are still a student, not a disciple.

A homosexual was walking down the street with his dog. A little kid started teasing him, "Homo, homo!"
The gay stopped and politely asked the little boy not to say such things. But the boy persisted, "Homo! Homo!"
"Look, kid, I am warning you, don't say that!"
"Homo, homo!" came the reply.
"Hey, kid, one more time and I will put my dog onto you! "

"Homo, homo!"
"Okay, Rex, go get him!"
The dog stood up, and in a soft, furry voice said, "Woo-oof!"

Now the homo's dog is bound to be a homo! Is this a way to call "woof" -- so politely, so lovingly?

One sannyasin, to our dentist, Devageet: "I don't know what is worse, having a baby or getting a tooth pulled. "
Devageet: "Make up your mind, ma, I've got to know which way to tilt the chair!"

Complaining of the distance between campus buildings, Velma, the veterinarian's daughter, wrote home for money to buy a bicycle. But by the time the money arrived she had changed her mind and bought a monkey instead.
After a few weeks the animal began losing its hair. Hoping her father might know a cure, Velma wrote, "All the hair is falling off my monkey. What shall I do?"
Her father sent this telegram: "Sell the bicycle!"

After a really wild night in a hostel party the young Jordanhill lad was hauled off to Mass. He was ignorant of the various rituals involved and his girl seemed constantly to be whispering, "Bless yourself -- kneel -- sit down -- stand up -- sit."
Perspiring from all this activity, he took out a hanky from his pocket to mop his brow. He then laid it on his lap to dry. Seeing this his girl leaned over and whispered, "Is your fly open?"

"No," he replied testily, "should it be?"

Sheik Abdullah was looking for a few girls for his teenage son's harem. He asked a neighboring sheik, "Do you have any extra brides you would like to sell?"
"Yes," said the neighbor, "I have got a few lying around loose."
The son nudged his old man. "Try to get some tight ones," he whispered. "Yours are all loose -- loose as camels! "

Your understanding, your knowledge, your mind, cannot recognize, but your feeling, your love -- not your logic -- can have a vague sense. It can smell, it can taste something of the divine. It can have an encounter with a faraway distant call. But it is going to be a faraway, distant call. If you move in the direction from where the call has come you may arrive to the third plane of your being where knowing happens, when you are also in the same space as I am. Then it explodes totally. Then you know it. It is no more knowledge; it is your experience. You see it, and seeing is transforming, knowing is transforming.
Move from being a student towards being a disciple, and then go on moving. CHARAIVETI CHARAIVETI. Go on moving towards being a devotee.
And what I am you can be. I am simply your future. What has happened to me can happen to you. That day will come the total and absolute, unconditional, irrevocable recognition. Before that it is not possible.

The last question

Question 5
OSHO, ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU GET THE JOKES THAT YOU ARE TELLING US?

Anand Paramo,

I'M NOT as thrunk as you dink!

Guida Spirituale

Chapter #16
Chapter title: Surprise Me!
10 September 1980 am in Buddha Hall

The first question

Question 1
OSHO,
WHO NEEDS GOD WHEN WE ARE BLESSED WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FEET OF A BEAUTIFUL MASTER TO SIT UNDER?

Sheela,

YOU FOOL! That is the surest way to find God -- one cannot miss. The Master is only a window. The Master simply opens into God, just as the window opens into the sky. What you see in the Master is not of the Master himself -- he is no more. What you see through the window is not of the window; it is of the sky, the stars, the sunrise, a bird on the wing, the flowers. Whatsoever you see through

the window has nothing to do with the window; the window is only an opening. The Master is only a way.
If one can surrender, if one can trust the Master, one has surrendered to God, one has trusted God. And sooner or later one is bound to come out under the sky. One will remain grateful to the Master forever because without the window there was no sky, there were only walls. But one has to go through the Master and go beyond. One should not cling to the window; the window frame should not become a hindrance.
Hence the perfect Master is one who helps you to surrender THROUGH him to God, not to him. Of course, in the beginning it appears as if you are surrendering to the window because you don't have any other acquaintance with the sky; you may even start worshipping the frame of the window. That is what has happened again and again in the history of human consciousness.
Buddha is a window, so is Mahavira, so is Christ, so is Mohammed. But then you forget about the sky. You close your eyes and you start worshipping the window. You have missed the point.
I am not to be worshipped.
The real Master's work is to become gradually useless for the disciple. Buddha says: If you meet me on the way, kill me immediately. The Master would not like to stand between you and the divine, and if the Master wants to stand between you and the divine he is not a Master at all. If he teaches you clinging, then he is teaching you the world; if he teaches you unclinging, then he teaches you God.

The function of a Master is really a very delicate one, because he has in the beginning to help you to surrender to him knowing the danger; but the risk has to be taken. As the disciple comes closer, as he becomes a devotee, the Master helps him to understand the point.

The beginning of disciplehood is not its end. The beginning is bound to be a little false for the simple reason that you live in a world of lies. You understand only the language; you don't understand that which is beyond language; hence you have to be spoken to in words. Now to speak in words to persuade you to be silent is a very paradoxical work! You understand relationship; you don't understand love. The Master first helps you to create a relationship between himself and you, and slowly slowly he withdraws himself; as you become capable he withdraws. He helps you to become free of him.

But the misunderstanding can happen in two ways. One is that you may start clinging to the Master, you may start worshipping the Master; you may forget completely that he was just a finger pointing to the moon. The finger has not to be worshipped. Of course it has to be understood -- and forgotten -- so that you can LOOK at the moon. If you cling to the finger, who is going to look at the moon? If you become obsessed with the finger, who is going to look at the moon?

This is one calamity. It has happened so much that . man like J. Krishnamurti has moved to the other extreme He is constantly afraid of this calamity, naturally, because so many times it has happened that he is afraid it may happen again with him. So from the very beginning he says that there is no need for a Master, that there is no need to be a

disciple. Now he is being misunderstood, because only the egoist becomes interested in him -- only the egoist, who is incapable of surrender, who is incapable of trust, who is absolutely obsessed with his own ego. He finds Krishnamurti very appealing. He says, "This is the right man! You need not surrender, you need not trust, you need not follow. You are absolutely free. There is no question of dropping anything; you remain yourself." Now he clings to his ego.

This is another calamity. And Krishnamurti has emphasized the point so much that people have started clinging to the idea of non-clinging. He has scared people.

If the disciplehood does not happen, then there is no question of killing the Master or going beyond the Master, because in the first place there has been no Master. Krishnamurti's listeners will never be able to go beyond the Master because they have never gone THROUGH the Master. They will remain surrounded with their own ego walls; they will remain imprisoned in their ego.

And many Krishnamurti lovers have come to me, asking me, "What to do? -- because we have been listening to him for years -- nothing happens! We understand whatsoever he is saying is true, but then we are the same." Nothing is going to happen because happening is possible only if you are ready to go through this paradox. You are to begin with the Master but not to end with the Master.

The Master is like a ladder: you use it, then a moment comes when you have to drop the ladder; you don't cling to it.

The Master is like a boat. That's what Buddha has said: the Master is like a boat. You go from this shore to the other

shore, but then you get out of the boat. You feel grateful to the boat, you may even thank the boat, but you need not carry the boat on your shoulders.

Buddha again and again has told the story of five fools who were carrying a boat on their shoulders, and Buddha saw them, and a crowd gathered. And Buddha asked, "What is the matter? Why are you carrying the boat?" And they were perspiring, and the boat was heavy and big.

They said, "This boat has helped us. We were on the other shore. If this boat was not available, the wild animals would have eaten us, but this boat saved us. Now how can we leave this boat? We have to carry it. It is our very life!" Now this boat has become dangerous.

If they had listened to Krishnamurti they would not have entered in the boat itself. Then wild animals would have been very happy. They used the boat, that's perfectly good, but there is no need to carry the boat on your shoulders your whole life.

In the past, the first extreme has happened: the fingers pointing to the moon became objects of worship. Mohammedans, Christians, Hindus, Jainas, Buddhists -- all have done the wrong thing. Now statues are there and people are worshipping. Krishnamurti has moved to the other extreme.

MY approach is exactly in the middle. I teach you to surrender and THEN go beyond surrender. When the ego is dropped, then you can be yourself, NOT before it. When you are no more you can be yourself. Remember, being yourself has nothing to do with the idea of self; being yourself is closer to no-self than to self. It is a state of nothingness, SHUNYATA. It is utterly empty of the ego.

Use the ladder, but don't carry it. Use the boat. When you have reached the other shore it is time to get out of it.

It is good, Sheela, that you say: WHO NEEDS GOD WHEN WE ARE BLESSED WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FEET OF A BEAUTIFUL MASTER TO SIT UNDER?

This is the beginning of devotion. But I have to go on reminding you that I am only a window, a door. Be thankful, be grateful, but go beyond. My work is to help you to become part of the whole.
Just the other day I have received another letter from Somendra. He has understood. He has tremendous intelligence; hence I was hoping that sooner or later he will understand the point. And just the other day I was talking about him because I had received a letter a day before. this letter will be useful for you. Somendra writes:

Beloved Osho,
I have been listening to your tapes these last days and find myself in a state of shock. I suppose that is what being with a Master is like. Everything seemed to be going so beautifully, and I felt so innocent and happy and of such help to others -- and now this! All the stuffing knocked out of me -- which shows only that it was there. I am grateful. After all, that is what you are there for: to show us what is there inside but hidden.
I can't afford to let you go again. It is obvious that only through you and your love can I really be free. So I try and open my heart to you and my ears too at this distance, and

trust that you can find your way through this deeply hidden nonsense of mine.
Never have I knowingly acted out of a need for personal aggrandizement, though that may have been there. Only ignorance of the deeper and more unknown truths has led me astray, if I have wandered. Please forgive me for that, and this I know you can and will do.
Whatever the program is I am on, it is arranged ahead and already until next May. If it is at all worthwhile in your eyes, but it is of no real importance, just a jolly LEELA. I will come instantly at your bidding any time. Nothing, hopefully, will ever cause me again to leave you in my heart, though there is always the risk for someone like me of losing contact with his own heart. If you lead me back, beloved friend and Master, I will endeavor to follow again as best as a stumbling sannyasin can.
I love you with all my heart and will try to be more and more aware of the fear that keeps me from you and that oneness of love.
Namaste. And I touch your sweet feet.
Somendra.

He had gone astray, but he is back. And when he really comes physically back, give him a good welcome. Celebrate his coming!
Jesus talks about the prodigal son. A man had two sons. One was very faithful to the father, utterly devoted to the father. The other was a problem. He was always creating trouble. Finally the father decided -- he was getting old -- to divide the property and separate the two sons. The elder one remained with him and the younger one the moment he

got the money, left the father, left the village, went to the big city, spent all the money in gambling, in drinking, with the prostitutes.

Within a few years all was lost; he became a beggar. He had come as a rich man and now he was begging. One day while he was begging, suddenly he was reminded, "Why can't I go back to my father? At least he can accept me as a servant. He has many servants, my brother has many servants. I am no more a worthy son -- that I cannot claim, 'Accept me back as a son' -- but I can go and beg, 'Accept me as a servant.' At least that will be far better than begging from strangers and getting insulted again and again, humiliated."

He sent a message, "I am coming home." He sent a message, "Accept me just as a servant. I am no more worthy to be accepted as a son."

The father was rejoiced. The moment he heard that he was coming that evening, he arranged for a big feast, a great celebration.

His elder son was in the fields, in the gardens working the whole day; he had not known what was happening at home. Somebody told him, "Look, this is unfair! You have been always obedient, always followed your father's footsteps, you have in every way helped the old man, but never has a celebration happened for you, no feast was given for you. And now that your brother is coming back -- he has lost all the money in gambling, prostitution, drinking -- that vagabond is coming back, and your father is arranging a feast. Sweets are being prepared; the whole village has been invited because the son is coming back, back home.

Of course, the elder brother was angry, enraged. He rushed home. He shouted for the first time at his father: "What is this? I have always been obedient with you, always serving you, always following you. I have never said no to you, and never was a feast given for me, never a celebration! You have not been fair! And for that no-good son of yours you are giving a feast? Do you know what he has been doing there?"
The father wept; tears came to his eyes. He said, "You don't understand. You have been with me. I know your love, your trust, your surrender, and my love has always been showering on you. But he had gone astray. Now that he is coming back he needs to be received well so he can gain his dignity back, so he can again feel part of the family, so he can again feel the love, so he does not feel a stranger, so he does not feel that he has done anything wrong, so he does not feel guilty. To remove his guilt this feast is arranged. You don't have any guilt, hence no feast is needed. Every day is a feast for you! Every day I have showered my love.
"But if he is not received well, not welcome, he will feel that he is back home, but this is no more his home. He has sent the message 'Accept me only as a servant.' He has to be accepted as a son, not as a servant. And what does it matter that he had gone astray? What matters is that he is coming back!"

In India we have a proverb: A man who gets lost in the morning and comes back home by the evening is not called lost.
It is natural.

And the father said, "You know perfectly well that if a shepherd comes home with all his sheep and counts them and finds that they were a hundred and they are now only ninety-nine -- one sheep is lost somewhere in the jungle -- he leaves all the sheep, goes back in the dark night, to search for the lost sheep. And when he finds the lost sheep he is rejoiced, and he brings the lost sheep back home on his shoulders because the one who had gone astray who had fallen into danger, is back. It is almost a new birth."

So I say to you, when Somendra comes... I have given him the message "Finish all your programs that you have booked and then come back home." When he comes, receive him.

This can happen to anybody because this is how the mind functions, the ego functions. The ways of the ego are subtle.

The work of the Master is first to destroy your ego; and your unconscious will try to protect it. Once your ego is destroyed then the second step, the second phase of the work begins: to help you to stand on your feet. The second phase is not so difficult; the first phase is very difficult, because to drop the ego hurts very much. For millions of lives you have carried it; it has become almost your identity. That's how you know yourself. That is functioning as your being. It is not a real center, it is a false center, but it has become so powerful that the real is hidden behind the false.

You have forgotten your original face, and the Master has to pull your mask. It hurts, because it is no more a mask; it

has become almost like skin. It is not just like clothes; it cannot be dropped so easily. Your skin has to be peeled. It hurts, it certainly hurts! And everybody will try to protect it in some way.

Hence Somendra's going astray is of immense value to all of you. This can happen to anybody -- your ego functions in such ways.

The numbskull who has asked the last question yesterday, "Osho, do you get your own jokes?" -- now this can happen to him. He seems to be very egoistic. The question simply shows aggressiveness, ego, nothing else. He is trying to show that he is very intelligent. He is not aware of what he is saying, what he is asking.

This can happen to anybody. Everybody is capable of going astray. And the first part of the work is to help you not to go astray, to bring you back home again and again. And once your ego is finished, then the second phase begins: to help you to stand on your own feet.

Krishnamurti's work will remain futile because the first phase he has completely dropped; he starts with the second phase. And then there are others who only work with the first phase and they never start the second. For example, Sri Aurobindo: he works only with the first phase. Then there is danger.

Krishnamurti is aware of that danger -- in fact, too much, unnecessarily too much aware of that danger. The danger is there, but one has not to become focused on it. It has to be accepted and one has to pass through it. He starts with the second phase; now you cannot start with the second phase. If the boat has not been used you remain on the other shore; you cannot move. If the ladder is not used you cannot go on

the higher plane. And he starts talking about the higher plane. The foundation is not laid and he starts creating the temple; the temple can never be made.
And there are people like Sri Aurobindo who make the foundation, but the foundation becomes the temple.
MY work is total; it is organic. I have to lay down the foundation and also to raise the temple.
Krishnamurti is reacting against the past fallacies. I know what has happened to Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna, Mohammed, and I know also what has happened to Krishnamurti. So I am working in a different way: I am trying to remain exactly in the middle, not going to any extreme. Hence I will be misunderstood by everybody; by people who start with the first and never go to the second phase I will be misunderstood because of my second phase, and I will be misunderstood by people who never do the first phase and start with the second.
Just a few days ago, Amrito went to see Krishnamurti and for one and half hours Krishnamurti went on hammering him: "Drop this idea of being a disciple, of being somebody with a Master -- drop this idea. Drop sannyas. Be free!"
And Amrito listened lovingly, felt his compassion -- he IS a man of great compassion, great love -- but finally he said, "You ARE right, but I would like to fall out of this relationship not in a hurried way but like a leaf which is ripe and falls from the tree without making any noise, without any effort, like a leaf falling from the tree effortlessly. "
Krishnamurti wouldn't listen to it. He said, "Immediately you do it!"

And Amrito said, "That I cannot do immediately because still I am not ready. If I drop the Master right now I will remain in my ego. First let my ego disappear through the Master and then I know my Master is capable of helping me to fall like a leaf silently, even without a whisper."
And when this happens the miracle is complete, the journey is complete.
Sheela, it is good that you love to be with me. This is the first phase of the work. Right now, no need to bother about God -- right now it is good. Be totally involved with me, be totally surrendered, and then the second work is to be done by me. Then I will start helping you to go beyond the door, to go into the beyond.
Surrender is only a way to freedom. It takes away only that which you have not got in the first place and it gives you that which you have already got, but have forgotten all about.

The second question

Question 2
OSHO,
I AM TOO POSSESSIVE IN NATURE. HOW TO GET AWAY FROM THIS INDIAN MALE CHAUVINISTIC MIND? OSHO, PLEASE HELP ME.

Yogeshwar Bharti,

YES YOU ARE RIGHT. The Indian mind is basically very possessive, very materialistic, although it pretends to be spiritual. That pretension is a cover-up. This is one of the

strategies of the unconscious mind: if you feel inferior inside you try on the outside to be very superior. You have to hide your inferiority with pretentions, with superiority. If you feel poor inside you start accumulating money to show to the world and to show to yourself that you are not poor. "Look how much I have got!" Proving to the world that you are rich you are trying in an indirect way to prove to yourself that you are not poor; but deep down the poverty cannot be dispelled by all your riches. You can have the whole world, you can conquer the whole world, still you will remain a beggar. And this happens in many dimensions.

To India it has happened: for centuries the country has been pretending to be spiritual. It is not spiritual at all, that's why it is pretending to be spiritual. It is just the opposite of it. If you look into the Indian scriptures, if you go back to the Vedas, you will be surprised: the Vedas are very materialistic. It is very rare to come across a statement in the Vedas which can be called spiritual. The RISHIS, the seers of the Vedas -- the so-called seers -- are asking for money, power, from God; asking for things, wordly things! Praying to God, "Give us more wealth, more health. Give us a long life. Give more milk to our cows. Give more crops to our fields, more fruit to our trees." And not only that: "Destroy our enemies. Destroy their crops. Destroy their cows, their horses. Don't rain on the fields of the enemies. Give us everything and don't give them anything." And you call these scriptures spiritual? They are utterly materialistic! Not only the Vedas but all the puranas are very materialistic. Not only the so-called seers but the Indian idea of gods is very materialistic.

Indra is the supremmost god in heaven. And what does he go on doing? All that is condemned here: eating, drinking and merrying, that's all he goes on doing there. He has beautiful APSARAS -- beautiful women -- wine, delicious food. And he is very jealous, so much so that whenever somebody starts attaining heights of meditation he becomes afraid that he may become the next Indra. "He may take possession of my kingdom." And he sends his beautiful girls, his APSARAS, to tempt, to destroy this meditator. They allure him with all kinds of temptations.

Now what kind of god is Indra? Utterly materialistic! Utterly possessive, monopolistic!

And still India goes on pretending to be spiritual, and anybody can see the pretension. Deep down something else is hidden -- a wound, but it is covered with flowers.

My own experience is -- because I have come to know almost all kinds of people, from all over the world they have come to me -- that the Indians are the most materialistic people in the world. And they will remain materialist till they understand what they have been doing: they have become hypocrites.

"Today we will have a nice walk," said Seth Chandulal to his kids. "We will go down to the fair and watch people eat ice cream!"

"Hey, boss, I have been here twenty-five years and I have never asked for a raise before," said Popatlal to Chandulal. "That's why you have been here twenty-five years!" replied Chandulal.

Chandulal took his dog to the veterinarian and asked him to cut his tail off completely.
"Why in the world would you want me to do that?" asked the vet.
"Well," Seth Chandulal said, "my mother-in-law is coming to visit us, and I don't want anything in the house to suggest that she is welcome!"

The Indian mind is materialist, the Indian culture is materialist. Yes, there have been a few people who rebelled against it -- a Mahavira, a Buddha -- just a few people. And because they rebelled, the Indian culture has not tolerated them. Buddhism was completely destroyed from India: it was against the Indian materialist mind.
Buddha has introduced a totally new vision of life -- it WAS spiritual. But he was against the Vedas and he was against the whole idea of Hindu gods. And the Hindus of course said, "He is destroying our culture, our religion, our spirituality." In a way they were right -- he was destroying -- because what you think is culture, spirituality, religion, is not so, is not the case. It is only your hypocrisy; it is something false. And unless you see the false as the false you cannot know the real. And Buddha tried hard to make you understand that reality is just the opposite -- opposite to your beliefs about yourself. Hence the Hindus have never been able to forgive him; they destroyed his whole heritage. He was uprooted from India.
And you can see it in every way. Their whole idea of spirituality is repressive. When they come to this commune their eyes are focused on the women, and they throw the whole blame on me. They become angry because the

commune reflects their faces, the commune becomes a mirror to them. They become aware of what they are. And nobody wants to know one's nudity. They are enraged. Seeing their real faces they become angry at the mirror; they want to destroy the mirror. They are against me because I am mirroring them.
When they come here they only look at the women, and of course their lust, their repressed lust, their repressed sexuality starts surfacing. And they become so afraid, they have to repress it again. And they become angry at me because I was the cause. They think I caused what was happening inside them. I am simply reflecting what is already there.
They can't see my sannyasins in the true light, because it is impossible for a repressive person to see anything in true light. If they see one woman and man hugging each other they immediately feel, "This is sexuality!" They cannot see any tenderness; they cannot see any loving quality. If they were unrepressed they would be able to see the love that is overflowing here. They project their own ideas.
And this is not only so with the ordinary Indians, but the so-called Indian gurus are the same.

A prudent guru did not want to waste too much time in cultivating people who were without sufficient prestige and collateral. He was introduced, it is said, to an American widow who was reputed to be very wealthy. Having learned a thing or two about how things are done in the West, he asked an enquiry agency to check her out.
When he opened the report it said: "She has a million dollars in the bank, but will probably not have it for long,

as it is reported that an Indian phony is trying to get his hands on it."

It is not surprising that all the so-called Indian gurus have reached America. Wherever money is you will find the Indian also. Muktananda, Satchitananda, Yogi Bhajan, Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, are all in America for the simple reason that the money is there. And they go on talking against the money -- that's the most beautiful thing about it! They are not authentic.

I am not against money at all. What I am against is hypocrisy. They TALK against money and they go on accumulating money.

Remember, to me there is no problem. I am not against materialism either. In fact, my whole effort is to create a synthesis between materialism and spiritualism. There is no need to divide them, because man is both body and soul. If man can be both body and soul, then religion should be both materialist and spiritual.

But the Indian cannot accept the materialist point of view; he is afraid of it. He is afraid if it is accepted, then all his repressed lust, greed, is bound to surface. And he goes on finding cunning ways to avoid seeing his true face.

An Indian guru ran into a buxom blonde he had met casually at a bar a few nights before.

"Great seeing you again," he said, "It just happens there is a groovy party happening tonight and I would like you to come. I won't take no for an answer.

"Where is it at?" asked the pretty doll.

"At my ashram, baby, and it is gonna be a gas. Lots of music, dancing and love. And it could last all weekend."
"Sounds good," said the girl eagerly. "Who is gonna be there?"
"Ah," said the guru, "just you and me!"

If you watch, if you observe what the Indian gurus are doing in the West, you will be surprised. And they go on talking about spirituality, and the gullible are always there. And the West is more innocent because the West is honestly materialist. To be honestly materialist has an integrity in it, an innocence. The East is dishonestly materialist.

Yogeshwar, you say: I AM TOO POSSESSIVE IN NATURE.

That is part of being an Indian. Unless you drop the whole nonsense called "Indian" you will not be able to be free of your possessiveness.
Jainas talk about spirituality, renunciation, but if you look in their scriptures you will be surprised. They praise Mahavira because he renounced big marble palaces, a great kingdom, immeasurable wealth, a great army, etcetera, etcetera. And they go on magnifying it, making it bigger and bigger. As time has passed, their idea of Mahavira's kingdom has become very very huge.
In fact, he was the son of a king of a very small kingdom -- very small -- because in his time India was divided into two thousand kingdoms. It was not bigger than a district; it was a very small kingdom. It can't have had so many thousands

of elephants in the army; it can't have had that big an army either. It was a very poor kingdom. If Mahavira had not been born nobody would have ever heard of it; no mention would have ever been made about it. Nobody would have ever known Mahavira's father's name. It was so small.
But how do you measure renunciation? -- through wealth. If a poor man renounces, nobody respects him because they will ask, "What you have renounced? In the first place you have to have, then you can renounce."
That's why all the twenty-four TEERTHANKARAS, all the twenty-four great Masters of the Jainas, are sons of kings. Not a single person comes from a poor family. What does it show? It shows pure materialism, nothing else!
All the AVATARAS of the Hindus are sons of kings -- as if the whole country is dead! Not a single AVATARA, not a single incarnation of God in a poor family or even in a middle class family! No TEERTHANKARA, no enlightened Jaina Master, from an ordinary family; they all come from royal families.
You can see the point. The point is that the respect is for money. Even in renunciation, the respect is for money. If you have money, then you are respected. Your renunciation will also be respected. If you don't have money you can be as great a meditator as Mahavira, nobody is going to respect you. They will ask, "How much have you renounced?" And if you cannot show them a big bank balance that you have renounced you are not of any worth.
Yogeshwar, drop this idea of being an Indian.

You ask me: "HOW TO GET AWAY FROM THIS INDIAN MALE CHAUVINISTIC MIND?

Just by understanding it one gets away, one gets beyond. We are taught to cling to such ideas -- Indians, Russians, Americans, Hindus, Christians, Mohammedans -- we have been taught to cling to these ideas.

I am teaching you just to be human beings. The whole earth is one and people everywhere are the same. They differ only in superficial things -- in non-essential things, in the language of the DESIDERATA. As far as the essential is concerned they are not different at all. Maybe their color is different, maybe the color of their hair is different, their skin is different, their height is different, but these are non-essential things.

The human being is essentially the same everywhere, so why carry these ideas of being Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian? Drop all these ideas. Just being religious is enough, just being human is enough. Just being is enough -- loving, meditative, alert, aware. And all these poisons will disappear of their own accord.

Go deeper into meditation, because all these things are part of the mind, and meditation means going into no-mind. Just become aware of your mind, whatsoever it is -- Indian male chauvinistic or Russian communistic or Catholic or Protestant. Just become aware. Awareness is neither communist nor socialist nor fascist nor capitalist. Awareness is just awareness. Whatsoever is in the mind, leave it there as an object and be aware. And you shift your identity from the content to the consciousness.

Remember that "I am only awareness," that "I am not my mind." The more this penetrates in you, this vision that "I am not my mind, I am pure awareness,

SATCHITANANDA. I am truth, I am consciousness, I am bliss. I am not the contents of the mind..." Contents have been put in by others; contents mean conditionings.
As you become aware you become unconditioned; there is no other way. Awareness is the master key: it opens all the DOORS of the divine. It opens the doors of all the temples of all the mysteries.
Yogeshwar, be more alert, aware, watchful. I teach nothing else but awareness; then everything else comes of its own accord.

The third question

Question 3
OSHO,
PLEASE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT ENGLISH SEX EDUCATION IN SCHOOLS.

Sampatti,

THERE is NOTHING much to say about it!

The vicar is called in to tell the children not to do it.
The doctor is called in to tell them why not to do it.
Finally, the headmaster comes in and tells them where not to do it.

This is the whole of English sex education!

The fourth question

Question 4
OSHO,
I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY REAL QUESTIONS. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME OR IS IT BECAUSE I AM A POLACK?

Prem Nanda,

IT is NICE of you to accept that you are a Polack! This is the beginning of getting out of being a Polack. Polacks hide it. There are many hidden Polacks here, they are everywhere. If you ask a Polack, "Who are you?" he will say, "Why are you asking? Who are you to ask me? I am not a Polack!"
It is good that you accept. The moment a person accepts that "I am ignorant," he has taken the first step towards knowing, towards wisdom. Only the stupid person claims knowledge; the intelligent person never claims knowledge. The intelligent person has no claim about anything. All that he can say is, "I know only one thing, that I know nothing." He is as innocent as a child.
Nothing is wrong with you, Nanda. If there was something wrong with you there would be questions. Questions arise out of something wrong. When one has innocence there are no questions. Innocence wonders, it does not question. It experiences the awe of existence and life, the beauty. It is constantly wondering what it is all about, but it is not a question. It is a heartfelt feeling. One Is surprised every moment. One is always in for a great surprise.

A Hassid Master was dying. He was a very extraordinary human being, of great innocence and joy. He loved to laugh and dance and sing; that's the way of the Hassids. Jews don't think well of them; they think they are untraditional, in fact anti-traditional, but that's how real spiritual beings have always been treated by the so-called religious, by the formally religious. The real religious person is always condemned. This Master was also condemned by them. And his ways were always new; he was unconventional, unorthodox.

So when he was going to die. his disciples asked, "What are we going to do with your body? -- because you have lived such an unconventional life we don't know whether to bury or burn you. What we are supposed to do?"

And the dying Master opened his eyes, laughed his last laughter, and said, "Surprise me!" closed his eyes and died!

This is the way of the innocent: "Surprise me!" Even in death there is innocence, laughter. Even in death there is no complaint. He is waiting to be surprised. Whether you burn him or bury him, decide yourself, but make it a surprise. Don't ask it, don't follow any given instructions, because then it will not be a surprise at all. "If I say bury me or burn me, then I will already know about it."

That's how ready-made answers accumulate: you know about everything and that destroys the beauty of life; that destroys the blessing of life, the bliss of life. Your knowledge goes on covering you, covers on covers, layers upon layers. You become a junkyard! YOU are carrying such unnecessary weights. Otherwise you can fly, you can be weightless.

Nanda, you ask: I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY REAL QUESTIONS.

That is a great insight! There are NO real questions in existence. All questions are false, unreal, non-essential, because life is not a problem to be solved; it is a mystery to be lived. Only the fools go on questioning and go on thinking that some answers will help them. No answer is going to help you; every answer will create more questions. You can see the whole history of philosophy: every answer has brought thousands of unnecessary questions. It has not been an answer, it has been a problem -- EVERY answer. Not a single answer has come out of five thousand years of philosophizing. Philosophy is not much philosophy -- it is "foolosophy." It is the domain of the fools! Fools are great philosophers because they go on and on. They find out a question, then an answer, then the answer brings ten questions, then they go on and on; And the foliage becomes thicker and thicker. The foolishness becomes deeper and deeper.

It is good that you cannot find any real questions. Buddha is reported to have said that a meditator loses all his questions. A moment comes when there are no questions left, and that is the moment when you attain to wisdom -- not to answers but to wisdom. Wisdom is not an answer; it is the unfolding of your consciousness. Not that you come to know something, but you start experiencing life in its totality. It is not an answer, it is an experience, and the experience goes on unfolding. So it is not

experience, it is more experiencing. It is a process, not an event.

Nanda, nothing is wrong with you -- something is RIGHT with you. That's why there are no questions arising. Don't be worried, because it happens: when you don't feel any questions and so many people are asking so many questions, you start worrying about it: "What is the matter with me? People are bringing so many questions!" You don t know how many questions I go on throwing out every day -- hundreds of questions!

Mind is a question-creating factory. Just as leaves come out of trees, questions come out of the mind. You must be entering, Nanda, into the world of meditation. Then there are no questions.

A great philosopher -- or "foolosopher" -- went to see Buddha, and he asked a long series of questions. Buddha listened, and he went on and on, questions and questions and questions. Finally Buddha had to say, "Wait!" The man stopped. Buddha said, "Wait for two years, sit by my side, and for two years no question, no answer. Just sit by my side and be silent, and after two years you can ask any question you want and I am ready to answer."

The man said, "This is strange, because I have gone to many religious philosophers, theologians, thinkers, and whenever I asked questions they always answered. This is no way of answering!"

Buddha said, "Yes. you have been to many philosophers and they have answered, but HAVE YOU GOT THE ANSWERS?"

He said, "That is true. Their answers have simply created more questions."

So Buddha said, "What do you want? You want more questions? Then I can answer. But if you are REALLY interested in getting beyond the questions, then do this strange act which you have never done: sitting silently doing nothing. Just wait for two years."
The man thought for a moment and agreed, because the point was so clear. He was old, sixty years old, and he had been to many Masters -- so-called Masters, of course, because if he had been to a real Master then there was no need to go anywhere else. A real Master is a full stop. And that's what Buddha became to him -- a full stop. He agreed. The moment he said, "Yes, I will wait for two years and remain silent, but don't forget your promise," Mahakashyapa, a disciple of Buddha who was sitting under another tree, started laughing.
The man said -- his name was Maulingaputta -- he said, "Why is this disciple laughing?"
Buddha said, "You can ask him yourself. Ask and be finished, because after that for two years you have to be silent! "
So he asked Mahakashyapa, "Why are you laughing?"
He said, "I am not laughing at you, I am laughing at myself, because this is what has happened to me. This man is tricky! He had told me to sit silently for two years, and twenty years have passed! And I don't have any questions, and he goes on again and again... whenever he passes by me he says, 'Mahakashyapa, ask! Where are your questions?' And I cannot ask because there are no questions left! He tricked me into silence! I am enjoying life, I am enjoying existence, I am enjoying my being, but there are no questions. Mysteries, of course, but no questions, no

problems. So I cannot ask anything. and he goes on poking me. Whenever I come across him he says, 'Mahakashyapa, have you forgotten? I am ready to answer now, but you don't ask!'
"So I would suggest to you," he said to Maulingaputta, "that if you really want to ask, ask now. Be finished with it! Otherwise, after two years it will be too late!"
Buddha said, "I will stick to my promise. If you ask me, I will answer."
And two years passed, and really Buddha remembered. Exactly on the same day after two years, from ten thousand sannyasins, he called Maulingaputta, "Where he is?" He was hiding because he knew two years had passed, so he was hiding somewhere in the crowd. He said, "Maulingaputta, come out! Ask your questions. Where are your questions? "
And he said, "Mahakashyapa was right. They have all disappeared, Bhagwan, I don't have any questions to ask. And please, don't ask me again to ask questions, because that will be very embarrassing. You will be asking me and I will not ask anything, because I don't have any questions. They have simply withered away."

That's what happens when you enter into the world of meditation.
Nanda, it is nothing to do with your being a Polack! You have become innocent, you have become like a child. And becoming a child, becoming reborn, becoming innocent is the greatest achievement there is, the highest peak of spirituality. When you are utterly innocent your vision

becomes so clear, your insight is so perfect that you can see. There are no barriers, hence no questions arise.
The blind man asks whether the light exists or not, and he can be forgiven because he is blind. The man with eyes never asks whether light exists or not. Have you heard of any man with eyes asking whether light exists or not? And if somebody with eyes asks that, that will only show that he is mad. Eyes are enough -- one knows light exists.
Whenever a man asks whether God exists or not he is simply showing his blindness. He is showing that his inner eyes are not functioning, that his insight is clouded. When somebody asks, "What is love?" what does he show? What does it indicate? It simply indicates his heart is closed; his heart is not open like a lotus. He has forgotten all about his heart; he has bypassed his heart. He lives in the head; he has made his house in the head. And slowly slowly, logic is all that he knows, hence he asks, "What is love?" A man of heart will not ask, "What is love?" He will know.
When you ask you simply show that you need clarity -- not an answer but a clarity. And what am I doing here, in fact? I am not trying to answer your questions; I am trying to destroy your questions! These are not answers. I am hammering! I am destroying your questions, your heads! My whole effort is to free the energy from your head -- it is imprisoned there -- and to allow it to move into the heart, and then into the being which is your real center. The heart is mid-way between the head and the being. Thinking is head; it creates questions and never gives you any answer. It is the world of philosophy -- the world of the fools. Below it is the world of feeling, heart; it is the world of the poets.

Have you observed the fact that philosophers ask, poets answer? Every poetry is an answer, no poetry is a question. No poetry has a question mark on it; it is an answer. The heart answers! Hence it is far better to come into the world of feeling; that is wiser, but still you are a little far away from absolutely clear insight, because when the insight is clear there is not even an answer, what to say about a question? Not even an answer!

The philosopher questions, the poet answers, and the mystic is neither interested in questioning nor interested in answering. If you come to a mystic Master, his whole work is to destroy your questions, your answers, everything that you are carrying along with you, to make you utterly empty. That is the moment when insight starts functioning; you become innocent.

I have heard:

Morarji Desai, when he was the prime minister of India, was traveling in a plane with his cabinet. "If I throw out a hundred-rupee note," he said, "I will make one person very happy."

One of the members of his cabinet added, "But if you throw out two fifty-rupee notes you will make two people happy."

Another said, "Well, you could make ten people happy by throwing out ten ten-rupee notes."

And the wisest of them all said, "Why not throw one rupee notes? You will be making one hundred people happy?"

At this point a little child who was sitting in the seat next to them said, "Why don't you make seven hundred million people happy by throwing yourself out of the window?"

This is clear insight! Only a child can have it. Only a child can say it.

Nanda, you are coming close to the second birth. The first birth is given by the mother and the father; that is a physical phenomenon. The second birth happens through the Master; that is a spiritual phenomenon. YOU are coming close to the second birth. And once you are twice-born, once you are a dwija -- twice-born -- you will not have any questions, you will not have any answers, and you will not be worried about why you are not having real questions. You will be immensely rejoiced that you are free from questions and free from answers. Then you enter into the real, the essential, the very core of things. Then you enter into the depth, the profound depth of that which is. God is a code word for "that which is." God is not a word, it is a code word, It does not mean anything unless you know the code. G stands for "that," O stands for "which," and D stands for "is": that which is. God is not a person but all that surrounds you, within and without. When your insight is clear, when all the clouds are gone and the sun is uncloudedly in the sky, who bothers about questions and answers? Who is concerned with words and theories, ideologies, philosophies, theologies? They all disappear. In that silence is the truth. That silence is the shrine of the truth. Enter into it. Take the jump into it. That is the essential thing. If you miss it you miss your whole life and the great opportunity that life has given to you. If you reach this essential core you are blessed, you have arrived home. That is the message of the DESIDERATA and that is my message too.